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*September*  
25<sup>th</sup>

September, 1947 ★

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25 CENTS



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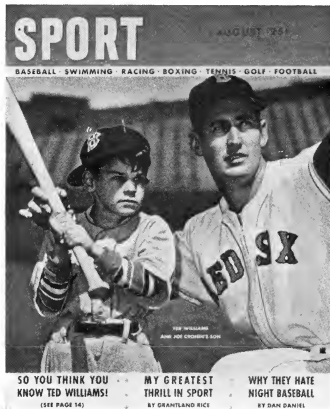
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VOLUME 37

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SEPTEMBER 1947

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COVER: Photograph by GEORGE SALKIN

Real police procedure and detective work form the basis of the following stories, although they are not fact cases: *Alibi Girl* and *Mountain Homicide*. Models posed for the photographs used with the stories and any resemblance of the names used to those of actual persons is coincidental. Pictures used to illustrate the fact stories are those of the actual persons concerned unless otherwise stated.

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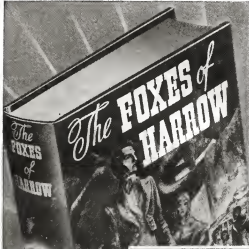
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# Radio Manhunters

By  
JACK BOND

IN THIS job of mine I'm especially interested in the people behind the people behind the microphone, and this month's man of distinction in the whodunit department is a young chap who is responsible for several of today's top radio shows including such mysteries as *The Adventures of the Falcon* and *Murder and Mr. Malone*. Not only is he the power behind these and other popular programs, but now he has come up with a new idea for thrilling entertainment, a plan that practically means a marriage between radio and the motion pictures.

Before long devotees of these air programs will be able to see movies which star the same personalities in the same vehicles. For example, Frank Lovejoy, leading man in radio's *Murder and Mr. Malone*, and James Melghan, who plays *The Falcon* on the air, will be seen in these same roles in the movies.

This double-barreled plan is the brain child of one of the brightest young men in radio. He is Bernard L. Schubert who, at twenty-nine, is chief man behind these two shows as well as *Detect and Collect* and *Blind Date*. He is also responsible for the new *Listen Carefully* series which stars Jay Jostyn, famous as radio's *Mr. District Attorney*, as master of ceremonies.

While he is branching out somewhat, Schubert's most extensive experience, and certainly his greatest success to date, has been with mystery programs. He has a good idea of what the average listener likes to hear issuing from his loudspeaker in the way of mayhem and murder, and his main interest is supplying it. All the programs with which he is identified are packed with action, and yet are easy to follow in that they do not have so many characters that the listener is left behind when the detective gallops off in pursuit of a solution to the mystery.

Schubert looks like anything but the man who pulls the strings behind these eerie dramas. There is nothing sinister-looking about him. He doesn't have long hair or a vacant-eyed stare with which popular conception sometimes equips mystery writers. By any standards, he's a capable, down-to-earth individual who knows what he wants and who works

closely with writers and directors and actors to be sure that he gets it. He makes it a policy to discuss the plot itself and all the angles, including sound effects.

Since his start in radio, Schubert has been associated in some form or other with Phillips H. Lord, creator and owner of such popular programs as *Gangbusters*, *Counterspy*, *Mr. District Attorney* and *Policewoman*.

Schubert believes that radio is one of the ideal mediums for presenting a mystery, and that his new radio-movie combination will be doubly effective. I'm not one to say that he isn't right.

►Elspeth Eric, actress on *The Adventure of the Thin Man*, has bought a modest two-acre place in Armonk, New York. Her next-door neighbor is Walter Gifford, telephone company president, who should be a handy man to have around when Elspeth wants her new phone installed.

►The nursery rhyme about Jack Sprat and his wife has its amazing counterpart in radio; Each Friday night Paul Mann is heard over ABC on *The Fat Man*, and a half-hour later over CBS, his wife, Ann

Shepherd, appears on *The Adventures of the Thin Man*.

►It's good news to countless *Mr. and Mrs. North* fans to know that the popular series is back on CBS after a vacation of several months. Joseph Curtin and Alice Frost, who have played the title roles so long they seem inseparably associated with them, are back on the job demonstrating that sleuthing can be fun.

►The popular radio play, *Sorry, Wrong Number*, by Lucille Fletcher, has been bought for motion picture production, I learned recently, and is to be produced—this fall for Paramount release. Miss Fletcher has written the screen adaptation. It's the story of a neurotic woman who, on picking up her telephone, finds that she is on a crossed wire and hears her own murder planned. Originally broadcast on *Suspense* (CBS) in 1943, with Agnes Moorehead, the yarn proved so popular that producer Bill Spier re-broadcast it six or seven times, in itself something of a record for a radio drama.

I understand that Hal Wallis plans to do a lot of the movie shooting around New York City.

►Himan Brown, apparently indefatigable producer-director of *Adventures of the Thin Man*, *Inner Sanctum*, and other leading air shows, is all over the map these days. Recently he flew to the West Coast to direct a special documentary broadcast, starring Joan Fontaine and Dana Andrews, from Hollywood. The show went on the air on Sunday evening. Monday night, Hi was back in New York directing the regular weekly carnival of the corpses on *Inner Sanctum*.

►Broadcasts of serious dramatic programs are not without their lighter moments. The other Sunday afternoon a visitor to Mutual's New York studios during the presentation of *True Detective Mysteries* would have been highly amused at the antics of Producer Murray Burnett and the cast when *The Line-Up* feature of the bill was being aired. That particular week (Continued on page 93)



Bernard L. Schubert, twenty-nine-year-old man of distinction in the whodunit department, has a good idea what the average listener wants—and produces it

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Daniel J. Sweeney (right) used a smart ruse to pass this check, but an astute bank teller outwitted him



# The Killer Check

By FITZ FARRELL

**He passed his time pleasantly lounging at the end of a bar, but actually it was a racket that paid off well**

**A**MONG THE unsolved mysteries in the life of the average New Yorker is the one about that man down at the end of the bar. You know his type. Names don't matter in a place where men drop in during an off hour to have a drink and exchange a remark about whatever current odd thing is going on.

The man at the end of the bar is apt to be there at any time, day or night, with a

glass at his elbow and the usual cluster of silver ready for a refill. Obviously he makes a living at something. From what he says of domesticity it is also obvious he has a wife somewhere not far off, and kids in school. His shirt looks fresh, his clothes are good, and there is snap left in his average-looking hat.

From his pocket peep three cigars which he will offer after a five-minutes'

acquaintance. He is never anything but affable, and though settled in a number of convictions, prefers agreement to dissension. Sometimes, when his face is a trifle flushed, he may use an epithet in the heat of discussion but immediately realizes his mistake and begs the pardon of everyone present, with special contriteness in case of ladies.

Gus, the bartender, and he are evidently acquainted. After three weeks or a month the man at the end of the bar will vanish, for no reason that anyone can discover, and where—Gus, the bartender, hasn't the faintest idea.

You come in one day and the place

Handwriting of Daniel J. Sweeney.

Handwriting on Checks.

For Deposit  
Aug 15  
Rose McDonnell  
Peter O'Brien

For Deposit For Deposit  
Aug 8 Aug 15  
Rose McDonnell  
Peter O'Brien

Can you find points of similarity between written samples that Sweeney produced for Albert Osborn and script on checks?



down at the end of the bar has a new occupant, bigger maybe, older possibly, on the same good terms with Gus but, like his predecessor, anonymous, faithful in attendance for a period until suddenly he too disappears.

Gus doesn't waste time in speculation. He figures the man has found himself a spot farther uptown, Brooklyn, or the Bronx. Anybody gets tired of seeing the same old faces, wants a change. Sometimes they imagine themselves slighted and decide to nurse their hurt elsewhere. You never find out.

Detective Tom Collins of the New York Forgery Squad was inquiring about just such a character whom Gus had known as Dan. He wasn't getting anywhere, however.

"I meet so many people, I wouldn't know one from the other," Gus said. "An average guy. Talked—sure he did. About everything, I guess. Said he could mix a drink as good as me. He could, too. Must have tended bar sometime. Business? Yeah, he was in some kind of business. He'd get calls on our pay booth phone. 'That must be for me,' he'd say, and answer the phone himself. How should I know who was calling?"

Collins showed him a few pictures, front and profile views, but Gus wasn't sure. "They come and go," he said.

AND SO, to Detective Collins too, this member of the mysterious fraternity of men down at the end of the bar remained as elusive a figure as to anyone else. He followed one clue to a tavern on Third Avenue, hung around for two days, but Dan did not show up there again. From time to time there was evidence that he was distributing his patronage among taverns in the Bronx. Detective Collins put in a lot of patient leg work trailing clues that never materialized. As in every previous instance, the man down at the end of the bar remained true to his type—leaving the barkeep and everyone else mystified when he vanished. After four years Collins lost all trace of him.

In August, 1945, such a man began to make his appearance at a tavern in East Fordham Road. He was a good customer, voluble but never noisy, a steady drinker but never drunk. He had a bland, smiling face which Frank, the bartender, considered friendly. There was nothing this man didn't know something about, and the best part of it was he could talk without generating an argument. He came in every day, sat down at the end of the bar and Frank didn't have to ask him what he wanted because he stuck to one brand all the time.

He asked a special favor one day. "A fellow might call me up here. I gave him the number of the pay phone. Okay?"

"Okay with me," Frank said.

Business was pretty good at this tavern. The cash drawer filled up rapidly with silver on good days.

"Must be the quality of the service," Frank complimented himself.

"I wouldn't be surprised," the customer chimed in. "Still and all, I remember a place downtown used to take in so much they'd send for a bank messenger to take it away twice a day. No kidding. Why, (Continued on page 99)

# KREML *does lots more* *than keep hair looking handsome!*

ON HOT STICKY SUMMER DAYS...YOUR  
HAIR NEEDS EXTRA—SPECIAL CARE!

When broiling summer sun bakes and dries your hair—leaving it so stiff and hard to comb—so hard to keep attractive and neatly groomed—don't settle for just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of Kreml.

This highly specialized hair tonic gives you YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!



## KREML NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH DUST-CATCHING GREASE

Kreml contains a special combination of hair-grooming ingredients, which is found in NO OTHER hair tonic.

That's why Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed longer throughout the hottest, stickiest summer day without ever looking or feeling greasy.



## WHEN HAIR IS SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS!

Kreml is simply great to lubricate a dry scalp. And if the sun dries and scorches your hair so that it breaks and falls when you comb it—Kreml helps 'condition' the hair in that it leaves it feeling so much softer, more pliable.

At the same time Kreml removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves scalp feeling so cool, refreshed and alive! Make Kreml a daily 'must' this summer for that handsome, clean-cut look from morn till night—for a more 'hygienic' scalp.



# KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Seiner, Inc.

For Better-Groomed Hair—A More 'Hygienic' Scalp

As they reached East Harrison  
and Harvard the girl screamed  
"Don't, for God's sake—" and  
then there came a sharp blast

POSED BY MODELS



Even in death the girl in the velvet dress was lovely, but  
her sensational beauty proved fatal when it  
kindled a flame of jealousy that raged in a suitor's heart



**E**VEN IN death the young woman in the red velvet dress was beautiful. Dark brown hair of shoulder length set off a flawless complexion, and, if it hadn't been for a bullet wound in her forehead, there would have been no indication that she wasn't merely sleeping peacefully on the table in the ambulance receiving room of the City Hospital in Seattle, Washington.

It was a few minutes before 1 A.M., Sunday, February 1st. The room was filled with white-gowned nurses, interns, doctors and police officers.

Dr. Robert Mullarkey, the Supervising Surgeon, told the investigators, "She was shot three times—in the head, heart and chest. Any of them undoubtedly would have been fatal."

Chief of Detectives Charles Tennant turned to his aide, Sergeant Ernest Yoris, and commented, "It appears the killer wanted to make sure he did a thorough job. He certainly must have been riled up. If we can find out who she is, we shouldn't have too much trouble uncovering the reason."

However, no one in the group had any idea as to the identity of the victim, who appeared to be in her late twenties. All that the attendants knew was that she had been brought there at approximately 12:20 by a taxi driver, who explained she had been shot in his cab by her male companion.

After ascertaining that she was dead, Dr. Mullarkey had notified police headquarters and the King County coroner's office. The desk sergeant at headquarters had dispatched a patrol car crew to take charge pending the arrival of Chief Tennant and Sergeant Yoris, who then were summoned from their homes. They had arrived almost simultaneously half an hour later.

Learning that Dr. Mullarkey had requested the cab driver to wait until he could be questioned by the police, the detectives went to the lobby at the front of the building. A young man in a chauffeur's uniform was sitting in a chair nervously fidgeting with his cap. He crushed out a cigarette and got to his feet when the

detectives approached and flashed their shields.

"How is she?" he asked anxiously.

"Dead," Tennant told him. "What's this all about?"

The driver, who identified himself as Charles Wilkin, shrugged and said, "I can't tell you much. It happened so fast I thought I was dreaming the whole thing."

He related that he had been parked at his stand by the Butler Hotel at Second Avenue and James Street when the doorman beckoned him. He drove up to the entrance and a young woman and a man stepped from the doorway of the hotel cabaret and got into his cab. He had paid little attention to them, as he was looking at his watch. It was exactly midnight.

Wilkin said he hadn't turned around when he asked where they wanted to go. The man directed him to take them to Harrison Street, saying he didn't know the number but could find the place.

"I turned on the meter and stepped on the gas," he continued. "The girl and the fellow were talking. I didn't hear what they said, but they didn't seem to be arguing. When we got to Harrison, the guy told me it was the wrong street and for me to go back downtown."

As they reached East Harrison and Harvard Avenue, North, the girl screamed, "Don't, for God's sake—", and then there was a blast. Before the startled cabbie could put on the brakes, another explosion occurred.

"I stopped the car and turned around," Wilkin recounted. "The girl was slumped over on the seat and the guy was pointing a pistol at me. He told me, 'Just forget about this, pal, or you'll get the same thing.' He bent over and kissed the girl and then, so help me, he aimed the rod at her head and fired again."

The gun-wielder bounded from the cab and sprinted down Harrison Street. Midway in the block, he climbed into a car parked in the shadows and drove off. Wilkin lost no time getting the wounded girl to the hospital.

The officers looked up from their notebooks.



POSED BY MODELS

# Lady in Red

By JERRY WALLACE



Scene at Harvard Avenue, North, and Harrison Street in Seattle, Washington, where assailant shot Mrs. Morley three times as they were seated in taxicab

"What did the killer look like?" they asked in unison.

"I—I really didn't get a good look at him," replied the cabbie. "Things happened so fast—"

"But he put his gun on you," Tennant exclaimed. "You must have seen his face then."

Wilkin appeared embarrassed. "I'm sorry, fellows," he apologized, "but I didn't pay any attention to his face. I was hypnotized by that pistol and I couldn't take my eyes off it. All I know is that he wore a dark snap-brim hat and a dark overcoat."

Although it seemed incredible that the cabbie had been so close to the assailant without gaining at least a glimpse of his face, the detectives realized that such things happen in moments of excitement. It was a bad break for them, as it gave them no chance to launch a search for the gunman.

Nor did they fare any better when they attempted to obtain some information concerning the getaway vehicle. It had been too dark for the taxi driver to observe the license number or any distinguishing feature. He could tell them only that it was a touring car of fairly recent make.

Since there was no apparent reason for him to withhold any pertinent information, Chief Tennant permitted him to leave, after obtaining his promise to be available in case he were needed again.

The investigators then returned to the ambulance receiving room, where they found Deputy Coroner Harry Johnson making a preliminary examination. He was unable to add to the report given by Dr. Mullarkey. "We'll get her down to the morgue and start the autopsy," he said. "You can come along and examine her clothing. Maybe there'll be something to tell who she is."

Coroner W. H. Corson was waiting at the morgue, having been called from his residence. When he learned the victim

had not yet been identified, he instructed the deputy to bring all her possessions to his office.

A moment later, the officials were seated at a table with the articles in front of them. Her handbag was the first to be inspected, but it contained only the usual articles found in women's purses; compact, handkerchief, lipstick, powder, and other accessories. None of these carried any marks of identification, not even a set of initials.

As he was about to discard the bag, the coroner gave the inside one more going-over. His hand came out with a small card. His brow furrowed as he attempted to read its inscription.

"These words are French," he announced. "Underneath them it says 'Paris, New York and Chicago.' Do you suppose she was from France—possibly an agent for a firm of some kind in Paris?"

Chief Tennant shook his head. "The cab driver didn't say anything about her talking in a foreign language. He heard her say, 'Don't, for God's sake,' and it was in plain English."

They turned their attention to the victim's wearing apparel. Again they met disappointment. Neither the brown fur-trimmed coat nor the red velvet dress contained a label or a cleaner's tag. The coat appeared to be several years old, and, although it was of excellent material, there was nothing to distinguish it from any other similar garment.

The crimson gown, however, offered a faint hope of being traced, if it had been purchased in the city, for it was not the type worn by the average woman. Only a person with the coloring and figure of the dead girl could have worn such a dress to advantage.

"I doubt whether we'll have much luck with the clothes," commented Chief Tennant. "But we can give them a try if everything else fails. Right now, we'd better go to the Butler Hotel cabaret and see what we can learn."

Since the swank establishment closed at 3 A.M., and it was now only a few minutes before that time, the investigators made fast time in the detective commander's private car.

They arrived just as the patrons were streaming from the main entrance and hunted up the doorman, who was having his hands full trying to summon taxis for the large number that desired them. He was unable to offer any useful information. He didn't remember the couple in question, nor did a description of the slain girl mean anything to him.

The sleuths entered the gayly decorated dine-dance room and found the head waiter, Thomas Garrison. Unable to be of help himself, he called his staff together. Tennant described the girl in red and asked whether any of them remembered her.

One of them declared he had served a young woman like that. However, he had never seen her or her escort before.



Detective Sergeant Ernest Yoris, one of the leading investigators in case

The latter, he recalled, was about forty years old and wore a dark business suit. "But to be honest with you," he added, "I didn't give him a second look. That girl took my eye."

Tennant then asked the others if they had noticed the couple. None had. Keenly disappointed, the detectives left the establishment. As they were entering the car, Yoris remembered the business card found in the victim's handbag. "I'm going back in and see if I can clear up a point, Chief," he told his companion. "You wait here and I'll join you in a minute."

He reentered and hunted up the head waiter. "Any of your boys speak French?" he inquired.

"Sure, Georges does. I'll get him for you."

Summoned from the locker room, the employee took the card from Yoris and read the text. Then he explained it was the name of a cosmetics firm with offices in Paris, New York and Chicago.

The Sergeant thanked him and left. When he told his superior what the card said, the latter shook his head. "It doesn't look like much of a lead," was his reaction. "But we can check it in the morning."

At 8 A.M. the investigators were back on the job; but before they had a chance to plan their next move, the desk sergeant came in with a report he thought might have a bearing on the case.

H. Hayashi, a Japanese living at 1300 Seventh Avenue, had telephoned in to say that his touring car had been stolen from Harrison Street between 11 P.M. and 1 A.M. while he was visiting friends.

"That rules out the possibility that the killer had the machine planted for his getaway," Chief Tennant observed. "He must have taken Hayashi's on the spur of the moment, thinking the cab driver would chase him."

Yoris nodded. "I don't think he rode very far in it. Send out an alarm."

The license number and full descrip-

tion of the auto were given to all prowls

carried by the post mortem. The girl had died instantly, and there were no other signs of violence on her body except the bullet wounds. No scars or marks of any kind had been discovered to aid in the identification.

After the medical examiner had departed, Tennant and Yoris discussed the case briefly. They decided it would be difficult, if not impossible, to attempt tracing the victim's coat or dress on Sunday when the stores were closed.

"I've been thinking about that business card in her handbag," the Sergeant remarked as he lighted a cigarette. "I wonder if she was a beauty parlor operator and some salesman left it with her."

The chief rubbed a thumbnail along his chin and thought over the suggestion. "It sounds logical, Ernie. Why don't you take Landis with you and see what you can do along that line? The two of you ought to be able to figure out an angle."

A few minutes later, Yoris and Jack Landis, one of the ace members of the division, were seated in a restaurant near headquarters talking over the situation while sipping coffee.

"I think the beauty operator idea is good," Landis agreed, "but the shops are closed today. How can we contact the owners to see if they know anything about the card?"

That was a stumbling block, his companion admitted, but he thought they might get somewhere by making a list of all the owners who maintained living quarters in or near their shops and then interviewing them. Landis concurred, so they hunted up a city directory and jotted down the names and addresses of these persons.

The first few they interviewed knew

nothing about the French cosmetics company. Presently they located a woman who had received a similar card a week or so previously, but she could tell them little of value. A salesman whom she had never seen before or since had left it with her, saying he would return and show her some samples when she had time to see them.

A dozen more calls failed to bring the desired results. It was now a few minutes past noon, and the searchers decided to take time out for a sandwich. At the corner of Eighth Avenue and Union, they looked around for a restaurant. Then they spotted a sign at the near-by Rehan Hotel reading: "Helen's Beauty Shop." There they found the proprietress, Mrs. Helen Wangness, in her living quarters next to the shop in the hotel. After they introduced themselves, she invited them in. When they showed her the card, she declared she knew nothing about it. "Would there be anyone else in your shop who might've gotten it from a salesman?" Landis asked.

She replied that Lillian Morley, an operator she employed, often was in the place alone and could have received the card. The detectives asked her, as a matter of routine, to describe her assistant. What she told them fitted the slain girl.

"When did you see her last?" the sergeant queried.

"Yesterday evening when we closed shop. Later on I heard from Mrs. Wright, who manages the hotel, that she went out with some man. Lillian has an apartment in the building and often drops in to chat with our landlady."

"Does your employee own a red velvet dress and a brown coat trimmed with fur?" Landis pressed.

She stared at them puzzledly. "Why, yes, she does. (Continued on page 56)



Detective Chief Charles Tennant (deceased), headed murder investigation


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Butler Hotel, since torn down, where the killer and Mrs. Morley spent evening in the cabaret dining room before engaging taxi for ride which ended in death



The doctor was convinced an anesthetic had been given the patient before the long, painful operation

POSED BY MODELS



# Hand of DOOM



By **DUNCAN MATHESON**  
FORMER CHIEF OF DETECTIVES,  
SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT  
with **PAUL KITCHELL**

The workman couldn't believe his eyes, for there across the creek a ghostly hand beckoned him to come and discover this atrocity

**P**ERCHED ON top of a truck-load of wood, Tony Fernandez rode home from work along the Sawyer Road in San Mateo County, California, one afternoon.

Passing back and forth along the same road day after day, Tony had contracted the habit of scrutinizing the hillside and creek-bed for any signs of change. So it was this afternoon, and as he gazed about he hummed a gay little tune which suddenly froze in his throat.

For across the creek, not thirty feet away, a ghostly hand, floating in the air, beckoned him! Tony shut his eyes, then opened them, and looked back to see if the eerie sight had been a vision.

The creek-bed nestled in a small ravine, separating the well-traveled, public Half Moon Bay Highway from the little-used, private Sawyer Camp Road. The Creek bottom stretched twenty feet below the Half Moon Bay Highway and at this point an object on the bottom was not visible from that road.

But the Sawyer Camp Road is a different matter. From it, one can look diagonally across to the bottom of the ravine on the Half Moon Bay side. That was what Tony did and that was how he had noticed the hand.

"Hey! Mr. Casey! Stop the truck!" Fernandez screamed suddenly, accompanying his words with agitated rappings on the window by Casey's ear.

Casey slammed on the brakes.

"I seen a hand—some-

body's hand—back there in the creek. There was nobody there. Just a hand, stickin' out of the ground, wavin' at me!"

"Take it easy, Tony," Casey scoffed, incredulous.

But Tony saw what he saw, and insisted: "No! I seen a hand. It's back there in the brush. You back up! You'll see it!"

Casey, seeing his chance for a rare joke on Tony, started backing the truck slowly, while Tony strained his eyes along the creek-bed.

Yard by yard they crept backward, Casey already savoring the story he would tell, and Tony tense, eager, tremulous.

"There! Right through there!" Tony jumped up, pointing through a break in the brush at a pile of rocks on the opposite side of the ravine.

Casey curiously turned in the indicated direction, looking for some stump or limb that was causing Tony's excitement. Suddenly Casey froze in his seat, his eyes glued on the farther ravine-side. There, plain as day, sticking out of a rock pile, a white hand seemed to beckon for a moment, then became rigid, suspended motionless in the air, just as the keen-eyed Tony had described.

Slowly Casey stepped from the truck.

Together they made a solemn descent of the ravine, crossed the creek, and approached the rock pile.

The eerie phenomenon of a bodyless hand was dispelled at this close view, but in its place grew a sinister

mystery which was destined to shock half the nation. For it was a hand, a human hand, the hand of a once-beautiful young woman, now rigid in death. And by some freak of chance, or the working of a relentless fate, though the body had found concealment among the rocks, these same rocks served as a prop for that uncanny hand whose "beckoning" drew Fernandez and Casey, and through them the hounds of justice.

Summoned by the excited Fernandez and Casey, the authorities, in the person of Deputy Coroner Schneider of San Mateo County, found the body of an attractive young woman, about twenty-five years old, a comely, apparently fastidious, well-clad woman.

She was dressed in a blue serge suit, an attractive turban with blue ribbons, an expensive coat, silk stockings, and expensive shoes.

Her skin was soft and white. The hands and face gave evidence of care, and her nails were newly and beautifully manicured. She had obviously led a gentle, sheltered life.

Schneider made a superficial examination, but all he found were a few bruises about her face, caused by her fall from the twenty-foot embankment.

He searched around the body for something with which to identify the woman, but there was no purse, no handbag, no rings or jewelry.

Shocked and puzzled, Schneider took the body to his undertaking establishment for examination and identification. But he discovered that every laundry mark, every identifying tag or device,



had been neatly cut out of the clothes.

To shed light on some of the bewildering features, to establish the time and, if possible, the cause of death, Coroner W. A. Brooke of San Mateo County requested Major W. C. Chidester, U. S. Marine Corps, then in San Mateo, to perform the autopsy. The Major agreed to perform it the next morning.

In the meantime, a routine report of Patrolman John Lennon of the San Mateo force focused official attention.

Friday night, eighteen hours before the discovery of the body, Lennon, while patrolling his beat, was hailed by the chauffeur of a shiny limousine which drew up beside him.

"Where can we find a hotel or rooming house, Officer?" the man inquired. "Hotel San Mateo is right up the street," Lennon replied.

"Straight ahead?" questioned the stranger, pointing.

Lennon, in his first sizing-up of the party, had noted a man and woman in back. He now heard stifled moans from the woman, who avoided his eyes.

"What's going on here?" Lennon wondered. And true to his police instincts for never passing up odd or irregular incidents, he answered the chauffeur's last question by stepping on the running board.

"Yes, right ahead. I'll go with you; the manager may be asleep."

The engine was giving trouble, the chauffeur explained on the way to the hotel, and he was going to fix it before they went any farther.

At the hotel, Lennon went in and aroused Robert Maggi, the manager, and then edged close to the veiled woman, who was still emitting stifled moans as though in great pain. He wanted to make it easy for her to tell him if she needed help.

However, she continued to avoid him.

The man signed the register as "B. Hoy and wife of San Jose," and then accompanied the woman to their room.

Convinced that he was not needed, Lennon started away, noting the time, 3 A.M., for his report.

It was this report that engaged attention on Saturday night after the unidentified body had been discovered. Naturally, officers immediately turned their suspicions toward this mysterious couple—for the veiled woman answered the description of the dead woman.

They rushed to question Manager Maggi. He told them that the woman had cried almost continuously until 5 o'clock (their room was across the hall from Maggi's), when he heard them drive away. And that was all he knew. They had not returned.

San Mateo officers launched a concerted drive to locate this auto with its suspicious occupants. The drive became suddenly accelerated when they received the results of the autopsy the following morning.

As promised, Major Chidester started his autopsy at 9 o'clock Sunday morning. He worked carefully and kept all findings and conclusions to himself until his task was completed.

Then he announced his results. They precipitated one of the most sensational manhunts in the history of California—a blind hunt for an unknown quarry.

The woman died as the result of an illegal operation. It was performed by a skilled surgeon. She died a short time after the operation. Her life might have been saved in spite of the bungled surgical work.

These were the outstanding facts revealed by the autopsy:

"Her death was the result of a slip on the part of the surgeon, but such a slip as might have been made by the most expert surgeon in such a case.

"This slip, accident, or whatever else it may be termed, would have caused great shock and pain to the woman.

"She unquestionably died as a result of it.

"An emergency surgical operation might have saved her life. For this she would have had to be taken to a hospital, and the man who performed the operation was undoubtedly aware of this fact."

Major Chidester said that she had been dead thirty-six hours, which would take us back to Friday evening as the time of the murder—Friday, March 7th.

The doctor was convinced that an anesthetic had been given the patient during the operation, because "it would be beyond the power of human endurance for anyone to stand for the amount of trauma that had been inflicted on the deceased without being under the influence of an anesthetic."

A final and significant opinion of Major Chidester's was that the woman had only been moved a few miles. He based this on the condition and quantity of coagulated blood in the organs.

San Mateo County officials, unable to identify the body locally, requested the aid of Chief White of the San Francisco police.

From the very beginning, the newspaper spotlight followed every angle of the case. Each scrap of information was eagerly grasped by reporters, everything connected with the case photographed, and an avid public given its fill of news concerning the story. Part of this publicity was a legitimate attempt to establish the woman's identity.

We dressed the body with the clothes found on it in the ravine, photographed it, and had newspaper artists touch up the negative to simulate the victim's normal appearance.

Papers played up the resultant picture.



Captain Duncan Matheson, co-author, instigated search for cruel murderer



Letterman General Hospital, hub of drastic Army inquiry that sought to throw light on baffling mystery surrounding the beautiful woman who had worked there



On Wednesday, March 12th, we brought the body to San Francisco and placed it on public view at our morgue. It seemed our best chance for identification, almost the only chance.

And the hundreds who had viewed the body in San Mateo increased to thousands here. A steady stream of the interested, idle and curious passed the body from early morning until late night. A special police detail was necessary to guide and control such crowds.

By this time we had placed much of the machinery of our department in motion, cooperating with and at the request of the San Mateo Sheriff's and District Attorney's offices, in an attempt to identify the body and clear up the mystery.

We assigned detectives to check on the descriptions of all missing girls throughout the entire country, and compare them with the victim.

We had searchers combing the Half Moon Bay Highway for miles on both sides of the spot where the body was discovered, in the hope that somewhere along that road the murderer had tried to dispose of incriminating material.

We had X-rays taken of her teeth, and broadcast these, with a detailed description of all her dental work, through the newspapers.

The mysterious man and woman reported at Hotel San Mateo took a sudden spotlight. Detective Sergeants Frank McConnell, Charles Gallivan, Michael Mitchell, and Jack Floyd, of Chief White's office, had concentrated on that angle when they learned that the time of departure from the hotel corresponded roughly with the time of the murder. Directing their investigations to the hotel, they uncovered a bloodstained sofa pillow and blood-soaked linen.

To date, the detectives had found no further trace of automobile or occupants.

When last seen it was heading toward San Francisco. Manager Maggi and Officer Lennon didn't know what make of car it was, their description being "a large, expensive limousine."

The detectives scoured San Mateo County trying to pick up the trail of the limousine, before or after the hotel visit. Their only success was a report from Uncle Tom's Cabin, a roadhouse, that the automobile and occupants passed there about midnight.

Friday morning, March 14th, six days after the discovery of the body, hundreds of people, mostly women, poured in and out of San Francisco's morgue looking at the body of the mystery woman.

Falling in line with the crowd were Police Officer Clarence Bormuth of Central Station, and a friend. When their section of the line came opposite the body the friend leaned over, studied the features a moment, and turning to Bormuth, said: "It is she—but to be sure, I want her brother to come here."

He spoke so quietly, so constrainedly, that not one of the idle and curious standing around suspected that the mystery woman had been identified.

A little later the friend, Bormuth, and the brother referred to, came back. The latter made no demonstration. No one suspected his tragic interest. But as he left, he turned to Deputy Coroner John Kennedy and said, "I am sure that is the body of my sister. I want the place closed to sightseers. I cannot stand that. And I want permission to have the body removed to a private undertaker's and to arrange for a funeral."

A few minutes later, at 2 o'clock, the crowd was ordered out. The door to the morgue was locked. On the outside a simple sign read: "No entrance. The body has been identified."

Then came the breath-taking revela-



Central figure in the sinister death riddle, lovely Inez Reed, the victim

tion—the murdered woman was Inez Elizabeth Reed.

A series of "extras" followed in rapid succession. The mystery was on every tongue. Rabid and indignant citizens centered their suggestions and displeasure on the police department by letter, telegram, and in person. From all over the country came angry messages at our delay.

Miss Reed was born in Antioch, Contra Costa County, California, twenty-eight years before. With a sister and two brothers she had been left motherless at an early age. Shortly thereafter, the father moved his family to Oakland. Inez for a time was placed in the Fred Finch Orphanage in Oakland, while the father brought up the boys on a ranch near Antioch.

When still young, Inez Elizabeth went into training as a nurse at the Merritt Hospital in Oakland, California, where she had the best possible reputation. Rather quiet, always dressed daintily and in good taste, with large and attractive hazel eyes, she became a general favorite. And she passed her examination with honors to become a fully qualified nurse.

Along with a cousin, she had her heart set on serving in France when the United States entered the first World War. After trying various methods of approach, on January 23rd, 1918, she enrolled as a Red Cross nurse. And on April 10th she was assigned to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco, a government Army hospital.

In the fall of that year, when the influenza epidemic became prevalent in the Middle West, she was transferred to the Army Base Hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas, arriving on October 13th. She was elated at this assignment, thinking it a step nearer France. And she served there until February 19th, 1919, when she left, supposedly for Kansas City, on a seven-day furlough.

In the meantime she had written to a friend in (Continued on page 81)



Hotel Whitcomb, where outlaw of the medical world lived with his wife



San Mateo County Courthouse where slayer was tried and found guilty

WHITNEY BENCH, on the outskirts of Boise, Idaho, is a pleasant, carefully planned, housing project. Its people, in the upper middle-class bracket, live a sober and quiet existence. High-living war workers have been replaced by permanent residents and no longer can blaring radios and lights burning twenty-four hours go unnoticed by the community.

Early in the evening of September 30th, 1946, a resident of Whitney Bench paused before 73 Pershing Drive. He recalled that the lights and radio had been on early that morning when he passed on his way to work. They were still on and now the front door was half-way open.

Twice he turned away as though to continue toward his own home a few doors down. Then with a determined set to his shoulders he walked directly up to the half-open door and rapped on it. "Are you there?" he called above the radio's noise. "Mrs. Rusho, are you all right?"

But there was no answer. He pushed the door a bit wider and stepped in. Obviously, Mrs. Mildred Rusho would never answer anyone's knock again. The attractive, red-haired housewife was sprawled in death near one edge of the living room rug.

The neighbor carefully closed the door and hurried to his own home. There he called the Boise

City police, gave his name and address, and said, "I found a Mrs. Rusho, who lives near us, dead in her own home."

He quickly explained how he had found her and the reason for his investigation. "That's right," he finished, "73 Pershing Drive, Whitney Bench."

Two patrolmen arrived within a few minutes and they were followed soon by Night Captain C. H. Sherman. One glance at the body and the room in which it lay was enough to assure him that the full homicide routine was necessary.

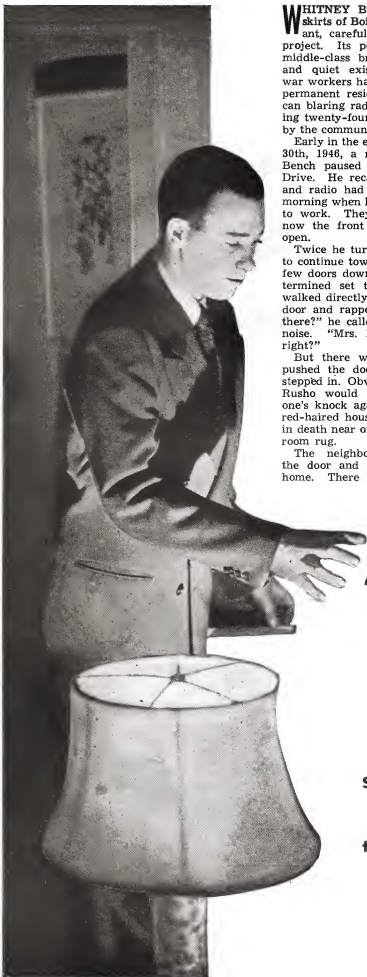
The captain immediately called Coroner William McBratney and Lieutenant James Brandon, head of the identification bureau. Ada County Sheriff Don Headrick was summoned also, for although it adjoins the city limits, Whitney Bench is outside the official jurisdictional sphere of the Boise City police department.

The woman was clothed in a bathrobe, her feet bare. Her head was matted with dried blood and several pieces of a broken bottle were in the disordered mass of her auburn locks. Her left arm was extended and the right one was crumpled under her body. Several highball glasses were scattered on the floor by the radio. Broken fragments from at least two quart whiskey bottles littered the rug. The bottle necks had remained intact and were taken up carefully for fingerprint tests. An ugly wound

# The Mildred

By GUSTAV PEARSON

Several guests were entertained by the vivacious, titian-haired matron on that tragic night—but which one had responded to her kindness with a cruel murder?



was visible in the back of her head.

The sheriff, Brandon and the coroner arrived simultaneously. Coroner McBratney knelt beside the body at once to make a preliminary examination.

Don Headrick, the tall, lanky sheriff of Boise and environs, was nominally in command. Aided by Lt. Brandon, an FBI police training graduate, Headrick directed a room-by-room search of the premises. They found several articles of jewelry and some perfume, and saw that the dresser drawers seemed slightly awry. Either the woman had left things somewhat disarranged in the rooms and closets, or someone had instituted a hasty and brief hunt for valuables. However, the signs were faint and Headrick could not be sure there had been a burglary of the house.

The neighbor who found the body formally identified it as that of Mrs. Mildred Rusho, wife of Eugene H. Rusho, a salesman for the Todd Printing Company of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Other neighbors, attracted by the blaze of police lights, provided information that Mr. Rusho had left town a couple of days before to canvass his territory. Unless he had returned unexpectedly they assumed he would be located somewhere across the state. Headrick initiated a long distance call to the Todd Printing Company officials in an attempt to locate the victim's husband that evening.

Captain Sherman dispatched his prowling men to their regular duty. He turned to the sheriff and said, "I'll have to get back to the city, Don. Brandon will stay with you, of course. Be sure to let us

know when we can help you with details on downtown investigations."

Headrick thanked the captain. "We'll probably have half of your force, running down clues and rumors by tomorrow when the case gets some publicity in the papers," he commented.

Coroner McBratney's preliminary examination of the body led him to establish the early morning hours of Monday as the time of death; between midnight and 4 A.M., or, roughly, about eighteen hours before the body was found.

"I'm going to withhold final judgment on the cause of death," he informed the police officers, "pending an autopsy. She has unquestionably been struck over the head with those broken bottles, which caused a distinct fracture. But there may be more to it than that."

He directed removal of the body and said that he would formally request the autopsy authorization in the morning.

The sheriff then began questioning the neighbors who lingered curiously on the lawn and sidewalk. Several of them recalled seeing Mrs. Rusho open her door to two male visitors early Sunday evening. Those who had seen them pass along the sidewalk agreed that the men were well dressed, of pleasing appearance and seemed to be in their early forties. Witnesses assumed they had walked from the nearest bus stop, as they came to the Rusho home on foot.

But no one seemed to know for sure what time the callers left the house. One neighbor woman said she recalled hearing a party leave the Rusho bungalow as she was opening her bedroom window at

10 P.M. Sunday night before retiring. She heard a car drive away and thought Mrs. Rusho had left the house, at that time as it was dark and quiet after that until she fell asleep.

The two men were strangers to the residents of Whitney Bench and several old timers in the area thought they might be strangers to Boise as well. No one had heard any disturbance in the night and the sheriff found no clues as to what time the lights and radio were turned on prior to their being seen and heard shortly before sun-up that morning.

The Rushos had been well liked and respected and were not known to be "party hounds" or trouble makers. Headrick could learn of no enemies the couple might have had.

Meanwhile, Lt. Brandon continued the scientific work. He dusted the house meticulously for fingerprints, collecting scores of them. All the tiny fragments of glass were retrieved and all the used drinking glasses were rounded up from the dining room, the kitchen table and the sink.

"By print analyses on these glasses," he advised Headrick, "we may be able to tell how many people were in this house yesterday evening."

The sheriff nodded thoughtfully. "That may be important as the case develops, especially if we get several suspects and have to do some winnowing."

"I'm inclined to think the fingerprints on the broken bottle necks may prove to be the most important clues we find in the house," Brandon commented. "It appears that a bottle may have been the

# Rusho Case



POSED BY MODELS



Mrs. Rusho would never answer anyone's knock again. The attractive, red-haired housewife was sprawled at one edge of the living room rug



Pershing Drive (above) was called "Sergeant City" during wartime because it was built to house non-commissioned offi-

murder weapon. He packed his equipment and departed, promising to hurry.

Sheriff Headrick stayed on to question witnesses more intensively about the two men visitors. It seemed probable that although they were strangers to the neighborhood they had been well known to Mrs. Rusho. They were admitted at their knock and laughter and music had drifted from the house during their visit.

When he completed the questioning Headrick catalogued several items for morning study. Cab company records would possibly reveal the destination of the visitors on their 10 o'clock departure and the driver would know for sure if Mrs. Rusho left at that time also. As the men might be family friends whom the husband could name easily, the sheriff resolved to proceed with caution.

But he had adopted one premise tentatively. Mrs. Rusho must have known her attacker, or she would never have permitted him to enter the house while she was only partially clothed. Thus if one of the male visitors had returned alone on some pretext a cab might be involved once more.

His last detail was to get a list of known friends and acquaintances of the Rusho couple. "We'll talk to these people in the morning," he told Coroner McBratney. "They might provide a suspect. And they will surely know what Mrs. Rusho habitually did with her time while her husband was on his road trips."

Finally a police guard was posted, the house darkened, and the investigators called it a night. The long distance operator was still trying to locate Mr. Rusho, who was supposed to be in Pocatello according to the itinerary in his Salt Lake City headquarters.

Early next morning a squad car of city detectives headed by Sergeant Bob Flood, one of Boise's best known officers, began checking cab company records, night clubs and bars, theatres and cafes in hope of picking up the woman's trail sometime late on Sunday evening. A general alert was also put out on police teletypes and short wave.

However, the cab company files revealed no calls from the Pershing Drive residence. Flood directed two men to obtain the drivers' addresses and contact all the men who were on night shift late Sunday. They were ordered to get them from sleep if necessary and determine positively that some error in bookkeeping had not caused the call to be unrecorded.

Headrick spent the morning interviewing friends of the dead woman. Most of them admitted that the attractive redhead was a gay, vivacious person who liked to visit the theatres and night clubs, but she was not known to be running around with other men.

Mr. Rusho arrived about noon that day. The sheriff's telephoning had caught him in Pocatello and he drove to Boise at the greatest speed possible. The tragedy left him stunned and he said it came as a complete surprise.

He said that his wife was over fifty years of age, though she looked easily fifteen years younger, and he was utterly at a loss to ascribe a motive to the slaying.

"It must have been a robber or some fiend who knew she

was alone in the house," he guessed brokenly. "I am sure that she would not have opened the door to anyone but a very close friend, especially late at night when she was ready to retire."

Headrick asked him if he could account for the two men but Rusho could only suggest that they might be other traveling salesmen who stopped by his house while in Boise.

"My wife would probably have known them in that case," he said, "and if they came by for a Sunday evening drink before their train left, she would have invited them in whether I was there or not. If they all left about 10 P.M., I'd guess she accompanied them to town, saw them off on the train and returned alone later. She didn't like to stay in the house evenings when I was away and generally went to a show or something."

"In that case," Headrick surmised, "she may have met someone else, even as late as midnight?"

"Well, I couldn't even guess on that," the husband replied. "She would be the only person to know."

At the sheriff's request Mr. Rusho made a careful examination of the house, but he was as perplexed by the disordered appearance of the rooms as the detectives had been.

"It doesn't look quite right," he admitted. "My wife was a very neat housekeeper. The place might have been ransacked but I cannot think of anything that is missing."

"Could the person who killed your wife have been seeking some incriminating piece of evidence, a letter, or a note, or a gift, rather than a robber's loot?" Headrick asked.

"I can't imagine what it would be," Rusho said frankly. "I'd rather suspect a burglar and that Mildred startled him at work."

"That's possible," the sheriff admitted. "However, the first thing to do is to find out for sure where your wife went that evening and if she parted company with those two men."

The husband was permitted to leave town to stay with his brother in Nampa, twenty miles west of Boise, while the investigation progressed.

Meanwhile, Detective Sergeant Flood had learned from a ticket agent that two men, accompanied by an attractive red-haired woman, had bought tickets to Salt Lake City shortly after 10 P.M. Sunday night. They were joking and laughing together and after the men departed the woman went back to town alone, catching a late evening bus that passed the depot.

If this was Mrs. Rusho and her visitors, that traced her actions through to about 11 P.M. Insofar as friends had provided a partial list of night clubs that Mrs. Rusho sometimes visited, the police investigation now concentrated on bartenders and hat check girls, but without success.

Meanwhile the officers who had been interrogating cab drivers located the driver who had picked Mrs. Rusho up at the Black and White cab stand by the Hotel Boise for her return trip home.

He proved to be Ralph Golden, a former Boise police officer who was well known locally. A husky, good-looking six-footer, Golden had spent three years in Ogden, Utah, as a military policeman and one year on the force at Boise, Idaho.





cers. The victim was murdered in the duplex pictured at rear



The Black and White taxi stand at the Hotel Boise where Mrs. Rusho took a cab to return to her home



The death of the victim, Mrs. Rusho (above) left her husband at a loss to ascribe a motive for the slaying

He said that Mrs. Rusho had engaged his cab on Sunday night.

"Did you know the woman?" Headrick asked. "Sure," Golden nodded. "I generally work a late shift and I have driven her home on numerous occasions. It was past midnight, but before 1 A.M. Monday morning."

"Was this trip any different than the others?" the sheriff asked.

"How do you mean?" Golden spread his hands apart, questioningly. "I don't quite understand you."

"Was there anyone with her, or did she seem in a different frame of mind than usual? Anything out of the ordinary that caught your attention might be important."

Golden was thoughtful for a moment. "I don't know—I couldn't tell from what little I had seen before. But there was no one with her."

"Did she act as though she might be expecting someone to follow her?" the sheriff asked.

Golden quietly frowned and tapped his front teeth with a fingernail. "Not that I noticed. However, when we got there she asked me in for a drink, a sort of nightcap, and I accepted as I was going off duty when I checked back in. There was no one else in the house, nor in the neighborhood that I noticed."

"But you were in the house?" Headrick asked.

"That's right," Golden said frankly. "My fingerprints will probably be all over the place."

The sheriff nodded. "Yes, I suppose they will be," he said sourly. "Just what all did you handle in there?"

"Well, two or three glasses and a bottle about half-full of whisky. I poured the drinks. And I must have touched the door and a table or two. Maybe the kitchen sink."

He shrugged. "But everything was normal as far as I could tell. I just took a quick drink and scrambled. She was fully dressed then and not under the influence of alcohol. Incidentally," he added, "I'd had a drink with the lady before, and with her husband, too. They were a nice couple."

Golden could recall no other cars in that block of Pershing Drive when he left the house. He was equally sure that no car had trailed his cab from town at a distance. "I got in the habit of watching for that sort of thing automatically," he remarked, "and while I cruise in my cab at night I've always got a weather eye out for the sight of a prowler or a car that looks hot."

He could not recall taking any strangers to the Rusho home at odd or late hours. Mrs. Rusho seemed very calm when he left. There was just one thing that had meant nothing to him at the time, though it seemed odd in light of what had happened since. "As I was leaving we had been laughing at some silly joke, and I said I was in a hurry. She said, 'Yes, you'd better hurry or my boy-friend might catch you here.'"

"That was odd," the sheriff observed. "Do you think she was expecting someone?"

"Not at all," the cab driver replied. "I took it as a joke. But she might have been telling the truth for all I know. Unconsciously, maybe."

Following the interview with Golden, Headrick ordered the cab check continued, but no record was (Continued on page 79)



# Alibi Girl

WHEN JACKIE FOSTER was murdered, men of the Third Detective District were not surprised. They had expected it one time or another ever since the gambler began to swell from acute delusions of grandeur. But when Big Bill Cobbett came into the headquarters building at 1 A.M. to confess the murder, the detectives were distinctly startled.

"It isn't like Big Bill," remarked Detective Edward Wood. "He's the type who doesn't give a hoot if his boys get mauled up in the ring as long as one Big Bill Cobbett pockets the profits."

His partner, Detective Tommy O'Connor nodded wordlessly. They walked without further remark to the inspector's private office. The desk man signalled them to go in, and they opened the door.

Sitting uncomfortably in a hard chair in front of the desk, flanked by two silent detectives and with a stenographer behind him, Big Bill Cobbett presented a sorry sight. In everyday life, he was unprepossessing enough. He was huge, without the grace and rhythm of a tall athlete; he sported a paunch. He had a

pale, colorless face and his lips were too thick and too sensual. Now he exhibited a distinctive shiner on his right eye. His nose was bloody; his torn shirt and tie were bloodstained. His thinning hair was like a ball of snarled-up grayish black wire.

Big Bill Cobbett looked at the two incoming detectives without greeting. He turned to the inspector and whined:

"What the hell could I do with Jackie's gorillas gettin' ready to give me the works? Wait meekly for the party? Oh no, not this bird. I thought maybe Jackie'd listen to reason, so I go to his place and—"

"Just a minute," the inspector interrupted. He waited for Wood and O'Connor to draw chairs closer to the desk, and he said, "At the beginning, please. Why did you kill Jackie Foster?"

"Taint my fault," Cobbett said. "It's an accident. Jackie attacks me an' I gotta defend myself, see."

"Why should Jackie Foster attack you?" the inspector demanded.

"Search me. Jackie an' me, we ain't been no friends since the Philly job.

Know what?" The inspector said nothing. Cobbett went on, "We fix it so my boy gets kayoed by Pete Ricco. He's Fred O'Reilly's kid, see. Well, Pete, he's such a tomato that my boy can't help kayoing' him 'stead. Jackie loses five grand in bets an' holds it against me."

"Go on," the inspector invited.

"Well Jackie, he takes his revenge. He tells other fight pilots it ain't gonna be healthy for them to do business with me. An' I ain't had none for a couple months. Then Jackie lets it be known that he's gonna put me on the spot."

Out of the corner of his eye, the inspector saw Wood nod, confirming the Jacobs Beach-Madison Square Garden gossip.

Cobbett continued, "I think maybe Jackie an' me, we talk it over like reasonable men. So I go to his place. But Jackie ain't in no mood to listen to reason. He attacks me. I grab something. I don't remember what happens after that. Next thing I remember, I am holdin' a lamp in my hands. An' Jackie is down. He is bleedin' to death."

"What time was it?" the inspector

By JACK NIELSEN

Police had both a corpse and a confessed murderer on their hands but there was still something peculiar about the setup







"I think maybe Jackie an' me  
talk it over like reasonable  
men. I go to his place but he  
ain't in no mood to listen."

demanding, studying Big Bill intently. "Midnight."

"How do you know?" the inspector asked sharply.

"There's a clock in his room, see. Jackie lies 'tween the clock an' me. So I can't help seein' it."

"Sure it was midnight?"

"Sure as my name's Big Bill Cobbett."

The inspector leaned back and inclined his head to the door. "Okay. Take him away."

A detective escorted Cobbett out of the office. After the door closed, the inspector turned to Detectives Wood and O'Connor:

"Your job, since Jacobs Beach is your beat. Lend homicide a helping hand, and it's mutual. They ought to be at Jackie Foster's place by now. Got his address?"

Detective Wood nodded. "Yes, sir."

"That's all."

The two detectives rose and left. A passerby, seeing Wood and O'Connor come out of the Third Detective District Headquarters building at West 54th Street, would have been struck by the contrast between the two men. Wood was five feet ten, somewhat on the plump side, with a ruddy complexion and sharp blue eyes. The latter were the two trade marks of a cop who had spent years pounding the pavement. He wore a neat blue serge suit.

Detective Tommy O'Connor was a silent man who preferred to think first, and then talk afterwards. He was short and wiry, with an angelic face that was somehow miscast. Bulldog-like features would have fit better. He had a capacity for work and for infinite punishment.

As Jackie Foster's apartment was in a modernistic hotel a few blocks east of the station, the detectives dispensed with Wood's blue sedan. They took the elevator and got out at the eleventh floor which swarmed with police and plainclothesmen. Homicide squad detectives, including technicians, had taken possession of Jackie's apartment.

Since the medical examiner's tour man had not yet arrived, the detectives did not touch the body. However, police photographers were already busy, and a detective artist was surveying the murder room for the cross sketch.

Jackie Foster was lying face down on a rich carpet. A lot of furniture had been knocked down and bits of bric-a-brac were scattered on the floor.

Presently the medical examiner's tour man arrived and after nodding a greeting to him, Detective Wood continued to study the room. The heavy armchair, beside which Foster's body was lying, was standing upright. However, there were some clear spots around a thin layer of dust on the carpet. Undoubtedly because of its heavy mass, the armchair had been thrust aside rather than overturned.

O'Connor saw the clock first and called Wood's attention to it. It was lying face down on the carpet, in front of one of the legs of a small coffee table. Bits of glass crystals were scattered around it. Since it was quite close to the body, the detectives had not yet picked it up.

A Homicide squad detective met Wood, who told him about Cobbett's confession. The homicide man frowned.

"Seems to fit, but it don't jibe in one detail."

"What is it?"

The homicide squad man pushed his gray hat upward. "Cobbett told the truth when he said the murder weapon's a lamp stand. It's a swell job with an onyx base. And there's blood on the base. But—it's been wiped clean of all fingerprints!"

"Wiped clean of fingerprints?" Wood repeated.

"Yeah. A guy who does that, wouldn't confess, would he?"

"No."

Meanwhile the medical examiner's deputy and an intern had carried Jackie's body to a sofa. Wood and the homicide detective walked to the overturned clock. The latter drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket and spread it over the clock. Then he picked it up. He turned it around.

It was a moderately expensive alarm clock that combined the decorative with the practical. The case was made of a plastic that tried unsuccessfully to imitate polished mahogany. The face of the clock was black and the numerals and hands were painted with luminous thorium.

The clock mechanism was dead. Its hands were frozen.

And the hands pointed to 11 o'clock—11 P.M.

The homicide man turned sharply to Wood. "What time did Cobbett say he killed Jackie Foster?"

"Midnight."

He looked at the clock again. "It don't fit. He's lying."

"Maybe. He isn't the guy to cover anybody. He thinks of himself first and always."

The homicide man shrugged. "Sure Cobbett's a swell candidate for the hot seat. But the D.A. won't like this little discrepancy. I mean Cobbett says he murdered Jackie Foster at midnight. And this clock gets cracked up at 11. So, what d'you say about it?"

"We don't say anything," Wood replied for O'Connor's as well as for himself. "We'll find out."

The homicide detective nodded. "Okay. Let's see what the M.E.'s got to say about it."

They brought the problem to the medical examiner's deputy, who remarked: "Offhand, I'd say Foster was killed between 11 and midnight. So it fits both versions."

The detectives nodded wordlessly. He went on, "Death caused by a blow on the top of skull with a sharp-edged instrument. The blow cracked the skull, and severe cerebral hemorrhage followed. Either of these things is enough to cause death."

The detectives thanked him and as the homicide squad man escorted Wood and O'Connor toward the elevator, he asked: "What sort of guy was this Jackie Foster?"

Detective Wood frowned. "That's funny. We know next to nothing about him except that he came from New Orleans and he made good. He was a big-time gambler. Of course we buzzed the New Orleans police after we were interested in him. They say they never heard of a guy named Jackie Foster."

"A Boy Scout from the hinterland who became a bad boy in the wicked city?" the homicide man snorted. "Hell, it don't happen in real life. All right, keep us posted."

"You do the same, please," Wood suggested.

"Sure."

When Wood and O'Connor were in the street, the younger remarked, "Well, it looks like we're in for it. It's got the earmarks of a long job."

Wood nodded. "Sure. We'll start right now, beginning with the Beach."

Jacobs Beach—the Capital of Belldom—one of Manhattan's legendary spots. The geography of Jacobs Beach extends from Madison Square Garden across the street to a rowdy cigar store where a battered radio blares forth the pay-off—not who is winning a mauling duel but, more important, the box office receipts.

Detectives Wood and O'Connor began their tour of Jacobs Beach in the dank

**B**OLT, THE gun man, was an American; the inventor of dynamite, Nobel, was a Swede; but whoever thought up the handkerchief was a so-and-so, in the opinion of Frank Sasso of New York. While tracing the origin of that dangerous device back as far as the prehistoric sleeve, Sasso meanwhile swallows tablets brought to the world by a German, Dreser, called aspirin.

The handkerchief game, though it victimized him in 1948, and will trick others in 2046, is also of ancient origin. The circumstances of its operation vary and the outcome often has its surprises.

Mr. Sasso, a cook in a New York hotel, is of Spanish descent, thrifty, good-hearted, with a ready ear for the woes of his fellow countrymen. There are those who gather lists of names of such nice people as Sasso. All kinds of letters are sent to him with appeals of every nature. There was, for example, a high-pressure campaign to inveigle him in a scheme to take the tears out of onions—a smart idea and useful to a cook. So it got around that Sasso was, in general, sympathetic, susceptible, and even amenable.

On May 6th, while strolling along Eighth Avenue near 17th Street, carrying a wallet with \$300 in it, Sasso was greeted by a well-dressed stranger who bowed like a European.

"Hablo Español, señor?"

Sasso was pleased by the fine Castilian accent and his face lit up. "Yes, I speak Spanish," he replied. "I am at your service."

"Perhaps you can help me," the other went on. "I have just arrived by Clipper from Barcelona and would like to take a room at the Waldorf-Astoria. But first I must convert a check into American currency. Where can I do this?"

"How big is the check?"

and dusty cigar store. Because of the late hour, there were few men in the store, though the air was thick with stale cigar smoke that had been studiously and ceremoniously exhaled during the fight crowd's working hours.

One of the men was Frank Sullivan, the owner-operator of Sullivan's Gymn. Sullivan was tall and fat and slow moving. Looking at his red face and hearing him wheeze whenever he climbed a flight of stairs, nobody would have imagined that he used to be a heavyweight trial horse. A bruiser on the come had give him such a devastating blow that he had been forced to retire from the ring—under medical care.

Now Sullivan was in a beaming and jovial mood. Since one of his boys had made a good showing in the Bronx prelims, he had cornered his bets. He nodded at the detectives amiably and offered them cigars. The detectives refused.

Wood hinted: "Maybe it'll be a lot

better if we talk things over alone." Sullivan nodded. He led them to a corner of the store and waited for them to begin. Wood said:

"Know what happened to Jackie Foster?"

"Got the dope over radio," Sullivan replied. "I ain't surprised, no sir. He got it coming to him, see, and I figure it'd be Big Bill Cobbett."

"How do you know?" Wood demanded sharply.

"Oh, tain't no secret no more. Big Bill and Fred O'Reilly make a proposition on the Philly show. Lemme set you right, I ain't got nothin' to do with the phony set-up. I don't let 'em do that kind o' business in my place, see. Aw right, they let Jackie in the secret, that's Jimmy Callahan—he's Big Bill's boy—gets kayoed in the fourth. Well, you know what happened in Philly."

"That on the level?" O'Connor asked.

"Aw, you know Pete Ricco ain't such a ham. Anyway, Jackie loses five grand

and he blames Big Bill of double-crossin' him."

"That isn't what I asked you," Wood said. "I mean how do you know it'd be Big Bill who'd croak Jackie?"

"I got a pair of eyes, brother," Sullivan said. "I can see somethin' up when Big Bill comes to my place. Let me see, it's 11. Yeah, I remember it 'cause Louie McGowan's man comes too an' tell me his boss ain't gonna forget the tip I gave him."

"Wait a minute," Wood said expressionlessly. "Tonight?"

"Yeah, Big Bill comes to my place tonight. It was 11 as I said, an' he wasn't looking his usual self. Nervous, like a guy who's hopped up to murder or steal, if you get what I mean."

"How long did he stay?"

"Ten minutes. He looks around at the kids like he ain't interested an' he leaves. I think he came here."

Wood called the cigar store proprietor, who confirmed (Continued on page 59)

# Two Sad Men



"A mere \$1,000. The bank will not cash it, I find, because I do not have an account. I present these credentials—see for yourself—but it does no good. What shall I do? I am sad. I would accept a good deal less for my check if someone would cash it. Otherwise I will have to sleep in the subway which is noisier than a bullfight."

"I would gladly help you," said Mr. Sasso, "but I have only \$300. I am sad."

The two sad-looking men were overheard by a passerby with a copy of *La Prensa* in his hand. "Excuse me, I heard Spanish spoken. Are you gentlemen in trouble? Can I direct you anywhere?"

Mr. Sasso explained their countryman's difficulty, whereupon the newcomer looked into his wallet, counted what he had and shook his head. He also looked sad. Unfortunately, he said, he had only \$400.

The man with the check brightened. "I will make you two com-

paneros an offer. One has \$300, the other \$400. For \$700 you can have my check with a profit to each of \$150."

"Not so fast," put in the man with the copy of *La Prensa*. "I have an account in a bank near-by. I will see if the check is good. Wait here and Mr. Sasso will go with me."

This plan was agreed to. On the way, Sasso's companion pulled out his money and asked him for the \$300. The question arose as to who would hold the \$700. They tossed a coin and Sasso lost. The other tied the money into a handkerchief "so that it wouldn't blow away." Sasso waited in front of the bank where he could keep an eye on his new friend. The latter came out with a smile of satisfaction. He said he had cashed the check.

They took a cab back to Eighth Avenue, but now Sasso wanted to hold the money. This injured the other's feelings.

"If it is a question of my hon-

esty," he said, "very well. Take it."

And now Sasso had the handkerchief bundle. Just as they arrived at the appointed spot, Sasso took the notion to open the bundle and found that a stack of paper clippings neatly cut out of *La Prensa* simulated the bills it was supposed to be. He let out a yell, grabbed at the man's sleeve too late. The other was out of the cab and waving wildly to the Spanish gentleman just off the Clipper. Both sped in the direction of the Port of New York Authority Building with Sasso panting and shouting after them to stop.

"Hasta mañana!" they called back and disappeared.

Tomorrow, Sasso knew, would be too late. He hailed Patrolman John Meda, less than six weeks on the force.

Now the Port of Authority Building is something tremendous. It covers an entire city block from 15th to 16th Streets and from Eighth to Ninth Avenues. To trap two men who had vanished inside, the building would have to be surrounded. Meda, a rookie, decided to do that himself. However, Patrolman Walter Palm came to his assistance and summoned other police to guard the numerous exits. The two Spanish caballeros were discovered hiding in the washroom and promptly flushed out.

The one "just off the Clipper" gave his name as George Saavedra. His partner was Robert Rangel. The main element for success in the old handkerchief switch is that the victim should not open the bundle to see what's inside until the con men are off to a flying start.

Sasso formerly was a sailor and is good at untying knots. When he saw what the bundle contained he acted fast. "There is a Spanish proverb," he said, "Quien da primero, da dos veces—he who strikes promptly strikes twice."

—TERRY WALTERS.

The question was on every tongue—who was the mysterious woman who had accompanied the debonair lawyer at that last romantic rendezvous, so abruptly ended?

IT WAS the night of September 14th. There was a lull at police headquarters. Nothing was happening. Probably nothing would happen. But these quiet moments of cribbage games or checkers shift suddenly into gun play and startling death.

Hours of calm change in a twinkling into swiftly lived minutes of violence or tortuous days of turbulence and unrest.

It might be such a night.

Suddenly, at 9 o'clock, words crackled from the telephone. "Bill Bohannon has been shot!"

From that moment on, for forty-eight hours, there came tense activity that found its echo in everyday conversation.

Albert Felker, police reporter for the Evansville, Indiana, Courier, flashed the news to his city editor. His words sounded hysterical as he shouted them into the mouthpiece.

That was all Felker could tell then, and that was all, with the exception of unimportant details, that the newspaper published when its final edition reached the streets five hours later. The Courier, detailing the shooting of Bohannon, told of his bullet wounds, his pre-delirium statements, his physical condition. But it could not disclose where the shooting occurred, or why.

William O. Bohannon, the central figure in this drama, was a successful Evansville lawyer. Well-educated, well-groomed, courteous, suave, he was a polished man of the world. His practice was good, and growing rapidly as he established his reputation.

He dealt in divorces mostly. Women. Bill Bohannon understood and liked women. And—women liked Bill Bohannon.

Bohannon's study of women began early. Even in his college days, when he was preparing for a successful career in law, he had acquired a reputation for having a way with women. To this very day, near the campus of an Indiana university, there is a trysting place that is known as "Bohannon's Hollow." There he had had a love nest where he wooed ardently on spring nights when the full flush of youth was upon him.

Out of school, Bill Bohannon married. But he definitely was not a one-woman man.

And why not? Broad-shouldered, handsome, virile, he was at the same time mild-mannered, and had learned many soothing words and phrases in his years of dealing with women who poured out their marital sorrows to him in the privacy of his office. And he had that appeal of near swagger, born of confidence. Too, he was always the gallant.

September 14th was a Friday. Friday evenings were Bohannon's "club" nights. His club, his wife understood,

# MYSTERY of the Lovers' Tryst

By HARRY ANDERSON  
Former Chief of Police, Evansville, Indiana  
with WALTER SCHUYLER

was political in nature and was secret unto holiness. Only those within its select inner circle were permitted to attend. He could not even breathe the names of its members to his wife.

At a quarter of nine that night, Mrs. Bohannon was seated in the living room of her comfortable home enjoying a quiet chat with a friend, little knowing that tragedy at that moment was stalking her.

Suddenly she thought she heard her name called. The voice, it seemed, came from afar. Surely she was mistaken. Names come that way, hauntingly, in calm, peaceful hours.

But again—"Lillian!" There was no

mistake this time. She opened the door and peered out.

At the curb stood her husband's automobile, lights burning and motor idling. She thought she saw him slumped in the seat behind the wheel.

Then she heard her name called again, not more than a hoarse whisper this time. There was calmness in the tone. The gallant William Bohannon would not alarm his wife.

With a shriek, she ran to the automobile.

"Honey, I've been shot," he whispered. "Two holdup men—" and his voice trailed away into incoherent mumbling.

Without wasting any time, she helped



Without wasting any time, she helped him from the car and into their house, trying to make him as comfortable as possible.

him from the car and into the house, trying to make him as comfortable as possible.

Friends of Mrs. Bohannon came at her call and the attorney was taken to the Deaconess Hospital where I sent detectives to await any word that might issue from the operating room. Reporters also stood in restive inactivity in the silent lobby patiently waiting for a "break."

All they learned was that Bohannon had been shot twice, and probably fatally. One of the bullets had entered the abdomen and had emerged at the back. The other had penetrated the chest. Either one was a mortal wound.

I went into consultation early, with Prosecuting Attorney E. Menzies Lindsey and Edward Sutheimer, then chief of detectives, who groped blindly for some lead.

Mrs. Bohannon, questioned, knew nothing. All we were sure of, with what meager facts we had been able to glean, was that it was to be a sensational case.

Through the remainder of the night the real story behind the shooting was purely conjectural. With the coming day, as the attorney, unconscious, fought, with his powerful physique, a losing fight against death, I set the department to work in solving this puzzle.

His automobile, examined as soon as we got the report, revealed no clue. Bohannon had come home with his vest buttoned and his coat on. Two bullets had pierced his shirt; yet neither his coat nor vest showed any bullet holes.

He had been shot while his coat and vest were removed! Was it not a natural conclusion that he had been surprised with a woman?

Coroner Max Lowe, an able investigator interested in the case, was the first to issue a postulate.

"Bohannon was out with a woman whom he wants to protect," Lowe said. "They were parked along some lonely road near the city and were surprised





Actions of Norma Feuger caused question of her part in mysterious slaying

by holdup men. Bohannon resisted because he did not want the identity of the woman learned. He was shot."

It was reasoned that the shooting occurred near the city, because of Bohannon's physical condition. It could not have been within the city limits or someone would have heard the shots. No reports of shooting had been received at police headquarters. We were at a loss where to attack. But we were reasonably sure that at the bottom of it all could be found a woman.

It had long been whispered, and was now spoken openly, that this attorney had not been a model of constancy. We questioned several women who, we thought, might be woven into the plot, but all gave satisfactory accounts of themselves for the night.

As the morning wore on, it became increasingly evident that Bohannon was not to reveal more than he already had when he said, "I've been shot by two holdup men." His strength was leaving him rapidly. It was known that he could not survive. It was a matter of hours only, his physicians said.

At 9 o'clock that morning we got our first clue.

Detectives looking over Bohannon's automobile on the night before had missed a clue that was to help them piece the story of the shooting together. They found, clinging to the framework underneath the car, some cornstalks.

Bohannon had been on or near some highway where he must have driven through a cornfield. That meant little, then. Every highway about the city lay through cornfields. And corn stands high in southern Indiana in mid-September.

As the detectives were sitting about, mentally building up theories and blowing them to pieces again, the first real break came at 10 o'clock in the morning. The body of a dead man was found at the edge of a cornfield about four miles from the city.

Coroner Lowe, Sheriff Shelby McDowell and I were notified. The man

had been shot twice, once through the right shoulder and once squarely through the heart. The body was found by Henry Schwartz, a farmer, at the edge of his cornfield. He was driving by with a horse and wagon when he spied it, partially hidden in a ditch. It would not have been noticeable from a speeding automobile.

The road along which the find was made is known as the Lynch Road. It is four miles from the city and at that time was a popular trysting place for couples who carried secrets in their hearts. It was out of the way and not often patrolled. We immediately linked it with the fatal wounding of Bohannon.

The unfortunate attorney had always carried a gun. He was an expert in the use of firearms. It was his hobby to collect weapons—and shoot them. Not far from where the dead man was found Bohannon had a summer home on a tract of land where he also maintained a private rifle range. Here he spent many idle hours alone, coaxing vicious barks from a revolver or automatic.

He was never known to drive his car without a gun handy. A specially constructed holster had been built into the driver's seat of his automobile, where he could reach it easily with the minimum of suspicious movement.

The body found in the ditch was that of a young man, probably twenty or twenty-five years old. He was of powerful physical make-up, with broad shoulders and bull-like neck. A wrestler, perhaps, or boxer. His face, with its strong set jaws, broad stub nose, and dark complexion, gave every appearance of a foreigner.

Clutched in the dead man's right hand was a rope. A search of the immediate vicinity revealed a flashlight and a billfold. There also was evidence of a struggle. Not far away there was a wide swath cut through the field of

corn, wide enough for an automobile to pass through. The corn was broken thoroughly and the path was fairly straight, indicating that the car must have been driven at an exceedingly high rate of speed.

The body was brought to the undertaking parlors of Klee and Burkhart in Evansville. Here the clothing was carefully guarded by officers who looked it over minutely for any trace of identity. His cap, a trademark revealed, had been purchased in Detroit. His suit had been bought in Chicago. A painstaking search finally revealed, indistinctly, a laundry mark.

This laundry mark was simply the letters "F. M." While we looked upon them as being of some value, Felker, always an enterprising reporter, took it upon himself to trace the letters through the city's laundries.

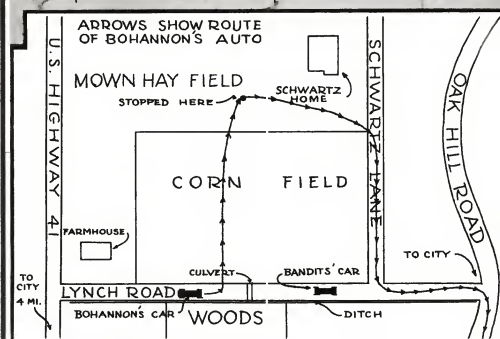
Of the more than a dozen, there were only three that used the initials of a patron's first and last names as identification. The first of these, Felker learned, had no customer whose name corresponded with the initials. The second, he learned with hopes rising, had one. "But I know him," the bookkeeper said. That left only one.

The last proved more promising. The letters were used for one customer, but he always brought his laundry and called for it. The laundry did not know his name nor his address, but described him as middle-aged, dark, and of a slightly foreign cast.

Felker walked away from the telephone, beaten. The man on the morgue slab still held his secret.

We were definitely certain, however, that the dead man and the wounded Bohannon had met on that Friday night. There could be no other conclusion. The tracks of the automobile that had driven through the cornfield corresponded to the tread of the tires of Bohannon's

(Below) Route taken by wounded man after attack. Cornfield (right) through which injured Bohannon drove in attempt to evade further violence





car. There were cornstalks on the framework of the auto. And a little later we learned from Mrs. Bohannon that the billfold found was the property of her husband.

Mrs. Bohannon also brought out another fact that was to clinch the theory that her husband and the unidentified corpse had fought a duel to death. She brought forth the gun that Bohannon had carried the night before. She had found it in his automobile and had hidden it.

The gun was of the caliber that was used in the killing of the stranger. Three shots had been fired recently. Then the gun had jammed.

Bohannon's billfold was empty. There was no money in the pockets of the dead man. In fact, they had been turned inside out. There was no money on the ground about the scene of the struggle. The absence of this important evidence pointed unmistakably to the presence of a fourth person at the trysting place, a companion of the dead man. And Bohannon had said there were two holdup men.

So, instead of one mystery that faced us when that Saturday morning broke, we now had three. Meanwhile, hundreds of persons, in an endless line, the morbidly curious and those who thought by chance they might be able to recognize this mysteriously silent person, passed through the morgue. They looked at his face, shook their heads, and passed on. They paused outside to stand in somber groups and speculate on his identity.

Shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon Arthur B. Burkhart, the undertaker, was standing beside the form of the dead man when he heard a girl of about eighteen gasp and say, "Poor Frank."

The undertaker seized the opportunity. "Did you know him?" he asked quickly.

"Yes." She caught her breath. "He roomed with the Meadors on Harriett Street. I knew him. Frank was a good boy."

Burkhart in his excitement failed to get her name.

At about the same time Patrolman Collison received a "hot tip" from a friend who visited the morgue.

"I didn't know him," Collison was told. "But I know where he lived. He has a friend at 1314 Harriett Street and lived there."

Collison immediately relayed his information to headquarters. An investigation was under way at last with something tangible to work on.

Strangely enough, the man had passed through the morgue that afternoon and had spent many minutes gazing in silence at this puzzling corpse. His face, those who later recalled having seen him at the morgue said, revealed no clue as to the turmoil that must have raged within.

Frank Paisley was the man arrested at the Meador home. He was twenty-four years old and came from Essex, Missouri. He had, so far as we then were able to ascertain, no police record and the story he told of his connection with the dead man was not incriminating. Instead, convincingly believable.

The dead man was Frank Mills, Paisley said. Mills was only nineteen years old. He came from Chicago, where he had a wife from whom he was separated. His real name was Milchunas.

Mills and Paisley had worked together in Detroit and had come to Evansville about six weeks before, where they obtained work in a furniture factory. However, business was dull, and they had been laid off. They had not worked in two weeks.

He and Mills, he said, started out the evening before in Paisley's automobile. In Garvin Park Mills saw a girl ac-



William Bohannon, shot while keeping rendezvous with an unidentified woman

quaintance and left Paisley. The latter, after riding about for a few minutes, returned to his rooming place.

There was no flaw in his story. There was nothing to attack. Paisley, the elder Meador and his son told officers, had returned early the night before and had played cards with members of the family. There was nothing in his demeanor that might indicate any mental unrest. He acted as usual, they said.

Paisley, as well as Mills who roomed with him, was a well-behaved young man, sober and industrious. Surely the police couldn't suspect that Paisley had had anything to do with the crime, even if Mills had.

We were not satisfied. Paisley was taken to headquarters for further questioning. While he was there Detectives Freer, Newhouse, and Russell went to his room, where a search revealed a revolver. With this they returned to headquarters.

An examination proved that it was of the same caliber as the one with which Bohannon was shot. It had been fired recently.

Confronted with the gun, Paisley still maintained that he knew nothing of the crime. Questioning was continued, intensely, unabatingly. Within an hour he made a confession.

"About 6:30 o'clock in the evening of September 14th," Paisley's confession started, "Frank Mills and I left home in my car. We drove out State Road 41 and turned east about a mile north of Pigeon Creek and went east about one mile. Mills directed me to stop by the side of the road near a woods.

"Mills told me he wanted to catch a couple parked on the road and take the man out of the car and get the girl. Mills had a gun in his possession and showed it to me."

"After I had stopped the car as Mills directed, he took a window cord about ten feet long out of his pocket. We got out of the car and down in the ditch on the south side of the road. Mills cut the (Continued on page 86)



THE RADIO call reached Detective Fred Nelson, of the Jacksonville, Florida, police force as he was riding in his patrol car near the Grand Central Crossing industrial section on the eastern outskirts of the city. There had been a shooting on King's Road, a bystander had reported. "Investigate," droned the radio operator.

King's Road, Nelson knew, lay near the maze of railroad yards. Although it was a dirt road, it was a bus route. Soon he was speeding along the uninhabited, unpaved side roads that usually surround a railroad terminus, which is flanked by shops and roundhouses.

Within minutes he was on King's Road and braked to a stop when he came up to a group of people clustered around a small sedan.

A bystander stepped out of the group. "I found them just a few minutes ago," he volunteered. "It's Mr. and Mrs. Surrency. She told me they were just held up by two men. I phoned for an ambulance and called the police."

Nelson nodded and pushed his way through toward the car. In the dirt road lay the body of a white-haired, middle-aged man, his shirt and vest blood-stained. Next to his right hand lay a revolver. The car door was open on

the driver's side. There was no pulse beat, no heart action. It only needed a moment to convince Nelson that the man was dead.

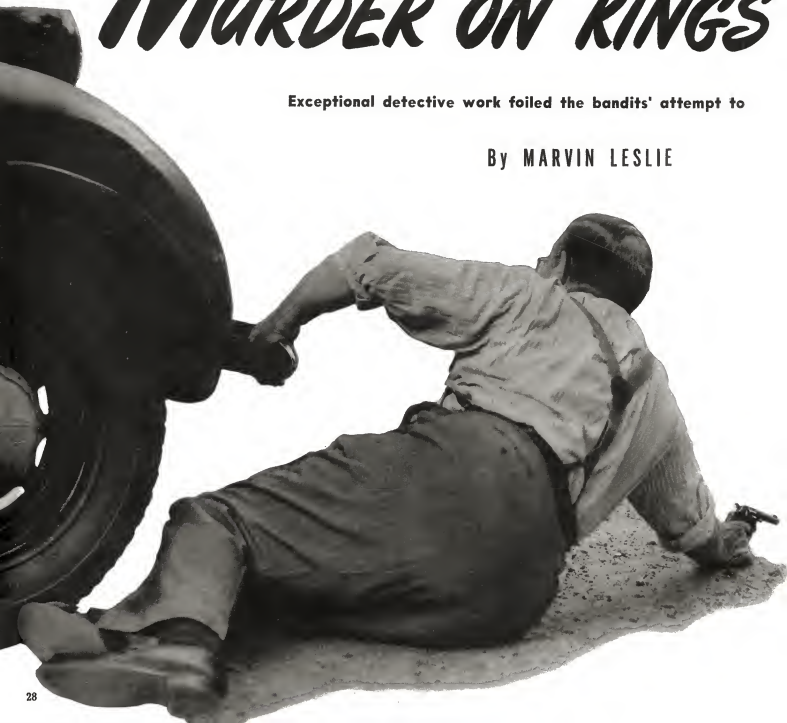
The woman still sat in the car, slumped in her seat, one hand clutching her abdomen, where a spreading stain told the officer the ominous story. Barely conscious, she answered Nelson's questions in a whisper and confirmed her identity. She was Mrs. Surrency. Her husband was J. H. Surrency. "He's shot," she whispered weakly. "Do something."

The officer assured her that medical help was on the way and eased her

# MURDER ON KING'S

Exceptional detective work foiled the bandits' attempt to

By MARVIN LESLIE



position. In a valiant conquest of her pain, she gave him the details, a few words at a time. Two young men in a blue Ford coupe had held them up. They had demanded the pay roll her husband was carrying. He had refused to give it up, so they had started shooting. She had never seen the men before. One was tall, and he wore a brown, bedraggled cap, a blue sweater and dark blue trousers, which might have been coveralls. The other man was much shorter in height.

He was wearing a tan sweater and tan trousers. She had noticed that there was a small scar over his eye.

Greeted with a volley of shots, he staggered and fell to the ground

# ROAD

make these brutal killings "a perfect crime"

"They said they wanted a push," she whispered. Then she twisted with pain and fainted.

Since she was beyond aid, Nelson began a careful examination of the car and the dead man. There was a large envelope inside Surrency's vest pocket, containing more than \$2,000 in small bills. A bullet had crashed through it. Nelson put it in his pocket, then turned to the car.

There were bloodstains on the front seat, but no bullet holes. He searched further and found a bullet imbedded in the running board of the car. He picked up the revolver that lay near Surrency and saw that it was a .38. Carefully digging out the bullet from the running board, it needed but one glance to tell the officer that it was a metal-clad, snub-nosed slug from a .45 automatic. He pocketed both gun and bullet. Mrs. Surrency had told one of the bystanders that the holdups had driven away up the dirt road. Nelson decided to follow just as soon as the ambulance arrived.

It came a minute later, and the wounded woman was rushed away to the county hospital. The interne glanced over Surrency and then shrugged helplessly.

"Nothing we can do for him," he told Nelson. "Better leave him just as he is. The boys may find a lead."

Nelson nodded agreement. He turned to the group of silent spectators, selected the bystander who had phoned for help. He seemed level-headed. To this man Nelson explained the necessity of following the bandits before the trail cooled.

"The police will be here in a minute," he added. "Don't let anyone touch anything—the car or Surrency. Tell them

I followed the holdups. You take charge." The man nodded. "Go to it," he agreed. "I'll look after this end."

Nelson waited no longer, but whirled his car and sped up the dirt road. There were no houses here, no one to question. A half-dozen blocks from the scene of the shooting the road ended before a maze of railroad tracks. And fronting the tracks at the very edge of the dead-end street stood a blue Ford coupe, empty.

Reasonably sure that this was the getaway car, Nelson examined it thoroughly. The radiator was still hot. The ignition key was in the dash lock. There was a man's brown cap on the seat and also a half-filled bottle of cheap whisky. With the thought of latent fingerprints in mind, Nelson transferred these to his police cruiser, handling them carefully, then he looked around, wondering what had happened to the two holdup men and which way they had gone.

Open fields lay in every direction, with high grass. A multitude of railroad tracks stretched away in two directions; and across them lay a scantily settled neighborhood. It was too large an area for one man to search, so he decided to return to the scene of the shooting for help.

Here he found that officers from both the city and the county had swarmed to the scene and were already busy. From Sheriff Rex Sweat's office had come Deputies Dick Barker and Gene Griffin; County Detective Sidney Hurlbert, towering even above these tall men, was examining tire tracks; and from Jacksonville's police department had come Inspector Acosta, chief of the detective bureau, accompanied by Detectives R. L. Wood and J. S. Meads.

Reporting to Acosta, Nelson summarized the total of his findings, turned over the .45 automatic slug reclaimed from the Surrency car's running board, the envelope containing the \$2,000, the .38 revolver, the whisky bottle and the cap found in the abandoned blue Ford coupe. He related the position of the coupe, the possibilities of escape that lay in the area of tracks, fields and sparsely settled suburban section that lay across the tracks.

"It can't be more than thirty minutes since the shooting took place," finished Nelson. "I'm sure that coupe is the one the holdups used. The section doesn't have too many people in it—they should be easy to spot if we can get enough men to throw a circle around it and converge on the railroad yards."

Acosta, an experienced officer with a long and successful record, answered by going to the nearest radio car, calling headquarters and ordering extensive reinforcements that were to string a wide net around the area. An officer was detailed to the hospital to keep in touch with Mrs. Surrency in case she recovered consciousness and could add some vital information to the scanty details she had already given. Giving another detective the license number of the abandoned blue coupe, obtained by Nelson, he was told to check ownership and report his findings as soon as possible.

Nelson, Meads and Wood were then detailed to investigate the immediate neighborhood in an effort to find witnesses of the shooting, descriptions or possible identifications of the holdups.

While Acosta issued orders for the beginning of the search, the Duval County medical examiner, Dr. R. R. Killinger, arrived and began an exami-



POSED BY MODELS



Two of the convicted slayers escaped the County Jail (above) by placing a plank from the jail window to opposite roof

nation of the victim. His report was soon forthcoming: Surrency had been shot five times. A bullet through the throat had severed the jugular vein; he had been shot twice in the hands and two bullets had entered his chest, one slug going through his heart. All seemed to be powerful, large-caliber bullets that had penetrated the body in every instance and gone on. There was the chance that at least one bullet might be recovered from Mrs. Surrency's body—and there was the .45-caliber slug retrieved from the running board by Nelson, which fitted in with the powers of penetration described by Dr. Killinger.

When Surrency had been taken to a Jacksonville mortuary, Acosta, Hurlbert and Deputies Griffin and Barker drove to the spot where the blue Ford stood abandoned.

"The identification men will be here soon to take charge of this car," Acosta told his fellow officers. "Might be some latent prints we can use." He turned to Hurlbert. "This dead-end street suggests that the killers were strangers in this neighborhood and abandoned the car because they couldn't go on and were afraid to turn back."

"Possibly," nodded Hurlbert. "Or it's a prearranged ditching spot where they could get away in several directions without too many people getting a look at them. They could have had another car waiting across the tracks; they could have doubled back into the weeds and woods and made for town."

Acosta nodded. "We'll get more men out here at once and search the place from end to end. We'll burn off this section of high grass or bring in bloodhounds."

Back at headquarters again, Acosta laid plans for the apprehension of the killers, while from the field, officers reported their findings bit by bit and an understandable picture began to emerge out of the murder puzzle.

The Surrencys, it was soon learned, had lived in Jacksonville for more than fifteen years where the husband had been employed by an express company. Together with his wife he operated a small cafe in the shop of the company for the benefit of employees and chance drop-in customers. The employees were paid off by check twice a month. It had been Surrency's job—self-imposed, as a service—to take the checks into town, cash them at the bank and then distribute the cash to the waiting workmen. This particular morning he had made the bank by 9 A.M., and was returning with the cash when he had been held up and killed.

A railroad employee was located who had witnessed part of the very evidently planned crime. He had seen the blue Ford coupe cross the tracks a minute or two ahead of the Surrency car and stop in the middle of the dirt road. He had attached little significance to the event at the time; but the importance of the move became apparent when another witness was found

who told the officers that he, too, had noticed the stalled Ford; and when the Surrency car drove up a minute later, one of the men had asked for a push, evidently telling Surrency that they were having trouble getting started.

Surrency had complied with the request and as the cars went down King's Road, one of the men in the coupe had gotten out and walked back to the Surrency car. Another witness recalled seeing the two cars. He had been taking a friend to the bus stop, and as he approached, he saw that Surrency's car had pushed the blue Ford ahead far enough to clear the road for him. He had driven on, giving the evident motorist mishap no further attention. Some distance ahead, where his friend had descended to wait for the bus, they had been suddenly startled by the sound of shots.

Wheeling, they had both seen one of the men, a gun in his hand, shooting at the occupants of the Surrency car. Surrency had leaped out and was greeted with another volley of shots. He had staggered and fallen, dropping the gun he had in his hand. The holdup men had glanced around and then run back to the coupe which had pulled away fast, going up King's Road.

All these witnesses gave approximately the same description of the two gunmen, all agreeing with the physical description given by Mrs. Surrency. Two of the men declared they could recognize the two bandits if they ever saw them again; but none of them could identify the men.

To the officers working on the case these facts assumed the threads of a carefully planned holdup. Surrency had drawn his own gun and had refused to give up the pay roll. He had been killed for his heroism, but he had foiled the attempt at robbery, since the holdups had departed without obtaining the envelope with the money.

The entire distance that Surrency had to drive from the bank to the railroad shops was, in the main, through city streets; but the gunmen had picked the loneliest section of the trip for their crime. Yet even here, in the outskirts, there had been witnesses to the abortive robbery.

Devealing the facts as they emerged, the officers came to the inescapable conclusion that the robbery had been planned by men who knew all about Surrency's semi-monthly trips and their purpose, since



Inspector of Detectives E. L. Acosta directed hunt for criminals with . . .



the appearance of the blue coupe had been timed almost to a fraction of a minute. But this helped little enough, since it included so many employees, patrons of the Surrency restaurant, neighbors in the shop areas; and possibly others who had made it their business to learn about the express company pay roll and how it was cashed.

Acosta, dynamic and relentless, drove his men at a furious pace. They had seldom seen him so angry. Within an hour, bloodhounds from the county prison farm were being urged by their handler to sniff the seat of the blue Ford. The animals picked up the scent and headed across the tracks for the scantily settled neighborhood beyond. Here, on St. Clair Street, the dogs nosed their way in puzzled circles. No amount of urging by their handler helped. The officials shrugged and explained that the trail ended on the paved street.

While the dogs could follow a trail on pavement, it was evident to the officer that either the men had doubled back or they had picked up a car at this point, cutting off the scent. On the theory that the criminals might have doubled back and hidden somewhere in the high grass or bushes of the area, Acosta ordered the section burned over; but even while this was in process, Detectives Wood and Meads, who had been scouring the scantily inhabited area, returned with a man who had some important information to divulge.

Identifying himself as a resident of Jacksonville, he told Acosta that he had been driving along King's Road when he saw the blue coupe with two men in it at the dead end, facing the maze of tracks. The two had left the coupe at a dead run and crossed the tracks to St. Clair Street—a distance of about one hundred yards.

It was evident to him that the car they were making for had been waiting for them, since he had seen the driver of the waiting black sedan lean out of his window and beckon to them impatiently. One man had entered the front seat with the driver, and the second had entered the rear; then the sedan had departed at high speed. The witness said he could not distinguish the features of the man in the waiting black sedan and possibly could not identify him; but he thought he could recognize the two men who had so hurriedly left the blue coupe. His physical description of the men and their clothes tallied closely with that given by Mrs. Surrency and other witnesses.

With these indications that the holdup had been planned in detail even to a second getaway car and



In the center of the narrow side road shown above, Mr. and Mrs. Surrency were brutally slain in an attempted holdup

driver, Acosta called a conference of his officers. No effort was to be spared, he declared. He wanted these killers at any cost. The blue coupe and the other clues, the .45 slug, the cap, the whisky bottle, were being looked over now for possible leads or fingerprints; but Acosta was not satisfied with the progress being made. A call from the hospital informed Acosta that Mrs. Surrency was on the operating table. She had been shot through the stomach and the heavy slug had lodged in her spine. The doctors held but little hope for her. Acosta hung up slowly and gave the silent detectives the news.

"That's the sort of men we're up against," he told them. "We've got to get them."

Detective Meads, who had been probing for information on the license found on the blue Ford, next reported a discouraging fact: The car had been stolen that very morning, at about 9 A.M., from a teacher who had parked it in front of his school. The theft had been reported but there had been no time to associate and correlate the theft and the murder on King's Road. It was another dead end, but Meads wasn't discouraged.

"Someone might have noticed the two men who stole that car around the school," he argued. "Maybe someone knew them. I think I'll run out there. For one thing, I'd like to ask that teacher how much gas was in the tank. We know how much there is in it now—it's almost full. Maybe the thieves stopped somewhere to fill the tank—in anticipation of the robbery. Might be an angle."

The detective chief agreed, told Meads to look into it and the detective departed. Meanwhile, a tight cordon had been spread around the King's Road and St. Clair Street area as well as on all main arteries of travel and strategic intersections. A group of detectives combed the sparsely settled suburban section with the hope that someone had noticed the waiting black sedan and noted the license number; but this hope was doomed to failure. The waiting confederate and the two killers had escaped without being seen, but whether the three criminals had left the Jacksonville vicinity before the police net had spread effectively to block them was unknown. From the St. Clair Street area the trio could have traveled in any of a dozen directions.

Identification officers, working meticulously with physical clues, were unable to supply anything worthwhile. Some latent prints had been found and lifted from the blue coupe, but were smudged beyond identification; the partly filled whisky bottle found on the seat also yielded smudges which were not good enough for comparison with department files of known criminals. The cap was a cheap affair without any label and bedraggled beyond any hope of identification. Only the .45 slug from the running board of (Continued on page 68)



... assistants Deputy Sheriff Barker (left); Chief Deputy Griffin (right)



# Mountain

**Suspicion fingered each member of the deceased woman's household for her wealth and authority hung like a tempting plum ready to be plucked**

THREE MINUTES after we received the call at police headquarters from the excited maid that Mrs. Shipstead had been murdered, we were on our way. Sergeant John Beasley had to put the powerful car into low gear to make the steep climb to The Point, the high cliff overlooking our little town of Gatesville, California, where the Shipstead mansion had been a landmark for many years.

Harry A. Giles, chief of our police department, said to me, "Call KGPM in San Jose and tell them to send the coroner out, Lieutenant."

While I used the "two-way," I tried to remember Mrs. Shipstead. I had met her once; the time, some four years ago, when her husband had left home none too sober and forgot to make one of the ugly horseshoe turns on the steep road we were now climbing. There hadn't been much of Mr. Shipstead left to bury when we got there and put the fire out. Even the tires were burnt off that big Buick.

"Some climb," Sergeant Beasley grunted as we got to the flat on top. A man in a chauffeur's uniform stood by the open iron gates and on the porch two women were waiting for us.

Chief Giles said to the taller one, "Good morning, Mrs. Carter. What's up?"

Mrs. Carter was a handsome woman of around forty. Her dark eyes, set in an oval face framed with auburn hair, were red-rimmed with unshed tears.

She replied in a shaky voice, "I'll show you, upstairs."

We followed her up a broad, deeply carpeted stairway, along a wide hall and into a rear room that seemed to be a sort of combination office and music room. A huge grand piano filled one corner. A large safe, its door wide open, was at our left. Mrs. Shipstead's desk was in the corner opposite the door, with a window at her right and one in front of her. The blinds were all drawn and two desk lamps were burning. She sat in a high-backed chair, her slim body straight up, her dark glossy hair tumbled over her face.

"Garrotted," Chief Giles said softly, pointing to a silvery wire that looped her throat and was tied to the high back of the chair. He turned to Sergeant Beasley, "Get busy and print the room."

To Mrs. Carter he said, "Who lives in this house?"

"Only Mrs. Shipstead and myself," Mrs. Carter answered. "Of course there's Helen, the maid, and Karl Tork, the chauffeur."

"Any visitors?"

The woman shook her head, "Not now. But last night Mrs. Shipstead took the Cadillac and drove to San Jose. She came back around 11 and I heard her talking to someone, here in her room."

"Didn't you see anyone?" the Chief questioned the nervous woman.

"No. I was already in bed, across the hall."

I wasted no time getting downstairs. I wanted to catch Karl Tork, the chauffeur, before he could clean the car, but when I asked him about the Cadillac, he said, "It's not here. It's gone."

He was about thirty-two or so. I'm an inch



# Homicide

By LT. JOHN DEVEREUX

POLICE HOMICIDE DEPT., GATESVILLE, CALIF.

with RUSSELL MATHIS

"Last night Mrs. Shipstead came back at eleven and I heard her talking to someone, here in her own room"

POSED BY MODELS

over six feet, but even at that I had to look up to him. His hair was an ash-blond; his eyes a washy blue, set very close together.

There was a phone extension on the garage wall. I called San Jose and requested them to get out a pick-up order on the car and to hold anyone driving it for questioning.

"Where were you last night when Mrs. Shipstead returned?" I asked the chauffeur.

"She told me that I could go to bed, as she wouldn't need me no more." His voice had a foreign accent. "I never heard her come home."

"Did you hear the car leave?"

"No, sir. You can coast right from the porch driveway. Mr. Foster generally does that."

"And who's Foster?"

"He's Mrs. Shipstead's manager. That is, he attends to her business," Karl Tork told me. "He lives in San Jose, but he generally comes up here once or twice a week."

He seemed to have something on his mind. I waited. Finally he said, "Look——" and hesitated.

"What is it?"

The man's cold blue eyes avoided mine. "Last week I drove the boss to Redwood City and we picked Foster up there. He and the boss had a whale of a row and she told him he was through and that Fred Ingles was going to take his place as soon as he came back from his vacation at Monterey. She said she was tired of being short-changed by him."

"And who's Fred Ingles?"

"He's her secretary and her——" He stopped. His pasty face went blank. His eyes avoided mine.

"And her what?" I asked sharply.

"Lover!" the chauffeur snapped out. "The dirty double-crosser. I bet he's got his other girl with him right now on his vacation." Karl Tork paused.



"What other girl?" I asked eagerly. The tall chauffeur turned, opened a door at the back of the garage and beckoned to me. He pointed down the steep slope. "See that red roof, next to the tall pine? That's her cottage—Mrs. Opal Quincey, the old lady's stepdaughter." He laughed harshly. "You'd think I was nothing but a doorman, the way she talks to me."

At that moment a car drove through the gates. I recognized our county doctor, Malcolm C. Young. I followed him upstairs and told the chief what I had found out. "Get in touch with the Monterey Department," he ordered, "and see if they can locate Ingles. By the way," he added, "Beasley didn't find any good prints. Only one, on her gold locket. He's taking prints of the people here now."

I phoned Monterey and they promised to get busy. Dr. Young straightened up from his examination. "The wire seems to be it," he said. "I'll know better after the post mortem."

I asked him how long he thought she had been dead.

"It's now nearly 10 A.M.," he said. "In this closed room, hot as it is, my best judgment would be any time between midnight and 6 this morning."

The chief asked Dr. Young to take Beasley back with him. "Get me a report on that fingerprint as quickly as possible," he reminded the sergeant.

When they were gone, we went through the safe. For a big affair like that one, it had surprisingly little in it. A few not too expensive trinkets, several fire insurance policies and a small cash box. In that we found two interesting items. One was a crudely printed letter, warning Mrs. Shipstead that Opal and Ingles were occupying a love nest together in Monterey.

"That might be the chauffeur's work," I said.

The chief nodded. "And look what it did."

He held up the second item. It was a blue-backed legal document. "Her will, and every bequest to 'Opal Shipstead, now known as Opal Quincey,' has been crossed out."

I looked at the last page. "There's no signature, chief," I pointed out. "This is only a copy of her will. Maybe it's the motive for the killing, though."

THE phone rang. It was our office. They had found the Cadillac parked in town near the railroad station. "Have the sergeant print it right away," I ordered, "and send Officers Zachs and Waters up." I added what I had on Mrs. Shipstead's manager, Foster, and asked the office to get busy on that end.

I had just hung up, when the phone buzzed again. It was the manager of the County First National Bank. "I heard about Mrs. Shipstead's unfortunate death, Lieutenant Devereux," he said. "Mrs. Shipstead drew out \$20,000 in cash yesterday afternoon just before closing. I thought it might have a bearing on the case and you ought to know."

I thanked him for the information and repeated it to my chief.

"\$20,000!" he exclaimed. "And we haven't found a penny of it so far!"

He went through her desk and searched her bedroom, but found no money or papers that threw any light on the mystery.

"Did you get anything from the maid or Mrs. Carter?"

Giles shook his head. "Nothing. Both claim to have been fast asleep. Mrs. Carter tells me that Mrs. Shipstead quite often drove the Cadillac herself. Let's ask them about Fred Ingles."

We didn't get much out of them. The maid, Helen Ngaard, claimed that Ingles took Mrs. Shipstead up for some good times, as part of his duties, and if there had been any more she hadn't noticed. Mrs. Carter told us that she was Mrs. Shipstead's friend and companion and knew her better than anyone in the world.

"She was sweet and dear," she added. "Sometimes she became a little lonesome and Fred Ingles escorted her to a night club or a concert, but that's all. I know that Karl Tork, the chauffeur, has been hinting at something nasty, but it isn't true. He should have been fired long ago."

The two officers, Zachs and Waters, arrived, and with them the coroner's wagon. As they lifted the body from the chair, a small object rolled to the floor. I picked it up and found it was only the stub of a pencil, one end badly chewed.

"Did the bank by any chance take the numbers of the bills Mrs. Shipstead received?" I asked.

Chief Giles figured it was worth checking and he called the cashier. The news was good. The bills, all brand new hundreds, had been recorded. "I'll get them on the check-list right away," Giles said, calling our headquarters and giving his orders.

While Giles was busy I had tried to reconstruct the crime. I indicated the empty table. "What do you suppose Mrs. Shipstead was doing when the killer slipped the noose around her neck?"

"Must have been someone the old lady trusted," the chief replied, "to be able to get behind her that way."

Thinking of the pencil that had rolled off her lap, I said, "She must have been writing something. Or checking something. Maybe her accounts? It's an awfully big safe," I added thoughtfully, "for just a few cheap trinkets and a copy of a will."

"Tork claimed she had, or was going to fire her manager, Foster. What if he came here, went over the books with her, realized he was up against it, killed her and carried the books off?"

That made sense. I thought of the chauffeur saying that Foster always coasted out of the grounds. That would account for Tork not hearing the car drive off. I called Mrs. Carter in. She hadn't heard the car drive off, either. "I went to sleep shortly after Mrs. Shipstead returned," she told us. She hadn't recognized any voices.

"Could it have been Foster?" I asked. "Dick Foster?" Mrs. Carter repeated. "Certainly not! He has a very loud voice. I'm sure I would have recognized it, if it had been he. In any case, Mrs. Shipstead wouldn't have gone after him. He'd have driven up, as usual."

"What make car does Ingles drive?"

Mrs. Carter told us that he had no car. I asked her how Mrs. Shipstead and her stepdaughter got along.

"Miss Opal?" she asked. "Oh, they were very fond of one another. Mrs. Shipstead wanted her to live with us here after her divorce, but she wanted to be independent. She got herself a job so that she wouldn't be depending on the mistress, even though she was her only heir. And, what's more, Opal pays rent for Mrs. Shipstead's little cottage, where she now lives."

"Did Mrs. Shipstead object to Ingles and Mrs. Quincey being so friendly?"

THE WOMAN shook her head. "Not a bit of it. In fact she told me several times that she hoped they'd hit it off together."

I dismissed her, as the phone rang. It was Sergeant Beasley. "Hold your hat, Lieutenant," he said. "I've got news for you. The fingerprint on the locket belongs to Robert Neyman. Remember him? He's the guy that killed his girl friend in a drunken brawl in '32. He got from one to fifteen, on a second-degree murder. Out a week ago. But here's the real pay-off. He was Mrs. Shipstead's first husband."

I whistled. Now we were getting somewhere. "Got the dragnet out for him?" I asked.

"Sure, Lieutenant. It won't be long and we'll have him rounded up. How about my checking in San Jose? I figure Mrs. Shipstead might have met him either at the train or the bus depot."

"Hop to it," I told him. "Any news from Monterey on Ingles?"

Nothing had come through yet. Neither had Foster been located. "The boys in San Jose know him well," Beasley reported, "and will bring him in as soon as they locate him."

I hung up. "How about checking on Mrs. Opal Quincey?" I asked the chief. "Her cottage is near by."

He agreed. Leaving Zachs on duty, we drove to the red roofed cottage near the big pine. It looked deserted. The blinds were drawn. I hammered on the front door. Nothing happened. "Let's try the back door," I suggested.

I had my fist lifted to bang on it, when I noticed the back door was slightly open. I pushed it wide. The kitchen was gloomy. I let one blind fly up.

"Looks like nobody's been home for some days," Chief Giles said. "Let's get Beasley over here with his fingerprint outfit."

While he phoned, I looked over the rest of the house, but found nothing out of the way. Mrs. Quincey seemed to have left in a hurry. There were intimate things lying around in the bedroom and in one corner was a pile of clothing, as if someone had emptied a suitcase helterskelter.

When Beasley arrived, he went to work at once. He found several good prints, but none that he could recognize offhand. "Must be the woman who lives here," he guessed.

"Neyman's print being on Mrs. Shipstead's locket doesn't prove he was with her when she died," I remarked thoughtfully. "He could have handled that thing in San Jose or in Gatesville. It might



even be a plant and not her locket at all." Giles agreed with me. "I'll check on that angle. Mrs. Carter would know."

Beasley and he left. I stayed to look the place over once again. But I found nothing, except a few love notes, apparently written by Ingles. They were way back on a shelf in the closet.

I made sure all the windows and doors were locked and sprang the catch on the back door. A garbage can was close to the

wall, painted a bright green. Mrs. Quincey had wedged the lid on tight with a wad of paper, possibly to keep stray dogs from rummaging around in it.

Maybe it was just an accident, or maybe it's because I'm trained to see little things, but all of a sudden I blinked. The date on the paper sticking out of the can was yesterday morning's!

I pried the lid off. More papers. I dumped everything out on the concrete

floor. I'm no accountant, but I know a ledger when I see one. This one had Ethel Shipstead printed on its cover in large gold letters. There were three other, smaller, account books.

I whistled softly. Now at last we were getting somewhere. I looked the rest over. Two empty fruit cans. A pair of woman's shoes, badly worn. One large, dark blue button, about an inch across, with several (Continued on page 94)



## The Unmatched Diamond

ONE MORNING thirty-odd years ago, a well-dressed man of middle age walked into Streeter's, well-known jewellers on Bond Street, London, and asked to see the proprietor. He spoke perfect English with an intriguing foreign accent, and inferred that he was on important, but highly confidential business.

Not until he was closeted in a private room with Mr. Streeter himself, did he state his mission. Then he confided that he was acting on behalf of a certain Russian grand duke, then in London incognito, who wished to bestow a worthy present on the current lady of his heart. Did Mr. Streeter have a really choice diamond that might be suitable?

Mr. Streeter had many choice diamonds and for more than an hour the stranger inspected them, finally selecting a medium-sized but brilliant specimen, priced at £4,000 (then about \$18,000). He did not quibble over the price, but merely suggested that the stone be sent to his hotel so that the duke himself could endorse the selection before completing the purchase. Mr. Streeter was satisfied with a letter of introduction from an old friend and customer and the diamond was duly delivered, on approval, early in the afternoon.

In no time at all, the stranger was back in the store. He was beaming. The duke was delighted, but would like, if possible, to obtain another

stone exactly like the first so that the two of them could be made into a pair of earrings. "If you can obtain it," he added, "I shall be happy to pay you £8,000 for the two diamonds."

Mr. Streeter pointed out that matching the stone would be quite a difficult task. He had nothing in stock, but could make enquiries. A pair, however, would have much greater value and if procured, would be worth not £8,000, but £12,000.

"Of course," the stranger said. "How stupid of me. But the price is not a great consideration. It must be done quickly, though, for we shall be returning to Russia in a few days."

There were not a great many dealers who would be likely to have so valuable a stone, and as soon as the emissary had left, Mr. Streeter circularized them all, giving necessary details, and suggesting that he might consider the purchase of such a diamond, after examination, at a price not exceeding £6,000. This he could afford to do, since he would still stand to make an extra £2,000 if the search were successful.

On the very next day, a jeweller and pawnbroker in the Strand received the circular and discovered that he had just such a diamond in the store. It had been pawned by a gentleman of some distinction against a loan of only £100, but unfortunately, neither name nor address had been left when the loan was arranged. It had been intimated, however, that the small amount borrowed would be repaid very shortly and the stone redeemed. The pawnbroker hoped, watched and waited. His vigil was soon rewarded, for later in the same day, the gentleman returned and paid off the loan.

The pawnbroker offered to purchase the gem, but the customer was apparently not interested in disposal. Nevertheless, the jeweller

persisted and started bidding against himself. When the price had risen to £5,500 in cash, the stranger relented and this amount in crisp banknotes was handed over.

Not many minutes after this happened, Mr. Streeter was rather startled to see his Russian client again. The man was full of apologies on behalf of the grand duke, who found it essential to leave for Paris almost immediately. He expected to be back very shortly and on his return would take up once more the question of matching the diamond. Would Mr. Streeter be kind enough to continue the efforts to locate its counterpart during his absence? The duke wished to retain the first one in the meantime, and just to keep everything absolutely straight, to pay for it in full.

Mr. Streeter, who up to that time had heard nothing regarding the possibility of a match, was quite pleased to accept £4,000 in Bank of England notes. Not until the pawnbroker came around later and identified their mutual customer by description, did they both realize what had happened.

The stranger was not pursued, and no charge was ever laid against him. After all, it would have been difficult to prove that a crime had been committed. It was true that the prepossessing foreigner had £1,500 of the pawnbroker's cash in his pocket, but the offer for the diamond had been made voluntarily and the deal closed over the protestations of the stranger that he did not really wish to sell. It was also true that delivery had been made originally against a forged letter of introduction, but the stranger had retained the letter.

Mr. Streeter had been paid in full, and his circular had contained no definite agreement to purchase a duplicate.

It was the pawnbroker who found it hard to smile.

—ROY WOODBRIDGE.

# Tide of DESTINY

By A. E. WELSH

Former Sheriff of Talbot County, Md.

with K. S. DAIGER



POSED BY MODEL

While crabbing in the shallow cove, they saw the outline of a human hand above the water

## This was a sojourn in the

**F**EW MAJOR crimes ever take place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The inhabitants are a quiet peace-loving folk, living simply, and running their unusually fertile farms. The section is mostly open country, interspersed here and there by a few towns little touched by the march of progress.

The people have a fine ideal of honesty and squareness—an ideal which reaches from the most prosperous to the humblest workers in fields and canning factories.

You can easily see the sort of misdemeanor which prevails—petty thieving for the most part. There is no need for any extensive policing, and a police chief in one of the larger towns, with a sheriff and his assistants in the smaller ones, has always proved sufficient.

Yet it was in one of these quiet nooks that there occurred a crime unique in Maryland criminology. It stands unequalled for its features of human interest, and it was spectacular enough to sweep the United States from coast to coast. In the space of only a few hours, these people, who hate publicity, were compelled to turn their town over to newspaper correspondents, photographers and detectives from as far north as New York, and as far west as California.

This was not only because the murder was brutal and shocking, but because the history of it was as romantic and mysterious as any which has ever taken place.

Many years ago a young and beautiful wife was preparing to return to her girlhood home for a visit; in New York City, an embezzler, who had just absconded with a fortune, was planning the details for his escape to safety; in Washington, a newspaper man and editor of high intelligence and culture was about to select the Eastern Shore as a retreat where he might read and write in quiet.

You don't believe in Destiny? Well, some strange circumstance was to pull the wires of these lives closer and closer until they contacted—and the result was this utterly stupendous crime which shocked a nation.

These things happened when I was Sheriff of Talbot County, with my headquarters at Easton. The Eastern Shore was settled originally by a very high-grade class of people. After the Civil War, many of the rich Northerners, lured by the beauty of the Chesapeake Bay country, by its loveliness and charm,

## country that resulted in death for the lovely belle and ruin for an amateur gentleman

immigrated here, bought themselves farms and built themselves handsome houses.

Among those who came to the South in this manner were Colonel Charles H. Thompson, of Connecticut, and his family. The Thompsons were warmly welcomed in their new home and had no difficulty in taking their rightful place in the rural society. Everywhere, they were liked and respected.

The Colonel's wife had been engaged in a great deal of charitable work in connection with the Associated Charities of Minneapolis. One day she called her husband's attention to the case of a little waif, a girl, then in the custody

of a street-car driver or conductor. At that time horse cars were in use in that city, and the fellow was in charge of one of the cars that were called "bob-tailed."

The child did not belong to the man,

nor did the Thompsons know how he came to have possession of her, they said. Maybe she had been left on the car.

At any rate, they learned that the conductor was ready to surrender the youngster to anyone who could give her a better home than he could afford.

Her full name was Edith May Thompson, and the child had an amazing capacity for friendship. Her disposition was as sunny as her hair. Her warm smile made her a welcome visitor wherever she went, and there were few of our houses which she did not honor with her baby calls.

When she was about eight years old, in addition to these really astounding gifts of beauty and disposition, still another talent made itself manifest—a decided leaning toward music. She had a beautiful speaking voice and it soon became apparent that a musical education would bring forth fruit a hundred-fold.

It so happened that Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury under the McKinley administration, was a personal friend of Mrs. Thompson. He was an occasional visitor to the Thompson home, and it was on one of these visits that he saw the beautiful little girl, and felt an interest in her and an affection for her that was to continue until the

terrible day of Edith's tragic death.

On her part, Edith developed a love for him which became the predominant influence of her life, and so frequently and so fondly did she talk of him that he was generally supposed to be her guardian.

Both Mr. Gage and Governor Frank Brown, of Maryland, believed Edith to possess unusual ability. These two men, and Governor Lloyd Lowndes of Maryland, secured permission to have the child trained as a vocalist and instrumentalist, and in both of these lines she developed ability which exceeded their fondest hopes.

When she was fifteen, Secretary Gage persuaded Mrs. Thompson to accompany Edith to Paris, where she continued her studies at his expense.

After this, the girl's life began to grow away from her early home. Some of the prominent people whom she numbered among her friends were the two governors of Maryland, Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier, and "Kid" McCoy, the pugilist.

When Edith was eighteen, with the world figuratively at her feet, the first tragedy occurred in the Thompson family. George, the only son, shot and killed himself—for the love of his foster sister, many said.

But so great was the love of this couple for their adopted daughter that they were fair enough to see that their boy's death was due to no wrong on her part. They loved her devotedly, and rejoiced in her happiness when, a short time later, she became the wife of the prominent Gilbert Woodill.

Young Woodill was the head of an automobile company in Los Angeles, a fine, wealthy young chap, quite worthy of his beautiful and talented bride.

When Edith was twenty, she began to make her plans to revisit the haunts of her girlhood days.

At this very time, unfortunately, a man named Emmett E. Roberts, who had edited a magazine in Denver called "Facts," and who styled himself a journalist and magazine writer, was looking about for a quiet rural community where he might retreat without publicity. And in New York, a desperate crook, who had just vanished with \$1,250,000, was badly wanted by the police. These characters were to meet

in a singular and remarkable manner in the town of Bozeman, which is about four miles from St. Michaels, the center of this community.

In due time Edith arrived from her home to renew her earlier friendships. Among the many old faces there was one new one. This belonged to Emmett E. Roberts, the Washington newspaperman. He had bought a little farm not far from the Thompson residence, and was building himself a modest bungalow. He had purchased this land for \$7,500 from Professor Carl Edgar, of Elkton, Maryland.

Not a great deal was known about Roberts, but the little that was known was extremely gratifying to the upright community. Although actually an editor, he called himself a newspaperman and journalist who sought a quiet retreat.

Many letters and telegrams came for this writer, but he had few callers and seemed quite satisfied to settle down. He announced that his residence on the Shore would be permanent, and his very obvious intellectual attainments made him welcome.

Something occurred which cemented his hold upon the natives' affections, for they have a high regard for honesty. On May 31st, George B. Taylor, with whom Roberts was taking his meals, received a letter signed "E. B. Wellington, Washington." In it, the writer inquired about E. E. Roberts. It was written on the stationery of the New Willard Hotel, and the writer said that he was very much interested in the

affairs of Roberts, but that Mr. Taylor should not let him know that any inquiries were being made about his boarder. The letter said that Roberts had just given up a \$12,000-a-year position

without giving a reason, and that a rich uncle of his had just died.

Sure enough, there came a telegram for Mr. Roberts himself, signed "E.B.W." It said: "Uncle Bill destroyed himself. Heavily financially involved."

To this, Roberts wired the following reply: "Horrid. Uncle's name must be cleared. Count on me for my share."

Of course, the facts of the letter and the telegram got out and all said: "Well, Roberts is a decent kind of fellow. We're lucky to have him here with us."



Roberts devoted himself to the building of his bungalow. He seemed to do a fair amount of writing, and he fitted into the country life to perfection. If there was anything good afoot, he was sure to be mixed up in it. He sang in the church choir and interested himself in the young people's societies.

The man was about forty years old, somewhat stout in build, with bushy luxuriant hair and a ruddy complexion. He had an engaging smile and his face could light up when he laughed. He had, however, one physical defect: he limped, and as the result of this affliction, was compelled to wear a brace.

Because of his twisted foot we gave him sympathy. We liked him because of his honest face. He was merry, he was approachable, and he was always inviting somebody to drop in and drink to his health at his bungalow on Brom Creek.

It is not surprising that when Edith returned in June for her promised visit she and Roberts should have felt an instant liking for one another. There is no reason to believe that the two had ever met before—Colonel Thompson afterward authoritatively said that they had not.

They had an intellectual background which they could share, and many were the hours that they spent together on hikes and boat trips talking of Roberts' books and Edith's music.

So the harmless friendship of the two continued. After three weeks, Edith told her foster-sister (Mrs. Thompson had died in 1905) that she was going to Easton, fifteen miles away, for some dental work. Roberts, she said, had promised to take her there in his boat.

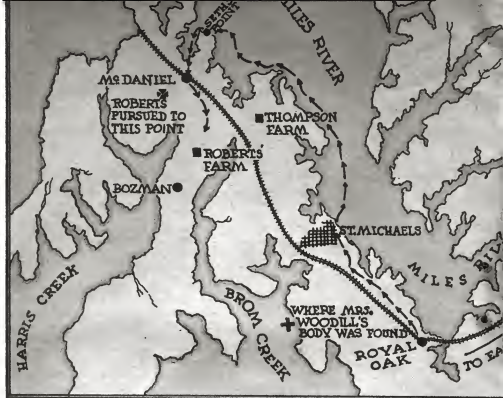
What actually did happen is uncertain. Later it was possible to piece together some of the facts, but many of them are doubtful and will have to take their places among the enigmas of criminology. Roberts did apparently meet her at Royal Oak—but by train—and they started for Easton in a horse and buggy.

The dental work was accomplished. Then there were calls to pay, and supper, perhaps. It was past 7 o'clock, the sunlight beginning to fade and the first shadows striking across the river from the oaks that grew to the water's edge, before the couple returned to Royal Oak. Next an hour's ride back to St. Michaels, which brought the time somewhere in the neighborhood of 8 o'clock.

Then they were seen to run hurriedly to the wharf at St. Michaels, where their motor boat was moored, jump in it and start up the Miles River.

Bad luck sent them ashore at Seth's Point, a sand spit just across from the girl's own home. Roberts toiled to get the boat free; but was unsuccessful. On the veranda of Joe Seth's boardinghouse, on Seth's Point, a few idlers, amused by Roberts' frantic gestures, laughed at him. Roberts shook his fist at them, good-naturedly. The girl stood up in the boat, shifting weight. Finally, Roberts waded ashore and called for Joe Seth. He wanted Joe to lend him a rowboat.

Roberts jumped in the boat and rowed away before any further words were passed. Seth saw him lift Edith out of the launch and into the rowboat and row toward Hemsley's Creek, one of the



Map showing situation of various towns and farms connected with this slaying

jagged cuts of water leading toward Bozman and McDaniel, where the two lived. The launch was left masterless. The rising tide lifted it from the sands and took it north. It drifted twenty miles up the Chesapeake before it was recovered.

But that was the last time Edith was ever seen alive—that twilight when the idlers on Joe Seth's porch saw her erect in the boat, laughing and encouraging the laboring Roberts.

She did not return to her home that night—Saturday, June 19th, 1909.

Her failure to appear did not greatly disturb her family. They thought, perhaps, that she had remained in Easton to visit some of her old friends.

But when no word came from her on Monday, Colonel Thompson walked over to Roberts' bungalow.

"Bob," he said, "I suppose you left Edith in Easton, but we feel a little uneasy about her."

"Oh, no," answered Roberts easily. "Edith went on up to Baltimore. I thought she had told you. I said good-bye to her in Easton, and I am sure that she believed you knew of her plans."

"Funny," said the Colonel to himself. "She didn't tell us, and she never gave us a moment's anxiety about herself. I can't understand it."

On Tuesday, the Colonel appealed to such local aid as there was, and managed to communicate his fears to his neighbors. With this announcement of her disappearance, rumors began to drift around town and many people began to match up stories.

For example, it seemed that on Sunday night, about 6 o'clock, George Powell, a neighbor of Roberts', took a notion to call on young William Sutton, who also lived near the Roberts bungalow. While they were chatting, Roberts passed along,

moving slowly by on his game leg.

That put an idea into Sutton's head. "Let's get Roberts to go to the children's service at the church tonight," he suggested.

So he went to the door of the bungalow, where he heard high voices, and backed up. There was a woman in there—a very angry woman—who was telling Roberts what she thought of him. The quarrel rose higher and higher, and Sutton pulled himself away.

"It was no place for churchgoers," he observed dryly.

Quite early on Monday morning, George Powell had seen Roberts very busy over a bonfire back of the bungalow, putting on fuel and poking a stick carefully around in the embers of the fire. Powell watched him for awhile in silence, until suddenly the lame man looked up and noticed that he was being observed.

That same day—Monday—Roberts made a trip to Baltimore, returning on Tuesday. On Wednesday morning, when the search for Mrs. Woodill was beginning in earnest, he met George Powell and clapped him on the back.

"You did me an awfully good turn when you loaned me those boards that time," he began. "Now I'm going to return the favor. I noticed you looking at me when I was burning some stuff. I was getting rid of the straw that came with a set of dishes I ordered the other day. Straw is a bad thing to leave around when the wind blows. Now, there are sixty dishes in that set, and I don't need so many. I'm going fifty-fifty with you—split with you."

Then he began telling Powell a strange story about a party of friends he had entertained the previous Saturday night—the evening after his excursion to Easton with Mrs. Woodill. There had been an argument between himself and a New



Photograph (below, left) of victim taken shortly before her body was found at the spot marked on diagram



Former Sheriff A. E. Welsh, in whose county crime took place

Yorker about the near-by home of the oyster, he said.

"He said he was from Missouri," rambled Roberts. "Said they didn't grow here. I got out my motor boat and the whole party went off in the middle of the night to chase the little oyster to his lair. Did we get any? George, don't ask foolish questions! We got lost—that's what; we got lost in the bosom of old Mother Chesapeake. I sailed my boat an hour and a half straight in one direction; couldn't come to land, turned her square around and sailed for another hour in just the opposite direction. Hit up straight against my own front door again. What do you think of that?"

"I thought it sounded like a lie," Powell told the police later.

On Wednesday, two things happened. Roberts paid George Taylor \$400 which he owed him.

And when the Thompson family were loud in their assertions that something certainly had happened to Edith, there came a letter from the missing girl.

It was postmarked Baltimore, seemed to be in her handwriting, and was a chatty account of her doings in the city for the last couple of days. It made no reference to her having taken "French leave," but seemed to assume that her people had been entirely aware of her plans.

The letter was addressed to her foster-sister.

**Dearest Girl:**

A line only to say I am well and safely landed. I stayed in Easton with little Mae Barlett and her aunt, Mrs. Emory. We had a fine time talking over old times. Dr. Smithers filled my teeth temporarily and I have an engagement with him for next week. I'll get all fixed up in Baltimore, and if there is any travelling to be done, well, we'll decamp together.

By the way, would you like to come up now? Just say the word if you want to. My "face" is good in Baltimore and I am expecting a check from Gilbert any day to make good.

I don't know how many days I will be in town. Write and tell me the news.

I may stay until Thursday and go with Edith H. to see "The Factory Girl." But I am not sure. You know how it goes in Baltimore. I don't know where to go first and what to do to keep step with the rush. Forward mail until you hear from me.

Let me know if you have any commissions to be executed in town.

Love to all. As always, your baby sister,

Edith.

When, in the course of the day, Roberts heard of the arrival of this letter, he said laconically, taking a pull at his pipe: "Well, I told you so."

It was about this time that something occurred which interested me very much. One evening, while a group of us were gathered in Sutton's store at Bozman, the conversation turned to Roberts.

"Funny thing," a man said to me. "You know I heard Roberts ask the strangest question the other day when he was here: Said he wondered how long it would take for the crabs to destroy a human body."

I agreed with him that it was mighty funny, and my mind began racing to all kinds of queer things. The Colonel maintained that all was not well, in spite of her letter.

I didn't say so aloud, but mentally I determined to slip down and ask Roberts a few questions and look over his house and grounds. He called his place "The Joke Farm," because he said so much fun could be had there.

But on Wednesday morning, shortly

after breakfast and before I had carried out my half-formed intention to interview Roberts, something took place which put a new light on everything, and which, in the short space of a few hours, turned St. Michaels into a teeming mecca of newspaper men and their retinues.

Edgar and Hamilton Grace were crabbing in a shallow cove on the Back River when they saw the outline of a human hand appearing in its whiteness above the water.

The horrified workers found that this hand was attached to the body of a woman, clad only in a silk shirt. Around the waist was tied an iron teakettle, containing half a dozen bricks. Yet despite this weight, the body had been moved by the tide and had drifted into shallow water.

The woman appeared to be about twenty-five years of age. The men towed their find to shore and it was carried to St. Michaels, where an inquest was held by Coroner Alexander R. Radcliffe. It was at first believed that this was the body of a Miss Plummer who had been missing, but that evening it was definitely established that it was not she. Then arose a horrible suspicion that this might possibly be Edith May Thompson.

Since any normal identification was impossible, due to the condition of the body, Dr. T. J. Smithers of Easton, who had just done the work on Mrs. Woodill's teeth, was asked to ride over. His examination cleared up all doubt.

He definitely established that the victim was the beautiful Edith Thompson. She had met her death by blows on the head. A coroner's jury, hastily impaneled, brought in the verdict that she had come to her end at the hands of Emmet E. Roberts.

The news was phoned to me by State's Attorney J. Frank Turner, who imme-

diately assumed official control of the case. Accompanied by Deputy Sheriff James A. Gannon, I went as quickly as possible to Roberts' bungalow.

This little house was a modern one-and-a-half-story type of dwelling, only partially completed. It was situated in a desolate spot overlooking the creek where Mrs. Woodill's body had been discovered. Close by it were the ruins of a house which had formerly occupied the property but which had been recently destroyed by fire.

The place was deserted, and we were forced to crash in the door to gain an entry. Things were in fairly good order. On the table were two cups and saucers and plates as if two persons were to dine.


But in the kitchen we were rewarded by finding portions of a dress and undergarments in the stove, partially burned, later identified as having belonged to Mrs. Woodill.

There was ample proof to link Roberts with the slaying, and to convict him beyond any shadow of doubt of participation in the crime. Three pieces of tongue-grooved flooring had evidently been the murder bludgeons. They were stained with blood, and in the grooves were found strands of Mrs. Woodill's hair.

In the bedroom were a bloodstained sheet and mattress. Underneath the bed, the floor was deeply stained. Efforts had been made to remove many of these marks by renewing the wood, and by planing and scraping the woodwork that could not be replaced with fresh timber.

Nor were clues lacking in the yard outside. The bonfire which George Powell had observed on Monday morning yielded more evidence—the buttons from Mrs. Woodill's dress.

A wheelbarrow standing beside the house bore evidence that it had been used to carry the body to the water.



At this spot, and in this skiff, the slayer was finally brought to bay by the posse after an exhausting search

By the time I had finished my examination of the bungalow a crowd had gathered, a grim, silent crowd, and one look at the faces of these men told me that I would have no difficulty in getting all the help I needed in apprehending the man responsible for this crime.

When we checked up on Roberts' movements later, this is what we found out: All Monday morning—the day after the murder is believed to have taken place—he had sat in the telegraph station at McDaniel. In the afternoon he went to Baltimore to mail the letter which Miss Carrie Thompson received on Wednesday, and which would have delayed the search for some days had the body not been found. The mystery of the letter was never cleared up. Mrs. Woodill may have written it in Easton, intending to mail it later herself; or Roberts may have framed the whole thing.

Roberts returned to McDaniel on Tuesday night. Sitting in the telegraph office on Wednesday afternoon, he heard George B. Taylor, B. C. & O. agent, suddenly cry out: "They've found the body of a murdered woman in the creek!"

"My God!" exclaimed Roberts, jumping to his feet. "You don't mean to say a woman has been murdered here! Who was she?"

He dropped back in his chair when Taylor answered that she was still unidentified. After a few minutes he said, "Get me a team, Mr. Taylor. I will go over to St. Michaels to get a story about this murder for the Washington and Baltimore papers. This will be a great scoop!"

Upon reaching St. Michaels, he watched the proceedings and did not leave until the body had been incorrectly identified as that of Miss Plummer.

Then he returned to McDaniel and ordered a ticket for Baltimore.

Mr. Taylor said, "Emmet, unless your business is pressing, I wouldn't go to Baltimore tonight. You have missed the regular train and would have to go over by team to Claiborne to catch the freight boat."

"If there is to be any suspicion about me, I will remain. But I never even saw this woman," Roberts replied.

An hour later, the identity of Mrs. Woodill had been suspected, and Mr. Taylor was again phoned and asked to go after Colonel Thompson and bring him to the Coroner's. Mr. Taylor left in his horse and buggy to call for the Colonel. On his way home again, he met Roberts in the road, and again warned him against going away.

"Okay," called the lame man cheerfully, and the two men walked up to Taylor's house together.

"Get me a drink, will you, George?" asked Roberts.

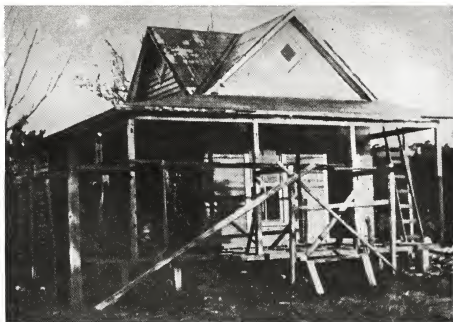
"Certainly," answered Mr. Taylor, and he went inside to the kitchen, leaving Roberts standing on the porch outside.

When he came out again with the glass in his hand, Roberts had disappeared, but a party headed by Constable A. C. Mortimer and Bailiff E. O. Hamilton were coming up full-till.

"Where's Roberts?" they demanded.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Taylor.

"We want him and we want him



The half-finished bungalow where the girl was murdered, then trundled to the river in wheelbarrow. House overlooked the spot where her body was recovered

quick!" was the very startling answer.

"He can't be far away," said Taylor, "because he was here just a moment ago. Asked me for a drink and I went inside to get it."

But Roberts had fled.

The men first went to Taylor's barn, thinking that he might have stolen a horse and carriage, but nothing was missing. They searched the barn and the cellar and the house.

When someone suggested that they had no search warrant, George Taylor cried: "Search warrant, the devil!"

There was but one clue. The skiff of Captain Hugh Dawson, the father-in-law of Mr. Taylor, that had been tied to the wharf a few minutes earlier, was gone.

Telegrams were at once sent out to enlist the aid of the best Baltimore detectives, for the Baltimore police force is always at the call of the Maryland counties. Warnings were sent out to watch for a man with a limp—wearing a brace. Hundreds of men and boys prepared themselves for the pursuit of the criminal.

Roberts' full description was sent to every big city, in case he succeeded in eluding the manhunt; to every town and village through which he might pass; and plans were made to search every sloop and schooner as it docked at its wharf.

Roberts disappeared about 8 o'clock Thursday night. Believing that he had stolen Mr. Dawson's skiff, a further check uncovered the fact that J. B. Wrightson, who lived near St. Michaels, reported someone had stolen one of his horses the same evening. This would have made it possible for the man to ride to Easton Point and take the midnight steamer for Baltimore.

All Thursday night and Friday the hunt went on without a single word of the fugitive. The first real clue was a telephone message that he had been sighted near the farm of John William McQuay, which was located four miles

down on the town side of Harris Creek.

A posse was at once formed, headed by Justice Willey and Deputy Sheriff Alexander C. Mortimer. There were also Captain Cooper, nightwatchman Harry Krone, Henry Fogg, Jr., Edward T. Harper, and a negro named Charles Payne. The latter should be remembered, because before the dawn broke the next morning, his bravery had made him a hero.

The first step was a careful threshing of the woods. The men were led by a Mr. Nevitt, who had first seen Roberts lurking on the water front. Only two of the men were armed.

The night was black. Noiselessly the underbush was beaten, and so dark was it that at times the hunters became widely separated even from one another.

In this manner McQuay's house was finally reached. There the owner explained that although he had seen Roberts, and had actually talked with him, he had been unable to detain him, and the much wanted man had started to paddle up Harris Creek.

"I'm so thirsty. Won't you give me a drink of water?" he had called to McQuay.

"Sure. Come ashore. I'll fix you up," was the ready answer.

But Roberts, instead of leaving his boat, had, on the contrary, turned away and began to paddle off fiercely. Perhaps he sensed from McQuay's voice that to come ashore would have meant capture. "He's almost fagged out," McQuay told the party. "He seemed scarcely able to speak. He can't be far away."

At this point, the searchers separated. Deputy Sheriff Mortimer, Cooper, and Harper got into a skiff and started up the stream, while the others, led by Justice Willey, worked their way up on the shore along the water's edge.

It was arranged that the two parties were to meet at a certain point known to have been a (Continued on page 64)

The jury looking at tell-tale bloodstains in rear compartment of death car





To unravel the mystery behind the slaying detectives delved into a young woman's past  
and brought to light a pitiful indiscretion which supplied a clue



# DEATH RIDES THE TURNPIKE

By CURTIS BIRD



a well-known band were being enjoyed in a million homes throughout New England. Saxophones, trumpets and drums blended harmoniously as the musicians swept on toward the rhythmic close of the reigning song hit.

Into the captivating melody suddenly intruded the voice of the announcer.

"I am very sorry to interrupt this program," he began, "but the Police Department of Beverly, Massachusetts, has asked us to attempt to locate one Marguerite Isabel Stewart, who has been missing since 6 o'clock last evening. When last seen—"

The voice droned on, giving the location of the place where the girl had been last seen, as well as a description of how she was dressed.

Many families were in the midst of their evening meal when this message went out over the air. They paused momentarily as the name of the person was mentioned and then, the name being unfamiliar, resumed eating, thankful that there was no vacant chair in their own family circle that night. Into certain restaurants this same message came in raucous accents, and couples listened, waiting impatiently for the music to be resumed. On and on sped the message with ever increasing vibrations.

It has been said, although never proved, that in one house not many miles from the golden dome of the State House in Boston, the words were heard by one whose hand rudely interrupted the announcement. The dial was twisted for

more music or anything else diverting.

Yet, even as the dial was turned, the voice of the announcer, like that of a guilty conscience, refused to be stilled.

"The name is Stewart," it repeated.

Two brothers, John and Leonard Smith, were driving down the Cambridge Turnpike a mile or so above Concord, Massachusetts, in the chill twilight of that same March night.

It was somewhat misty and the two

men drove slowly as they approached one of the turnpike's loneliest spots, a triangle formed by the Cambridge Turnpike, Lexington Road and Hawthorne Road. White posts, marking the turnpike as a state road, protected the motorists on one side from a swamp and on the other from a drear deserted meadow. An automobile passed them and slowed up by a culvert some distance ahead, across Crosley's millpond, then suddenly picked up speed and disappeared.

John clutched his companion's arm. "What's that by the side of the road?" he asked.

Leonard looked in the direction, and on a slightly raised bank beyond a solitary pole lay a huddled mass which loomed very indistinctly in the approaching dusk. The hour was 7:15.

For a moment he was impressed, then common sense asserted itself and he laughed. "Guess you're trying to make ghosts out of refuse heaps," he remarked and the two drove on.

Two children, Victor Heyliger, aged fifteen, and his sister, Pauline, a year older, came slowly up the pike. Behind them the lights of an automobile speeding along came closer and closer to the heap that had been so casually passed a half-hour before. For a brief instant the lights played full upon it.

The car slowed down. The driver's face grew pale as he leaned out the side of the car and skidded to a stop. He jumped out of his machine and hurried toward what his headlights had revealed by the side of the road.

There, half in the drenched grass and half in the gravel, lay the hatless body of an attractive-looking girl wrapped in a fur coat. She was on her back, her face exposed to the mist and rain. The two children stood by, horror in their eyes.



The man of mystery, caught off-guard by alert Boston Herald photographer



Detectives learned of a special call that had been made to electric company (above)



Marguerite I. Stewart, chestnut-haired victim of an atrocious crime, shown in a happy pose not long before death

For a half instant, Willis F. Bird, the motorist, thought the girl was alive. Was it imagination or did the body seem warm to the touch? He felt for a pulse and found none. Then his eyes lighted upon a triangular wound on her head. The girl was dead.

Bird thought from his casual examination that she was the victim of some hit-and-run driver. He put on speed and notified the Concord police of his discovery from the nearest telephone. Chief of Police William G. Ryan, together with police officers Marshall J. Witherell and Emil Thrope, rushed to the scene.

Still undisturbed, the police found the body of this chestnut-haired girl, clad in a Hudson seal coat, resting upon her right hand, one leg doubled up beneath her and a clenched left hand stretching out beyond the head. The girl appeared to be in her early twenties. She was around five feet, six inches in height and weighed approximately 135 pounds; her eyes were brown.

The coat was thrown back and some of her underclothing was exposed, part of which had been torn away. A gray silk-tasseled scarf, its colored stampings visible in the rays of the flashlights, had been twisted three or four times around the neck of the victim. Under this tightly drawn scarf was a necklace of large and small blue beads held together with silver links from which a silver pendant dangled. Although the clothing was of good quality, it was not of highest grade texture. Still covering the clenched fingers were light tan leather gloves.

"There's a gash in the back of this fur coat, Chief," one of the officers observed, "and a piece of fur is missing. Looks as though she has been struck by the fender of some automobile."

The other police officer placed his hand against the girl's face.

"She's warm, Chief," he exclaimed.

Chief Ryan ordered the men to scatter to see if they could discover any traces of a struggle. But no telltale marks



The jury, who tried Marguerite

could be found, and the occupants of a house some distance from the spot where the body was discovered reported that they had heard nothing of a suspicious nature.

Search as they would, however, the police officers could not find the girl's missing hat, although they looked for some distance in the ditches along the sides of the road and beyond into the swamp and the meadow. The piece of fur, which the police officers discovered had been torn out of the back of the victim's coat, was picked up a few feet from the body.

Perhaps she had been struck by a motorist who had taken her in his car intending to deliver her to the nearest hospital. Enroute, he might have discovered that the girl was dead. Frightened, the motorist might have stopped his car and thrown the body out. That would account for the fact that, although the wound on the head must have bled profusely, there was very little blood beneath the body.

It had been raining hard and the road was covered with a coating of mud. If the girl had been the victim of a hit-and-run driver, the police figured that the body would be covered with mud. Besides, there were marks which looked as though she had fought for her life against some adversary.

There was little more that could be done on the scene.

Medical Examiner Henry J. Walcott was notified. Arrangements were made to move the body to the Dee Undertaking Rooms at Concord.

A flash of white in one of the pockets of the victim's fur coat attracted the attention of Chief Ryan. He bent over the body and drew forth a fine linen handkerchief. In one corner there seemed to be some sort of a mark. He placed the handkerchief in his pocket for careful examination later.

Ryan had long been considered by police officials as one of the most active-

minded police chiefs in Massachusetts. Convinced that this young woman was a victim of one of the most atrocious murders which had ever been committed, the chief characteristically took no chances. Before midnight, he sent out a warning to all garage proprietors and others to be on the alert for an automobile with blood-stained fenders as well as for any car which might have suffered some damage to the operating gear.

A hurried examination, performed by the medical examiner, determined that death had been caused by a blow on the girl's head from some heavy instrument. The wound was one that might have been made by a fence rail. Both eyes were discolored and there was a gash in the girl's forehead. On the arms and legs were more bruises. On the left wrist and the right forearm were marks that led Dr. Walcott to believe that the girl had sought to fight off some unknown assailant.

Members of the Concord Police Department were called upon to assist in identifying the dead girl, but no one knew her. As Concord is a small place, this made Chief Ryan almost certain that the girl was not a resident of this historical old town.

Several photographs of a child and an older woman were found in one of the pockets of the fur coat, but there were no markings on the pictures. In addition to the necklace, the girl wore an oval topped ring bearing the legend "Provincetown Pilgrimage."

Although police examined the round, open-faced Elgin wrist-watch that she had been wearing, there were no outstanding jeweler's markings that could be run down. The case number 6,412,062 might lead to something. Chief Ryan bore it in mind. When this watch was first discovered out on the Cambridge turnpike, it had stopped at 7:10. After the body was placed in the undertaking rooms, the hands pointed to 7:23.

In the pockets of the coat, in addition

to the handkerchief and photographs, the police found a small, round, brown leather change purse containing one dollar, ninety-eight cents and a steel keyring containing six keys. Two of these keys bore the legend "Eagle Lock" and two others, numbered 116 and 118, were made by L. L. Bates of Sudbury Street, Boston. Later Ryan learned that the Bates keys were manufactured exclusively for banks and safety-deposit vaults. Lawrence Dell, manager of the company, told the Concord police that the numbers inscribed on the keys were box numbers at some bank.

According to the medical examiner, the girl had come from a family of evident refinement, while her well-manicured hands showed no evidences of manual labor. Although the complete report of the physical examination was not made public at that time, the autopsy revealed that the victim was soon to have become a mother. Chief Ryan became convinced that he was not dealing with the handiwork of some hit-and-run driver. It began to look as though the girl had been murdered because of her physical condition.

There is a four-foot pool beside the culvert or bridge formed by the waters of Mill Brook flowing into Concord River. Ryan thought it possible that the murderer might have intended to throw the body into the pool.

It also became known to him at that time that the Beverly Police Department was broadcasting the disappearance of one Marguerite Stewart, who had been missing from the Beverly School for the Deaf since the night before.

Microscopic examination of the markings on the handkerchief found in the coat of the victim linked the body to the missing girl. Scrutiny revealed a name printed on the hem of the handkerchief in indelible pencil. It was M. Stewart.

The Concord police immediately notified the Beverly police, and Miss Nettie McDaniels, proprietor of the school, was notified.

At 2 o'clock on Saturday morning, District Attorney Robert T. Bushnell was routed from his bed and the situation was explained to him. A few minutes later state detective-lieutenants Edward J. Sherlock and Edward P. O'Neil were ordered to report for duty. This information was forwarded to Captain Bligh, head of the Detective Bureau of the Massachusetts State Police, at the same time.

In Massachusetts each district attorney has a certain number of detectives assigned to his office from the Detective Bureau of the Massachusetts State Police. Although still an integral part of the state police forces, they are really very much on their own and a great deal is left to their own initiative.

Upon arriving at the scene of the crime, Sherlock and O'Neil, assisted by Sergeant Daniel J. Curtin of the Concord Police Department, set about looking for clues.

They searched along the turnpike, in woods and marshes and along the sides of the brook to see if they could find any bloodstained club, stone or piece of wood. The nearest building was a blacksmith shop some four hundred and fifty yards distant, (Continued on page 88)



Stewart's slayer, walking to Middlesex Superior Court, East Cambridge

# The 13<sup>th</sup> Key

A FACT  
CRIME DETECTION  
CLASSIC

Seldom in crime annals was a more brutal murder committed, or a more calloused killer apprehended than this slayer of the ambitious co-ed



Thick weeds near edge of the New York Central Rifle Range where two youths discovered victim's badly beaten body

ON THE afternoon of June 11th, five miles northwest of the city of Columbus, Ohio, ten men were gathered for a revolver meet on the New York Central Rifle Range.

One group of men, attired in neat, blue uniforms, represented the Columbus Police Revolver Club. They were: Patrolmen Sam W. Earnest, Clell H. Cox, Glenn Hooven, H. D. Watts and Corporal Lester W. Merica.

The other group, consisting of Columbus business and professional men, represented the Columbus Revolver Club. They were: Ray C. Bracken, Dr. James H. Snook, A. J. Lehmann, H. H. Herron and Carl Eierman.

When the final volley had been fired and the score tallied, it was found that the police team had been trounced, the score being 1,146 points for the Columbus Revolver Club, to 1,019 points for the upholders of the law.

In the winning group was a tall, neatly-attired man, forty-nine years of age, whose marksmanship drew complimentary comments from participants on both



Theora Hix, victim, puzzled authorities with complex nature





## By OTTO PHILLIPS, formerly of the Columbus, Ohio, Homicide Squad, with GEORGE WARREN

teams. Tall, a trifle bald, with a rather thick pair of lips and a determined, cleft chin, this member of the civilian team at one time was the world's champion rapid- and slow-fire pistol shot, American champion six times, and a member of the American Olympic team in 1920. He was Dr. James Howard Snook, professor of veterinary medicine, Ohio State University.

Respected for his marksmanship, Dr. Snook was asked for advice by several members of the police team during the shoot that afternoon. It seems the police had been shooting with different kinds of guns, and they told him that they were to receive two Colt revolvers. These happened to be the same kind that Dr. Snook had used in target shooting.

When the question of ammunition came up, the doctor told them that they should get a kind of ammunition especially made for police, with a much heavier bullet, blunt on the end. The type he referred to was known as the "man-stopper" bullet.

One of the police replied that these

did not shoot at the same elevation as the standard load. Dr. Snook remembered that objection, realized its seriousness and, to assure himself of the action of the heavier load, took both heavy and light loads to the range two days later, Thursday, June 13th, and compared the different locations on the target at twenty-five yards.

Dr. Snook, that Tuesday, finished with the second highest individual score for the day, totaling 264 points. His score was forty-four points higher than the individual score of any of the policemen, and only eight points under that of Bracken, who was high man. He was elated with his showing, which gave high testimony to his steady nerves and keen sight. After the meet, Dr. Snook replaced a pair of shooting glasses that he was wearing with an ordinary round, horn-rimmed pair.

On the morning of Friday, June 14th, just three days after the pistol meet, two Columbus boys went to the target range to practice shooting.

In tall weeds just east of a target, they

came upon a sight from which they instinctively recoiled in fright. There, less than one hundred feet behind the east target at which the ten men had been shooting a few days before, lay the body of a girl.

The young woman, at first believed to be about eighteen years old, was well dressed. There were two distinguishing features which might have aided in identifying her. Her hair was brown and unbobbed. Upon her right wrist she wore a man's wristwatch.

Her head showed evidence of receiving terrific blows from some blunt instrument. Her throat was slashed, her right eardrum had been punctured, her back and abdomen had been scored with a knife, and a bruise on her left shoulder indicated that one of the blows directed at her head had missed or slipped its mark, striking her shoulder.

The boys, horror-struck, immediately notified the police.

Despite the fact that the girl obviously belonged to a class several notches above what we consider middle class; and al-



Lovely Theora Hix resided in this dormitory (above) during one of her semesters while a medical student of school



A photo of one of the striking compus buildings of Ohio Stote University is shown above

though she had been found at noon and apparently had been brutally murdered, nevertheless the local afternoon papers that day carried in their home editions only brief stories giving a description of the girl, and the manner in which she had been slain.

A day later the real story "broke." Columbus, for the following day, read nothing else. From coast to coast, newspapers carried stories of "the girl with the Mona Lisa smile," and the man with the "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" life. In Columbus, street sales of the papers doubled, trebled and then surpassed all previous peaks by margins of thousands, as identification of the girl was established and it was learned that one of the men who had shot on the range, a man who was respected and the possessor of an excellent home, a lovely wife and child, had been drawn into the murder maelstrom by the work of the Detective Bureau. When a second prominent and talented suspect was arrested, the town literally was thrown into a frenzy.

I was about to leave the office on a case of minor importance when the telephone rang and the report was made that the body had been found. I motioned to Robert McCall, my running mate, who was with me in the detective bureau at the time, and we went to the field immediately.

There we found two uniformed men guarding the body while the coroner made his examination in the midst of a curious circle of spectators.

The girl was lying face down upon the ground, a handkerchief clutched in her right hand, her left arm beneath her. Her watch had stopped at exactly 10 o'clock.

Coroner Joseph Murphy said that the girl had been dead for about eighteen hours. Her body probably had been placed in the field a few minutes before a heavy shower that had started at 10:22 the previous night, he stated, and had bled profusely from the deep wound in the left side of her throat. He gave a verdict of murder.

The back of the girl's dress had been slashed to ribbons with a knife, indicating that she had attempted to escape

her assailant and had commenced to run.

Near-by we found automobile tracks which, on first consideration, implied that the girl might have been murdered elsewhere. Her body, then, might have been brought to the range. Unfortunately, the heavy growth of weeds had prevented marks of the tire tread from being left on the ground.

When the police photographer had finished the necessary procedure of taking pictures and the victim had been removed to the Glenn L. Myers undertaking establishment, we had a long talk with Coroner Murphy.

"I believe," said the coroner, "that the wounds were inflicted with a hammer, probably of the ball-peen type. You may have noticed," he continued, "that sixteen of the fractures on her head left imprints of the facet marks of the hammer's face. A single deep fracture on her forehead seemed caused by the ball point of the hammer."

As we were talking, county officials arrived. The crime, since it happened outside the city limits, came under their jurisdiction. It was decided, however, that we of the city police department were to continue our separate investigation.

We questioned thoroughly the two boys who had found the body. It was lying behind, and some distance from, the target. Parallel to the field ran Fisher Road, the field being separated from the road by a small stone wall. Both north and south of where the girl had lain were entrances to the field that could be used.

It was evident that the scene of the crime—a spot that enjoys tremendous popularity among petters—had been entered by the south entrance. Perhaps the driver, then, had stopped inside, murdered the girl, described a semicircle and left by the north gate.

I questioned persons living near the place. They had seen and had heard nothing on the night of the murder, about the time we assumed it took place, before the rainfall at 10:22.

With my partner, I returned to town. I learned that Constable John Guy, a county official, had gone to the morgue

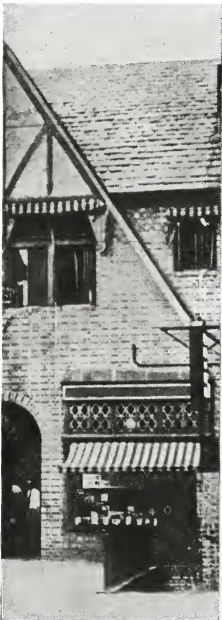


When her roommates reported that she was missing, authorities got first . . .

with Miss Ruth Wycoff in an attempt to identify the body. Miss Wycoff lived in an apartment adjoining that of Mrs. Billie Rutherford Glass, who had been missing from her home since Thursday night and whose description tallied closely with that of the rifle-range murderer victim.

Miss Wycoff, owing to the bruised condition of the dead girl's face, could not make an identification. A few minutes later, Mrs. Edna Frost, a friend of Mrs. Glass, viewed the body at the morgue and declared it was not she.

Until I could learn the identity of the girl, there was little to be done. Neither her clothes nor the handkerchief bore helpful laundry marks. The watch was not initialed. No purse, containing a clue to her identity, had been found. Temporarily, at least, we were up against a stone wall. Reports of missing persons did not correspond in their descriptions with the description of the dead girl.



... lead in the baffling case. (Above) Apartment Miss Hix shared with them

I went to the morgue to take a further look at the victim. There I noted that the brutal manner of her murder had extended to her right hand. Three of her fingers were crushed across the third joint. That point puzzled me. It hardly could have been done with either hammer or knife.

At 4:45 that Friday afternoon, the telephone on the desk of Record Clerk Helen Custer at police headquarters rang. A feminine voice spoke:

"I wish to report the disappearance of my roommate, Miss Theora K. Hix. She is twenty-four years old."

The girl making the report, Miss Alice Bustin, lived in an apartment with her sister, Miss Beatrice Bustin, and Miss Hix at 1658½ Neil Avenue, at the south edge of Ohio State University's campus.

She told the record clerk that Miss Hix had left there at 7 p.m. on the night of the murder, to obtain instructions for a job that she was to take during the summer as a relief operator of the telephone switchboard at University Hospital on the Ohio State campus.

The record clerk drew a sharp breath as two descriptive points of the missing girl were tabulated by her roommate.

"She has long, brown hair," Miss Bustin said, "and wears her father's watch on her right wrist."

Mrs. Custer immediately instructed Miss Bustin to go to the morgue and see if the dead girl was her roommate. At 5:30 p.m. the murder victim was identified positively by the Bustin sisters and by Mrs. Alice Moran, secretary of Neil Hall, a girls' dormitory on the campus, as Theora Kathleen Hix, a sophomore in the pre-meds department at Ohio State University.

The girl had been a resident of Columbus since entering the university six years before. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin T. Hix, her father being an instructor in medicine at Bradenton, Florida.

Now, assigned by Chief of Detectives W. G. Shellenbarger to the case, I had something to work on. Bob McCall was assigned to it with me.

I had another talk with Coroner Murphy, my curiosity aroused by the peculiar injury to Miss Hix's right hand. He was unable to shed light on it, although coinciding with me in the belief that it had been made by neither of the instruments used in the girl's brutal slaying.

"You may have noticed," the coroner said, "that the end of the wound on the left side of her throat is very deep. The murderer was careful to sever her jugular vein to ensure death!"

The question that was brought up by this announcement raised the entire affair from the run of ordinary murders in my experience. Would a layman have had the skill and knowledge to find and sever her victim's jugular vein?

That point strongly brought forward into the field of likely suspects, fellow medical students—or instructors.

Miss Hix's family originally had lived in Northfield, Connecticut. Then her father was appointed professor at Columbia University, moving to Flushing, New York, and later to Florida. His daughter, Theora, had been graduated

from Ohio State University in 1927 and had immediately enrolled in the medical college. Her friends and college professors depicted her as a studious, athletic girl, highly regarded by her associates.

I immediately left headquarters with McCall for an interview with the Bustin sisters. There, for the first time, I ran into the blockade of secrecy which the murdered girl had erected about her life and habits. Neither of her roommates knew much about her.

I learned from them that she had left the apartment at 7 o'clock on the night of the murder, that she had mentioned no other destination than the hospital, and that she had seemed in good spirits. She confided nothing to them of any private affairs that she may have had.

Alice Bustin, who also was a second-year student in the medical college, said that the murdered girl had been a good student and a heavy reader. Beatrice Bustin, a technician in the medical laboratory at the University, said that Theora always had plenty of money, although she planned working part time on the switchboard at the hospital and full time in the office of the dean of the graduate school.

The girls, recalling the thunder shower that occurred approximately three and one half hours after Miss Hix left the apartment, were not alarmed at her overnight absence. They assumed that she had spent the night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Jeffers. Miss Hix had been employed as a companion for the two daughters of the Jeffers family when the parents were in California in February and March.

Not until 11:30 o'clock Friday morning, a half-hour after the body had been found lying on the rifle range with no other means of concealment than the weeds, did the sisters become alarmed. At that time Miss Peggy Edwards, a secretary to the dean of women at the university and a friend of Miss Hix's, telephoned concerning a luncheon appointment with Theora. When Miss Hix had not returned late Friday afternoon, Alice Bustin called the police.

By this time other city detectives, not on the homicide squad, temporarily had been detailed to the case. County officials likewise had been working on it. Nevertheless, I gave the murdered girl's room a thorough search.

There were no letters in the place to indicate a love affair. Further, in a later conversation with Miss Edwards, we received this information:

"My experience with Miss Hix was like that of all the others who knew her. Theora was very quiet, and told me nothing of her personal affairs. If she knew any men, I never heard of them!"

But out of the interview with the Bustin sisters and the search of the room, four points, destined to become important in the ultimate solution of the crime, were brought to the surface.

1. In a drawer, we came across an old-fashioned derringier pistol and a box of .41-caliber cartridges.

2. We learned that Theora habitually carried a brown purse with a green clasp, and had taken it with her when she left the apartment Thursday night, although she wore no hat or coat.



3. She had gone out several times with a man, an instructor at the university, whose name was said to be Meyers.

4. She was in the habit of leaving the apartment each afternoon at about 5 o'clock, usually returning by 10 o'clock in the evening.

The Bustin sisters could not explain the unusual weapon found in Theora's dresser drawer. They said that she kept it hidden, but gave no reason for possessing it.

I wondered at the absence of the purse. Perhaps among its contents which had been so zealously guarded by the owner lay the explanation, or at least the motive, behind the crime.

In explaining that Theora recently had gone out with a man named Meyers, the girls told me that she had had dates with him several times, and I jotted his name and university connection in my notebook.

The fact that she was accustomed to be gone from 5 until 10 o'clock was readily explained by the girls, who said that Theora was athletic, enjoying swimming, horseback riding and especially tennis and walking. The last exercise named, the girls believed,

explained her absence from the apartment each evening.

Leaving the apartment, I learned that Miss Bertha Dillon, the switchboard operator at University Hospital, was on duty. I immediately sought her, since, so far as was known, she had been the last person, besides the murderer, to see Miss Hix alive. While receiving instructions concerning the switchboard operation, the girl had been rather quiet, Miss Dillon said.

At 7:45 P.M. that Thursday night, Miss Hix had smiled and said to Miss Dillon, "I'm late for a date, and must be going now. I'll try to be back between 9 and 9:30."

"It was the first time that I had seen her smile in the two days that I had been teaching her to operate the switchboard," Miss Dillon told me.

Again reporting to headquarters, I learned that an employee of the Federal Glass Company had called to tell detectives that a fellow employee had said he knew who murdered Miss Hix. The man lived near the residence of the murdered girl, and we lost no time in visiting him. I was told that the man she had been going out with lately was

middle-aged, wore glasses, and drove a new, dark-blue Ford coupe. The man wore horn-rimmed glasses.

I endeavored to get in touch with Meyers, whose full name was Marion T. Meyers. He was a thirty-five-year-old instructor in the horticultural department of the university, and did research work on corn borers, dividing his time between Wooster, Bono and Columbus. I was unable to reach him.

In the meanwhile, the newspapers had taken an intense interest in the case and were feverishly busy. I found that they had sent reporters to Gamma Alpha fraternity house where Meyers lived. There they talked to Robert Summerbell, an instructor at Northwestern University, who was on the Ohio State faculty for the summer, and a fraternity brother of Meyers.

Summerbell said that Meyers had told him of a man with whom Miss Hix had lately had dates, but would not disclose the name to reporters unless police were present.

The next morning the Ohio State Journal printed the following description of the wanted man:

Somewhere in Columbus there is a man who is heavily built, wears horn-rimmed glasses, is about forty, and drives a Ford coupe.

This man holds the secret of the murder of Theora Hix.

This man, name unknown, has been seen frequently with Miss Hix, recently by friends of the murdered girl.

If you know of such a man, you may hasten the solution of one of the most gruesome crimes in the history of Columbus by informing police of your knowledge or suspicions.

Such was the man that had been described to us previously by the employee of the Federal Glass Company, who promised to try to learn the man's name for us.

Saturday morning the Columbus Citi-

Police photographer Homer Richter, one of the first persons to reach the scene of the atrocious murder



Myers Mortuary in Columbus, where autopsy on slain girl was performed. The discovery of strange wounds caused officials temporary bafflement



zen, an afternoon paper, sent its star reporter, James Fusco, with a representative of the Police Department, City Detective Larry Van Skaik, to question Summerbell once more. In the presence of police, Summerbell now told the name of the man who, Meyers had said, was a constant companion of the murdered girl, and who was the hunted man in the blue coupe.

It was Dr. James Howard Snook.

The investigators lost no time in hurrying to the doctor's home at 349 West Tenth Avenue.

The former world's pistol-shot champion greeted them calmly on his front porch. He agreed to accompany them to police headquarters, asking permission to drive his automobile. His right hand was bandaged and in a splint. Van Skaik granted him permission to drive his new Ford coupe, and aided him in getting on his coat.

While this was being done, I paid a second visit to the morgue. The injury on the girl's right hand still troubled me. There I found Coroner Murphy, who had just completed a second autopsy. It shed no new angle on the crime, but the coroner informed me that during the autopsy a man had applied at the morgue and had been granted permission to see the dead girl. Thoughtfully, the coroner had taken his name and address.

The man was Marion T. Meyers.

Calling headquarters, I learned that someone giving his name as Meyers had telephoned to the police at 3:15 A.M. Saturday to inquire about the murder. He asked whether the girl had been hurt or killed, and when questioned as to his relationship, had answered that he was just a friend, and had hung up. Later I learned that Summerbell had called Meyers at Bono and had informed him of the murder.

I immediately went with McCall to the fraternity house. Meyers was on the front porch with some friends.

"Well," he said to us, "you fellows are

a little late. I've talked to one man already!"

We told him who we were, and that we wanted him to come with us. He looked frightened, and evidently thought we were associates of the girl seeking vengeance and about to take him for a ride. He made us display our badges and, still not satisfied, conferred with some of his fraternity brothers.

As we pulled away from the curb, some of the men from the fraternity house got into an automobile parked at the curb and followed us to the police station.

At headquarters I found that Dr. Snook was being questioned, and I told his interrogators that he answered the description of the man given me by the alert employee of the Federal Glass Company.

There was nothing "on" either of the two men, other than their relations with the girl, but they immediately were placed under arrest pending investigation and then brought into a private conference. Both denied any connection with the murder, but admitted taking rides with Miss Hix.

Dr. Snook, by far, presented the cooler and more innocent appearance. Meyers had said at the morgue that he didn't care about the girl but wanted to do what he could for her parents. He said that he had been well acquainted with her and had proposed marriage several months before. She had refused him, saying that she wished to finish school.

Meyers admitted seeing her fifteen days before the murder, and in response to questioning said: "I wanted to see her Thursday night but was afraid to. I was afraid that something would happen."

In an account of his actions on the afternoon of the crime, Meyers told of going to a Columbus theatre. Unfortunately, he chose the name of a theatre which had been closed for several months. For a short while things looked damaging for the nervous professor.

Both Coroner Murphy and Constable John Guy established the time of the murder as between 8 and 10 P.M. Thursday. Constable Guy said that members of a shooting team had been using the range until 8 P.M., and would have seen the murder had it occurred before that time.

Guy himself had been near the field, waiting in hiding for chicken thieves from 10 P.M. until after the heavy rain.

It was, so far, the city's case. City detectives had made the arrest and now were questioning suspects. With the time of the murder definitely established, the stories of the suspects concerning their movements on the night of the murder assumed paramount importance.

Here were two men, intelligent above the average meaning of the word, professors in a nationally known university of 14,000 students, and apparently respectable and harmless citizens. Both were known for their individual accomplishments. Snook was famed for his marksmanship, exemplified while a member of two shooting clubs. Meyers had made his mark for a scientific discovery which, it was predicted, would increase the output of corn in Ohio five per cent.

In explanation of his movements on the night of the murder, Dr. Snook said: "School is out now, so I have been doing work about the yard. I fixed the gate Thursday and the yard."

"I went to my office at Ohio State University about 7:45 Thursday night. I was there a while, and then went to mail some letters. After that I went to the Scioto golf links to get my shooting glasses. I went back to the pharmacy at Tenth and High Streets. I got there right after the night papers came out. From there I went directly to my home."

When Dr. Snook was brought to headquarters, he explained that his right hand had been hurt when a wrench slipped as he was tightening a bolt on his automobile Wednesday afternoon, the day preceding the murder. Police Surgeon Pickering examined the wound and pronounced it "not new," thereby, for a moment, blasting the surmise that the injury had some bearing on the case.

Meyers, in his account of his actions, stated that he had been in the company of Summerbell until 9 o'clock Thursday night, when Summerbell left. Meyers then claimed he went to his room and wrote several letters. Later he went out to mail them, and then went to bed.

Meyers said that he had not seen the girl during the past fifteen days.

Dr. Snook admitted seeing her at the Neil Avenue entrance to the university on the night preceding the murder. He also told us, without much questioning, that he had for some time financed part of Miss Hix's way through college, but had discontinued it lately. He said that he had been considering employing the girl as a stenographer in his office until she told him she had obtained another job. He had known her for more than three years, he concluded.

The admission that he had helped her financially would have been classified even by an unintelligent suspect as damaging evidence. I wondered at the doc-



Personnel of the University Hospital (above) were the last to see Theora Hix alive. She left building to keep a mysterious appointment with unknown person



Detective Otto W. Phillips sought to uncover love interests of strange girl



Ohio State Penitentiary Death House where killer's sentence was executed

Slayer's wife leaving the prison after visiting her incarcerated husband's cell



tor's frank acknowledgment of the thing. Was that frankness inspired by a clear conscience, or was it the beginning of a smoke screen? He was quite unperturbed as he made the statement—an entirely different man from the nervously laughing Meyers who, when confronted with a photograph of the murdered girl's body, taken at the rifle range, appeared overcome, and cried: "I suppose I'll be charged with murder! I'll tell you the whole truth!"

Yet Meyers did not at once tell the "whole truth." When pressed by further questions, he was evasive, frequently contradicting himself.

But his alibi, excepting the admission of attending a theatre which was not open, seemed air-tight. His fraternity brothers voluntarily appeared at the city prison to tell the police that Meyers had spent all of Thursday night except "about half an hour" at the fraternity house.

As I watched the two men, I found myself sizing them up, measuring the degree of likelihood that they might have murdered the girl. More and more Meyers appealed to me as a "fall guy," a man who had borne the brunt of blame generally in things whether he deserved it or not. Dr. Snook even told me that on one occasion when Miss Hix had written him from New York, requesting financial assistance, Meyers had gone to her aid, at Snook's suggestion.

Snook's was a different personality. Cool, iron-nerved, he met the situation without flinching, didn't contradict himself, refused to be bluffed and, apparently, told the truth whenever he spoke.

Theories swirled in my head. Dr. Snook's statement that he had gone

to the country club to obtain shooting glasses later was substantiated by a locker boy at the club. The time in question would not have left him much space in which to commit the murder.

In any crime which seizes public interest, tips, valuable and worthless, appear at unexpected times from unusual places. This case was no exception. It is our duty to investigate each tip, regardless of how frail it may seem, and to determine whether the source is a person seeking publicity or a person proffering really helpful information.

A taxicab driver, who lived on Price Avenue, told me that at about 7 o'clock Thursday night he was called to Tenth and Nell Avenues, a short distance from where the doctor said he had bought a paper two hours later. Here, the driver said, he picked up a girl who answered Miss Hix's description.

He drove her out to the vicinity of the rifle range. She told him that she was looking for a "man in a coupe." She seemed worried, according to the taxi man, and smoked several cigarettes which she "bummed" from him. Finally they returned to her starting place. At the morgue, the taxi driver positively identified the girl as his fare.

At first I hesitated to accept the taxicab driver's story as having any bearing on the case, questioning his identification of the dead girl. Later I put a great deal of faith in it. Still later I discredited it again. So do investigations run.

With two prominent men under arrest, the investigation began in earnest. It may have been a hunch that made me incline to a belief in Meyer's innocence. Or, perhaps, it was merely that the deeper, more intriguing and more baffling

nature of the doctor interested me.

"Bob," I said to McCall, "we've got to know Dr. Snook intelligently before we can hit him with intelligent questions. We've got to know the kind of a man he is, and, when the time arrives, make him see himself as others see him."

This was a large assignment, but my partner and I got to work on it. All of Saturday was devoted to talking to professors, doctors, caddies, country club employees, waiters, waitresses and sportsmen. With information from each of them, we molded a rather accurate composite picture of the man—his likes, his dislikes, his eccentricities and his attitudes.

In one restaurant which we visited, the proprietor told me that two of his waiters evaded, whenever possible, the task of serving the enigmatic Dr. Snook.

"He's too domineering," they had objected. "He seems to be thinking 'I'm Dr. Snook! See that I get proper service!'"

The latter was a correct view of the man. He had built about himself a shell of conceit, of ego, of selfishness that was standing him in good stead now.

I went to headquarters and, for two hours in the matron's office, talked to Dr. Snook to probe his depth. We talked about Theora and the type of girl she was. We talked about dogs and shooting.

The doctor dropped all reticence when we approached the topic of his beloved hobby. He stood up and pointed his finger at an imaginary target on the wall. Such was his self-possession, such his complete mastery over his own nerves, that for a full minute that finger remained utterly motionless.

"I have done this for more than five minutes without the slightest quiver," he remarked.

It was then that I realized the difficulty which would be faced in breaking down this man of unfinching nerves if,

mode of living, his likes and dislikes, his beliefs in justice and a Supreme Being. All of this gave me an insight into the nature of the man, but added not one whit to the slender thread of circumstantial evidence that linked him with an atrocious crime.

That Saturday night, a short, rather stout woman, of apparently moderate means, came to the county jail.

"I am Mrs. Smalley of North High Street," she said. "I run a furnished apartment house at 24 Hubbard Avenue. Several months ago a man rented a room from me. He looks like the pictures of Dr. Snook that have appeared in the papers. The woman he said was his wife resembles Miss Hix."

At last, perhaps, we had something, an opening wedge that might shatter the doctor's professorial calm! A turnkey was dispatched to Snook's cell to bring him into the jail office.

"Have him wear a hat," Mrs. Smalley requested. "I've never seen him without one."

A moment later Dr. Snook, accompanied by the turnkey, walked into the

"I shall come back Wednesday night and take it," he informed her. "It is for me and my wife. Both of us demonstrate salt, and will not be in the room much. We are from Newark."

Mrs. Smalley was absent Wednesday night, and Dr. Snook and his "wife" obtained the room from Mr. Smalley. The doctor signed the register, "Howard Snook and wife," using his middle name.

Later Smalley said to his wife: "She (Miss Hix) seems a pleasant enough little woman, but she doesn't talk much!"

We knew that to be characteristic of the girl. Apparently she confided in no one. As nearly as we could ascertain, she cared little for the company of men, was silent almost to the point of reticence, and had but one ideal, to obtain her doctor's degree. Such was the relentless impulse for this academic accomplishment that she stinted, depriving herself of new clothing, watching each penny, accepting the financial aid of Dr. Snook, and often meriting from him a rebuke for not dressing according to her means.

The doctor and his "wife," who had said that they wanted the room only for a few days, still occupied it on the day of the murder. They had changed rooms twice, but gradually were being looked upon as steady occupants.

Only once did Mrs. Smalley meet Miss Hix. That was on a day when the landlady went to their apartment early to attend to her weekly task of cleaning the room. During the week, the doctor had explained, his "wife" would care for it.

Coming upon the girl alone in the room, she had said: "You're Mrs. Snook, aren't you?"

"Yes," Miss Hix answered briefly. "This is the first time I've met you," Mrs. Smalley said, hoping to start a conversation.

"I guess so," reported the girl a bit abruptly.

On Friday, June 14th, the day after the murder, between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Dr. Snook had come to the apartment and had said to Mrs. Smalley: "My wife will want the room until Sunday, but I must leave now."

"Well, I surely hate to see you go, but you will know where to come if you get back to Columbus," said Mrs. Smalley.

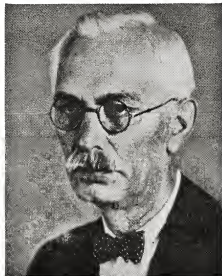
After paying the landlady, Snook left both his key to the apartment, and the one Miss Hix was accustomed to carry on the library table of the room they had occupied. This, a check on the time element disclosed, was at least two and one half hours before the body of Miss Hix had been identified.

We had first learned of a possible liaison between the doctor and Miss Hix when a reporter for the Ohio State Journal told us that Miss Hix regularly, in the evening, visited a downtown restaurant. Invariably she would seat herself in the second booth, and five minutes later a man resembling Dr. Snook would walk in and sit beside her. They would leave together.

The restaurant, while entirely respectable, formerly had been one of the foremost saloons in the state, and at the time of the murder was a place where a professor or (Continued on page 72)



Mrs. Hix, Theora's mother was prostrated with sorrow over her death



Melvin Hix, father of the slain girl, was present at questioning of suspects

assuming his guilt, such a procedure should be necessary. He had an ego that would be difficult to crack.

"Doctor," I said, abruptly shifting the conversation, "wouldn't the way in which Theora was killed, wouldn't the fact that her jugular vein and carotid artery were severed, imply that her murderer was in possession of more than a layman's knowledge of anatomy?"

"Not at all," he replied with a smile, intuitively sensing the drift of my question. "Place your hands to your throat, as in the act of throttling, and you'll quickly locate your jugular vein."

That, had his answer entirely satisfied me, would have been Dr. Snook's point. Doubts as to his potential guilt flooded my mind at that moment. My spirits sank.

We talked on, of his attitudes, his

office. Wearing a puzzled frown, Dr. Snook stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Snook," the landlady said.

"Good evening, Mrs. Smalley," the professor answered, and smiled.

Again that lack of emotion, lack of perturbation.

"Did you ever see this woman before?" I asked the doctor.

"Yes," he replied simply.

Later, from information voluntarily offered by both Mrs. Smalley and Dr. Snook, we pieced together the amazing story.

On a Monday morning, February 11th, 1929, Dr. Snook, whom Mrs. Smalley that night characterized as "an awfully nice man," obtained a single, meagerly furnished room facing Hubbard Avenue in the annex of her apartment house.

# Case of the Cutaway

By ROBERT TYLER

FRED WEISS was one of those jovial, affable, rotund little men to whom everyone said "good morning," and whom everyone loved. He made the best suits in Olympia, capital of the state of Washington, or, at least, that is the reputation he had among the businessmen in the city. His prices were so fair and his patience on delayed payments so very reasonable that he had built up a fine trade among the better class of skilled labor that worked in the logging camps in southwestern Washington.

If times got a little slack, as they did, Weiss would pack a few samples into a suitcase and start out on a round of the camps, calling on old customers and making new ones. Upon such a trip he set forth, on Friday, June 1st, and after three days had gone by, without word from her husband, his good wife, considerably worried, reported the matter to the police.

Fred Weiss never had a bad habit, unless you listed as such a daily visit to the "Tony Faust" for a social glass of "schnapps" or a schooner of beer.

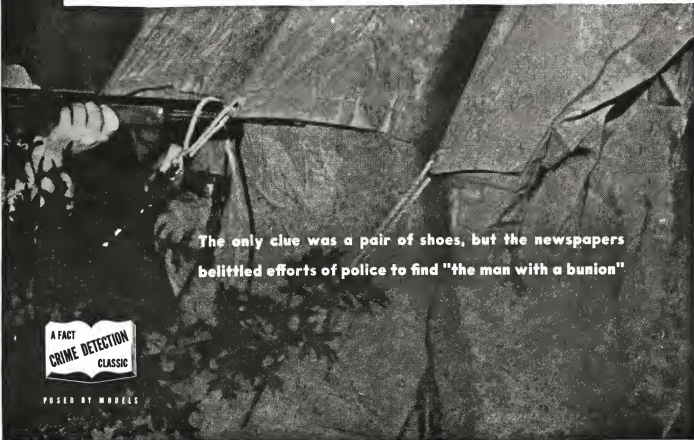
Everybody knew the little tailor, and everyone

whom you accosted in that first week after he failed to return to the happy home above the tailor shop on Main Street, had the same question on his lips, "Have they heard anything from Weiss yet?"

So it went until the night of June 9th; everyone agreed that, though he hadn't an enemy in the world, something ill had befallen him. To the minds of the citizens' posse assembled in the old Thurston County Courthouse the nine-day absence without word to his family spelled the certainty of death.

Sheriff John Gifford was in charge, and to help him in the search were a hundred or more men, dressed for trails and the forests, for the first search was to be made in the vicinity of Simpson's Camp 4, about twenty miles from Olympia. Weiss, before leaving home, had told his son Carl that he intended to go to Camp 4, for a "try on" with a couple of loggers for whom he had made clothes for years.

It was quite customary for anyone soliciting trade from the camps to take along a little something to drink. So the tailor had in his suitcase, besides the two partially finished suits, a pint of whisky.



The only clue was a pair of shoes, but the newspapers belittled efforts of police to find "the man with a bunion"

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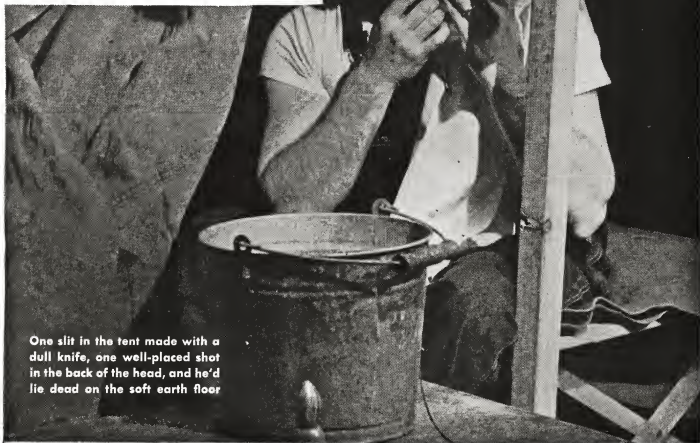


# Shoes

A checkup at Camp 4 on Saturday, June 9th, established the fact that Weiss had never reached his appointment with the two loggers, which was to have been at the dinner hour on June 1st. These two men were his friends and there could be no doubt as to the truth of their statements. That is, there didn't seem to be any doubt at that time.

There were two ways to reach Camp 4 from the railway station at Gate, where Weiss should have arrived at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. You could go around the road—that was the long way—or you could go over the hills back of the town, and take a short cut through the second growth that had sprung up after the burns had passed over.

Sheriff Gifford concluded that Weiss, being on foot, would take the short cut. The posse, which had assembled at the schoolhouse on the prairie, spread out over a considerable area, walking about thirty feet apart on both sides of the trail. Prosecuting Attorney George V. Yantis and I walked directly up the (Continued on page 77)



One slit in the tent made with a dull knife, one well-placed shot in the back of the head, and he'd lie dead on the soft earth floor

## LADY IN RED

(Continued from page 11) How do you know that? What in the world has happened to her?"

They explained the circumstances and requested her to view the body. While she was preparing for the street, they telephoned Chief Tennant and asked him to meet them at the morgue.

A short time later the beautician looked at the form on the slab and nearly collapsed. The dead girl was twenty-nine-year-old Lillian Morley, whose husband and two children were living at Victoria, British Columbia. She was temporarily separated from her family, the informant explained, but had planned to rejoin them soon.

While Mrs. Wangness was recovering from her shock, Tennant called the Victoria police and asked them to notify the victim's husband and to learn whether he could throw any light on the slaying.

The officers then escorted the infirm shop owner back to the Rehan Hotel, where they located Mrs. Helen Wright, the manager. Stunned by the news of her friend's death, it was several minutes before she was able to talk coherently. Then she related what had occurred on the previous night.

Mrs. Morley had come to her apartment around 8:30, and they had chatted for approximately a half-hour. "She said she was going out with a fellow but that she didn't expect to have a good time," the landlady stated. "In fact, she told me she wished the night was over, because she expected trouble."

Shortly after 9 o'clock, the phone rang and Mrs. Wright answered. It was for her friend.

The latter took the receiver and after listening for a moment declared, "Yes, I'm ready to go out. But you'll have to believe yourself." Following a brief pause, she told the caller, "No, I won't marry you. I've told you that a hundred times. If you won't promise to quit asking me, I'll break our date."

Apparently, the man promised, for she said, "All right, I'll meet you in front of the hotel in ten minutes. But if you're not drinking, I'll come back in again."

"I advised Lillian not to go out with him if she thought he would cause any trouble," Mrs. Wright continued. "But she said, 'I've got myself into this mess and I'll have to get out of it. Don't worry about me.' So she had not referred to the unwanted admirer by name, nor had she dropped the slightest hint to his identity."

"There may be something in her apartment to give us a clue," Chief Tennant remarked hopefully. "Let's have a look at it."

The landlady let them in with a pass key, and they began a search of the slain girl's possessions. A moment later, Yoris discovered a letter in the top drawer of her dressing table. Eagerly the detectives read the following, written in a large, masculine hand:

"My own dearest Muzzie, just a few lines to say, darling, that I feel so blue, deep I don't know what to do. I'm so lonesome away from you. And, darling, don't go back to Victoria. Dear, you can leave him now. You are in the U. S. A., darling. If you haven't money enough to come down here, you can put one of my rings in a reliable pawnshop. I can't send you money because it is against the law. Darling, your daddy wants his Muzzie so much. We'll go some place where he can't find us. With dearest love and kisses, your very own daddy."

The detectives exchanged glances. Chief

Tennant said, "Looks like we've found our motive. This fellow was crazy about the girl, but she didn't feel that way about him. So he killed her."

There was no return address on the envelope, but it had been postmarked Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Wright cleared up this point by saying that the slain woman had visited a sister there before coming to Seattle.

It was evident that she had met her ardent admirer in Los Angeles and had left to escape his advances. Obviously, she had not answered his beseeching letter, so he had followed in an effort to change her mind. Failing in this, he had killed her out of frustration.

With this important part of the jigsaw puzzle apparently in place, the heartened investigators returned to headquarters. Awaiting them was a telegram in answer to their call to the Victoria authorities. It said that the victim's husband, Guy, an automobile accessories dealer in Seattle, standing, would arrive in Seattle on the evening boat to take charge of the remains and to assist the police in any way possible.

At 9 P.M., exactly twenty-four hours after the comely young woman had left the hotel for her rendezvous with death, Chief Ten-



A carpenter, he fumbled in his career of crime

nant and Sergeant Yoris met the saddened husband at the Canadian Pacific dock.

When he viewed the body at the morgue a short time later, he went to pieces. "If Lillian had only come back sooner," he sobbed bitterly. "But she was coming back . . . on Easter."

"How did it happen that you were separated?" Tennant inquired, after the husband had regained a semblance of composure.

"She couldn't stand the damp winters in Victoria," he explained. "She had bronchial trouble, and we thought a different climate would help her. That's why she went to California. But some fellow down there gave her a bad time and she came to Seattle."

"It's that same fellow we're trying to locate," the Chief told him. "Any idea who he is?"

The husband shook his head. His wife had mentioned the incident in a letter, but she had not referred to the unwelcome wooer by name.

Obtaining the name and address of the victim's sister in Los Angeles, Tennant telegraphed a request that she wire all information concerning the unknown admirer at once.

The reply, which came Monday morning, was meager. Although the relative was aware of the situation, she never had seen the man, nor did she know either his first or last name. The only definite thing she recalled her sister saying about him was that he was engaged in the building business.

The Chief tossed the telegram aside and looked at Yoris in disgust. "A lot of help that is," he remarked. "Why, the guy could be anything from a contractor to a carpenter. How in the world—"

He paused as an idea entered his mind. "Say, he might belong to one of the build-

ing craft unions. If he does, it's a good bet he registered for work as soon as he arrived here. Unless he's got plenty of money, he'd have to do something to keep going."

Sergeant Yoris and Jack Landis hurried to the Union Hall to follow through on this theory. It took them several hours to compile a list of all persons who had registered for work in the various building trades within recent months.

"We'd need weeks to run down all these people," Landis commented when the task was finished. "I think we'd better ask the chief about it before we go ahead."

When their commander saw the long list, he agreed it would require too much time to check all the names. Then he said, "A cruiser squad just found the car the killer stole for his escape. It was abandoned at Lake Union, and at headquarters they are giving it the once-over for fingerprints."

For nearly an hour, the detectives puzzled over the best means of attempting to solve the riddle of the slayer's identity. Then the chief remembered the pleading letter from the dead girl's suitor. Taking it from his desk drawer, he scanned it for several minutes. His face brightened considerably as he asked his aides, "Do the registrants at the Union Hall sign the register themselves?"

Yoris told him they did. "Then maybe," Tennant went on, "we can identify our mysterious Mr. X. Take a look at this letter. The writing is quite different from the usual run. For instance, the 'D' in 'Daddy' is made in a peculiar way. So is the 'M' in 'Muzzie'. I think it might be a good idea to go through the register again and look for that style of penmanship. It may be a wasted effort, but we haven't anything better to go on."

Fifteen minutes later, the investigators were back at the Union Hall once more poring over the register. It promised to be an endless undertaking and a tedious one, and extreme care had to be used in order not to overlook the right name, if indeed it were there.

At the end of two hours of painstaking work, the task appeared to be even more difficult than they had expected. Only a small part of the large book had been checked and there were scores of pages left. None of the handwriting they inspected resembled the love letter's script in the slightest degree.

"Finding a needle in a haystack would be simple compared to this," Landis commented. "But the chief is so certain about his hunches that we'll have to go through with it."

Another hour of fruitless endeavor virtually convinced the perspiring officers they were on a hopeless quest. Then Landis held up a card and exclaimed, "Look at the 'M' in this signature. It's a dead ringer for the one the guy wrote in that love letter."

Yoris compared the "M" in the signature of Elmer Manhart with the "M" in "Muzzie" and then broke into a wide grin. "I think you've come up with the right answer," he agreed with enthusiasm. "Now to find the fellow."

The registration listed Manhart's trade as carpentry and his address at 1422 Seventh Avenue. Using the clerk's telephone, they contacted the information operator and learned the phone number at that address. But when they called it, they were told that he had left several weeks ago without leaving a forwarding address.

The Union Hall employee threw more cold water on their optimism by consulting his records and finding that the carpenter had not been assigned any job through that office.

The detectives returned to headquarters

and informed Chief Tennant of their progress. "We're sure Manhart is the fellow we want," Yoris declared, "but finding him is another matter."

"We'll find him," the commander responded with grim determination, "if it takes every man on the force to do it."

The order went out for all patrolmen to cover every hotel, rooming house and boarding establishment on their beats in an effort to locate the quarry.

While the intensive city-wide hunt was going on, fingerprint experts reported that several clear specimens had been found on the car which the slayer had appropriated for his getaway. The chief and his aides were elated, for here was a foolproof means of identifying the girl's murderer once he was in custody.

As the hours dragged by and nothing but negative reports were flashed to headquarters, hopes that the hunted carpenter would be captured began to fade.

Then, late that evening, a patrolman excitedly phoned in the news that Manhart was registered at the Quinn Hotel at 708 University. "But he isn't here now—hasn't been back since Saturday evening," the officer added. "The desk clerk said he mentioned going out of town to visit relatives."

**TENNANT**, Yoris and Landis hurried to the hostelry, where they enlisted the assistance of the clerk. He let them into the suspect's room with a pass key and they began searching the quarters.

A snapshot on the top of the dresser immediately drew their attention. It pictured a girl and a man who appeared to be in his early forties. The former was Lillian Morley, and when the hotel employee identified the man as Manhart, the investigators were confident they had the case solved.

There was a drinking glass on a stand near the bed. Tennant carefully wrapped it in a piece of newspaper and placed it in his overcoat pocket. Nothing else of value was discovered, but the searchers felt that they had fared mighty well.

Hastening back to the station, they took the tumbler to the identification department, where the technicians dusted it for fingerprints. The detectives were elated when three perfect specimens were revealed. These were photographed and compared with the ones found on the abandoned car. They matched perfectly.

Newspaper reporters were called in and informed of the latest development. Copies of the snapshot found in Manhart's room were given to them with the request that the picture be prominently featured. Next morning's editions carried it and urged anyone with any information concerning the case to contact the detective chief without delay.

First to appear was Dr. J. T. Wilson, a local dentist, who declared he had seen the couple pictured in the newspapers at the Butler Hotel cabaret on the previous Saturday night. He said his attention was drawn to them because the man wanted to get a table in a secluded spot, while the girl, who was wearing a dress and velvet dress, insisted on sitting near the orchestra.

"That's all we need for a perfect tieup," Tennant remarked after the dentist had left. "We can prove to any jury's satisfaction that Manhart is the killer."

Hardly had he uttered the words when another man was ushered into his office. He identified himself as Ernest Dahl and said he lived at the Acerima Apartments at 1412 Summit Avenue.

"I've known Elmer Manhart for some time," he explained, "and last Saturday night—or rather it was about 1 o'clock Sunday morning—he came to my place and got me out of bed. He said he happened to be in the neighborhood and decided to

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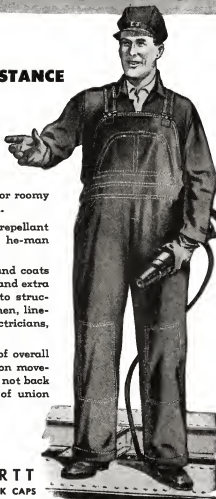
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"He seemed pretty nervous and kept pacing up and down and talking about nothing in particular. After keeping me awake for an hour or so, he took my hat and went out. I guess he was so nervous he didn't even know he had the wrong lid."

The chief shook his head. "That wasn't any mistake," he declared. "He took your hat deliberately, unless I'm badly in error. It would change his appearance and make it harder to spot. Also, it would give him an alibi of sorts if we ever caught up with him."

Two detectives went to Dahl's apartment with him, to remain there on the possibility that Manhart would return. Other officers were dispatched to interview persons named by Dahl as knowing the missing man. But neither of these approaches paid dividends, and for the next few days nothing but disappointing reports resulted. Tips poured into headquarters and all were thoroughly explored. Nothing came of them.

In the meantime, Guy Morley, the beleaguered husband, had been given his attractive wife back to Victoria for burial.

The newspapers kept the story on their front pages. Readers were repeatedly advised to notify the police if they saw Manhart or anyone resembling his description. Law enforcement agencies throughout the nation were asked to be on the alert for him.

On Friday morning, Chief Tennant and Sergeant Yoris went into another huddle. "I'm just about convinced that Manhart is still in town," the former asserted after a lengthy discussion. "If he'd skipped on a bus or train—or even hitchhiked—I'm sure someone would have recognized him from the newspaper photo and notified us."

The sergeant nodded and said, "We've checked all the depots and none of the ticket sellers remember seeing him. Evidently he's holed up somewhere, but how can we flush him out?"

"He's probably broke and can't make a move. My guess is that he'll try to contact some of his friends for getaway cash. How about covering all the construction jobs in town to see if he's approached any of the carpenters?"

"Might turn up something," Yoris responded.

The sergeant, Landis and a dozen other operatives got busy on this detail without delay. Obtaining a list of all current building projects from the City License Bureau, they routed their calls to cover the territory as quickly as possible, each man taking a certain section of town.

Several hours later, one of the searchers encountered a carpenter in the Queen Anne district who coolly stated that he had seen Elmer Manhart that very morning.

"Why the devil didn't you notify us?" the amazed officer demanded.

The carpenter's face remained blank. "Why should I?" he asked.

"Because he's wanted for murder, that's all. Don't you ever read the papers?"

The surprised workman explained that he had been in Spokane for the past week and had returned only that morning. He said he had been with Manhart on several non-union projects, a fact which cleared up the riddle of why no working address was listed for the wanted man at union headquarters.

"I'd told Elmer some time ago that I was going to start on this job today," continued the informant. "Well, this morning he came up here and wanted to borrow some money to get to Spokane. I didn't have any extra cash to give him; but I told him he could ride back with my brother, who's going to leave for there in the morning."

Manhart then asked to have the brother

pick him up at a certain corner near the water front. The friend said this wouldn't be satisfactory, as his brother didn't know the town very well and probably wouldn't be able to find the right corner.

"I told him to be at the Third Street entrance of the County-City Building at 9:30," the carpenter related. "He got nervous all of a sudden and tried to change the place. I got kinda sore and told him he could get his own ride. He apologized and said he'd be there. I gave him the license number of my brother's Buick so he'd know what car to look for."

"No wonder he was nervous about appearing there," the detective remarked with a smile. "He knows that every cop in town is looking for him, and that many of them go in and out of the building during the day."

At 9 o'clock the next morning, Chief Tennant, Yoris and Landis took up posts at the Third Street entrance. A half-dozen plainclothes officers were planted in the lobby and at other strategic places nearby, in case their quarry made a run for it.

The minutes ticked by with irritating slowness. Then, at exactly 9:29, a seedy looking individual, his hat pulled down over his eyes, emerged from the stream of pedestrians and halted in the spacious doorway.

Tennant edged over to him. "Got a match, buddy?" he inquired.

The man fumbled through his pockets and finally came up with a packet of paper matches. As he extended it, he cast a furtive glance at the officer. The chief's pulses quickened as he recognized the bewhiskered face as that of Elmer Manhart.

At the commander's signal, Yoris and Landis closed in. Before he could utter more than an exclamation of surprise, the prisoner was whisked to the detective bureau. Accused of slaying Lillian Morley, he protested vigorously, and although

admitting he knew her, he declared he hadn't seen her for weeks.

"Then why didn't you come in and clear yourself when you knew we were looking for you?" Tennant demanded.

"I was just going to do that when you picked me up," he asserted lamely.

After getting a bath and a shave, he was placed in a line-up with six other prisoners and paraded before the key witnesses. Although the taxi driver and the waiter were unable to pick him from the group, the dentist who had seen him and Mrs. Morley at the cabaret positively identified him.

However, he continued to deny the crime. "Why, I spent Saturday night with a friend in his apartment," he contended. "I even took his hat by mistake."

"That won't work," the Chief countered. "We can prove that you didn't reach that apartment until 1 o'clock—forty-five minutes after the shooting. You're hooked!"

The accused went on trial in King County Superior Court on March 24th, 1925, charged with first-degree murder. It was a brief session, during which the defense's attempt to convince the jury that Manhart had not been with the victim on the fatal night were made to look ridiculous by the overwhelming mass of evidence gathered by Chief Tennant and his assistants.

After only an hour of deliberation, the jurors, on March 26th, found him guilty as charged, but failed to recommend the death penalty. Judge Everett Smith sentenced him to life imprisonment in the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla. Ten years later, he died in the hospital there.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

A picture of the murderer, Elmer Manhart, appears on page 56.





## ALIBI GIRL

(Continued from page 23) Sullivan's statement. "Sure Big Bill comes here 'bout 11:10. He buys a couple cigars an' he goes out with O'Reilly."

"Where's O'Reilly?"

"In his place, maybe. Lemme see, it's 3 A.M. Tain't his usual bedtime 'till 4. Maybe you kin catch him."

Wood nodded. He entered the cigar store's single telephone booth and dialed O'Reilly's number. In a moment, he heard the answering call.

"Wood speaking," he said.

"Wood?" O'Reilly said. "Aw, I ain't done nothin' illegal."

"I want to see you anyway," Wood replied. "Right away."

"Gimme ten minutes?"

"Okay."

Fred O'Reilly lived in a threadbare hotel at West 44th Street and Eighth Avenue. It was the type that charged a dollar a day for a room consisting of an iron bed, a dresser and a hard chair. When the two detectives entered, O'Reilly's room had its hair down. Cigarette butts overflowed an unhappy ash tray and decorated the floor.

O'Reilly was a scrawny man with watery red eyes and he clamped the remains of a cigar between his yellowed teeth.

"Well, what d'ya want? I got my rights," he added.

"Sure—except in a murder case," Wood said dryly.

"Tain't my fault. Well, who got croaked?"

"Jackie Foster—murdered by Big Bill Cobbett."

O'Reilly sat down thoughtfully. "Big Bill means it after all."

"Will you explain?" Wood said.

"Oh, I meet Big Bill in the cigar store, see. He walks me to my place. He wants to do business with me, but I ain't gonna risk my neck with Jackie Foster around. He'd rub me out if I cross him, see. So I tell Big Bill. He says Jackie ain't gonna be around no more."

"What time was it?"

"Well, I know one thing for sure. I tell him he's gotta scam at 11:45 on account I'm expectin' a guest, see. So he scrams."

"What business did Cobbett want to do with you?"

"It's about the Philly job," O'Reilly said.

"The phony set-up?"

"Business," O'Reilly said blandly. "Just a business proposition. My boy gets kayoed in Philly first. Then he wins in Chi. That's his home town, see. Sorta like the local boy gettin' revenge with gallery birds rootin' for him."

"Why did you call it off afterwards?" O'Connor demanded.

"Jackie Foster said he don't like it," O'Reilly replied calmly. "So what can I do? I gotta play ball with the right guys if I want to do business in town, see."

"Whose idea was the Philly job?" Wood asked.

"Big Bill's. Dumbest thing we ever did. Big Bill loses everything an' now he's gonna stand a murder rap."

"How about you?"

"Jackie raided my stable. Oh well, I can build all over again but it takes lotsa time. Jackie didn't hold it out against me on account I didn't make a big pile. Just three C."

Wood said derisively, "Scared of Jackie?"

"Sure," O'Reilly said without batting an eye. "Besides I figured I'd spread a grand around in bets—when my boy gets a come-back in Chi. Well he ain't done that and I ain't got him no more."

Wood shoved his hat back slightly. "Who's Big Bill's current girl friend?"

O'Reilly stared at Wood, then he exploded



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into a loud guffaw. "Well if it don't beat the Dutch! You coppers oughta know better—askin' me that. Okay. Big Bill usta go around a lot with Flora but she gave him the gate a couple weeks ago. He ain't been going steady since."

"Has he got any special pal?" O'Connor asked.

"Sure. One guy. Big Bill Cobbett's in love with him and his name's Big Bill Cobbett," O'Reilly responded sarcastically.

"You get your boys back now that Jackie's gone West?" O'Connor said.

O'Reilly shrugged. "Most likely no. Ya see, Louie McGowan gets Jackie's business an' adds it to his."

Wood nodded. "All right. That'll be all for the present. We'll want to see you later. You'll have to stay around."

"I'm in the cigar store most of the time. If I ain't there, you'll find me in Sullivan's Gym. Got a kid training there, see."

"So long."

THE two detectives left O'Reilly without further word. In the street, they drew a sharp breath of air with relief as if glad to rid their lungs of the musty smell of the distressingly sad hotel.

"It's a queer case all right," O'Connor remarked.

Wood nodded. "Cobbett says he killed Foster at midnight. Yet we know there was a fight to death in Foster's place at 11. And Foster lost. In other words, evidence says he was killed at 11. That's when Cobbett's got a perfect alibi."

O'Connor nodded and he walked silently alongside his older companion. Then he asked, "You were figuring on Cobbett shielding somebody?"

"It's only a chance," Wood responded.

"How about buzzing Louie McGowan?" O'Connor suggested. "He's got a swell motive. He inherits Jackie Foster's empire."

"Foster was his best friend," Wood remarked. "All right, here's what we do. We'll put Cobbett on the pan. No, not now but tomorrow afternoon. Give him time to think things over. If he's given us a song and dance, we'll catch him when he slips."

"Swell."

The new day began bright and clear. However, it was one of those New York City dawns that promise too much and consequently becomes disgustingly wet. Thus when Detectives Wood and O'Connor reported to headquarters, their raincoats were dripping generously.

They told the story to the inspector who agreed with their tactics. He added: "I think you ought to see Mr. Edwards. He's the assistant prosecutor who's handling the case in the D.A.'s office."

Because the streets were wet and slippery, it took longer than usual for Wood to drive to the Criminal Courts Building near Foley Square. Presently they were closeted in Edwards' office, and, after hearing the story, Edwards agreed to have Cobbett brought to his office.

While waiting for Cobbett, Edwards fished a dossier envelope out of a desk drawer. He opened it and took out a wad of vari-colored tickets, which he gave to Wood. The detective studied them quickly. They were the kind of punctured complimentary tic-

kets which fight managers give out to the right people if they expect to do any more business in a particular town. Each of the tickets was for a two-bit show in New Orleans from five to eight years ago.

Wood passed the tickets to O'Connor without word and looked questioningly at Edwards. The assistant prosecutor said: "Foster kept them in a safe box with a lot of greenbacks and negotiable bonds. Know anything about them?"

Wood shook his head. "Jackie Foster was a mystery man. The New Orleans police don't know him at all."

"All right," Edwards said, disappointed. "Anyway, we've sent a wire to New Orleans about these fights."

Presently a uniformed policeman ushered Big Bill Cobbett into the office. Wood noted sardonically that the prisoner had changed overnight. A gray prison shirt replaced his bloody one and his face was clean. His shiner had stopped swelling and was already darkening.

Edwards nodded at a chair in front of the desk. After Cobbett sat down, Edwards said: "I've read your confession. There are several points I'll want you to fill in. However, I must warn you that anything you say will be held against you."

Big Bill Cobbett nodded wordlessly. "What were your movements before the murder?" asked the prosecutor.

"The movies," Cobbett replied, and paused with a grin. Then he continued, "But I don't like it. So I leave early, see. I go over to Sullivan's Gym."

"What time was that?" Edwards interrupted. "Sullivan's got a big clock in his joint."

"I stay, lemme see, ten or fifteen minutes. Then I go to the cigar store. I want a couple stogies, see. I meet Fred O'Reilly. I go to

his place for a javin' session. He tells me I gotta leave by fifteen to twelve. So I do an' I go over to Jackie Foster's place."

"What time did you get there?"

"Midnight."

The rest of the questioning was desultory. Cobbett stuck to the midnight murder, and repeated several times that he killed in self-defense. Finally Edwards had the policeman take him back to the detention cells.

WOOD remarked, "The chump! He'll be in the clear if he'll forget midnight!"

Then the telephone rang. Picking it up, the prosecutor talked earnestly for a few minutes. When he hung up, he grinned wryly. "We got an anonymous tipster this morning. Said Louie McGowan saw Foster after midnight and left in a hurry. I sent a man to check it. He's reported that there's plenty of confirmation."

"Good," Wood said, rising. "At least we've a new lead."

"Just a minute," Edwards said. "Any idea who the anonymous tipster could be?"

"Fred O'Reilly, maybe. He'd feel a lot safer with McGowan out of the way."

"All right. Give me a ring."

"Right."

Leaving the Criminal Courts Building, the two detectives entered Wood's sedan just as it stopped raining and blue sky was beginning to show in the west. Wood drove the car northward through Centre Street wordlessly. After a few turns, the car was on Broadway and continued due north. From Herald Square—the department store district—through the garment district up to 42nd Street, traffic became dense and Wood was forced to slow down.

The car crawled through Times Square. At West 49th Street, marking the end of Duffy Square, Wood turned westward and parked the sedan near Eighth Avenue. The two detectives got out of the car. They entered a saloon.

Louis McGowan was there, sitting at a table with his back against the wall. Where he was, he could see every man and every woman entering the bar and thus he could act before others did. At the moment, he was transacting some business with different men, some seedy, others well dressed.

McGowan's physical appearance belied his dangerous reputation. He was a short fellow of twenty-seven and he tried—in vain—to hide his physical stature with in-built high-heeled shoes. His eyes were cold gray and though his pimple-scarred face made him rather unprepossessing, his mouth was full and as soft like a woman's. He dressed so carefully that he looked like a clothes advertisement. But nobody laughed at his mania for men's fashions. He grew up in the West Side slums—Hell's Kitchen—and he had loyalty to nobody but himself and to a very few trusted friends, one of them Jackie Foster.

McGowan nodded at the two detectives as they walked toward him. The other men moved away from the table but their eyes were fixed on the detectives. McGowan looked at them without bothering to rise. Wood let it go and sat down beside Louie. O'Connor stood behind his partner.

McGowan waited for the



detectives to speak but McGowan did not oblige. Out of the corner of his eyes, the older detective saw McGowan begin to fidget nervously and then the gambler said: "Maybe it'll save you a lotta trouble. I ain't done nothing illegal."

"We don't want to talk about you yet," Wood responded. "We want to talk about your late pal, Jackie Foster."

"Jackie's affairs ain't none of my business."

"You can tell that hogwash to others but not to us."

"Well, Jackie was a special pal a mine. He was a swell guy. We've played around a lot, that's all."

"You know a lot more," Wood challenged. "For instance, how come he got bumped off?"

McGowan shrugged. "Big Bill Cobbett sang, didn't he? What more do you want?" "We want to hear what you've got to say about it."

"For instance?" Wood drew a deep breath. "Did Jackie Foster know that Big Bill was playing him for a sucker?"

McGowan shot a quick glance at the detective. "Maybe so, maybe not."

"You know," Wood said sharply.

There was a moment of silence and then McGowan said, "Okay. I ain't gonna stall. Sure he did, but that's all I'll say. I ain't never stooped on nobody—even if he is dead. And I ain't gonna do it in the future."

"You won't talk?"

"I ain't no stool pigeon."

Wood smiled grimly. "You're another thought coming. Listen, this is a murder case. We can always hold you on suspicion and we'll be within our rights. Before your mouthpiece gets you out, maybe on bail, you'll be fingerprinted. You'll be in the line-up. Meantime we can find out plenty about your private affairs. Then your boys'll be thinking maybe it isn't smart to play around with one Louie McGowan. And, of course, there're a lot of guys who'll be glad to stool on you if they're convinced they can get away with it."

McGowan's face was white but he said nothing. Wood rose. He planted his hands on the table and leaned close to the gambler. "We'll give you one hour to change your mind. If you don't talk, we'll take you in. Understand?"

The gambler said nothing. Wood nodded at O'Connor and the two detectives went out of the saloon. Then they grinned broadly.

One hour later, Wood and O'Connor entered an expensive brownstone apartment house on West 51st Street, just on the edge of Radio City. McGowan was in his apartment, waiting for them, as they had expected. The gambler had to keep up a front in the public at all costs because his was a dangerous game. A suspicion of squealing, no matter how innocent it may be, became a death warrant. In private, however, he was no different from a common grifter. He would talk plenty to save his skin. He only needed a chance to get out of the glare of limelight where hostile ears were wide open.

After preliminary questions McGowan said, "Sure, Jackie knew he was double-crossed by Big Bill. You see, he was suspicious, so he put O'Reilly on the pan. And O'Reilly squawked plenty. He dishied out all the dough he made at Jackie's expense to save his skin."

"What was O'Reilly's haul?" O'Connor asked.

"Five C," McGowan said contemptuously. "He's always a small bit player."

"And Big Bill Cobbett?"

"Three grand."

Wood interposed, "There's a humor Jackie put Big Bill on the spot. Did he mean it?"

"Sure. He was gonna give Big Bill the works at the right time. You see, Jackie got



"Do you want to come down and bail me out, Dear, or are you over your budget for this month?"

a nasty habit of worrying his—his customers sick before shooting."

"One more thing. What would you have done if Big Bill didn't sing?"

McGowan looked sharply at Wood. "Sorry. I don't like to get in trouble."

"We can always find out what you did when you heard Big Bill croaked Jackie. We got our sources."

McGowan was silent for a moment. Then he said slowly, "Jackie was my best friend." Wood smiled mirthlessly. "If that's so, then what the hell were you doing in Jackie's place after midnight?"

"You found out so soon?" McGowan said. "I expected you to, anyway. Okay, listen. I was gonna pay Jackie a social visit. No harm in it, is it? Well, I found Jackie croaked. I figured it'll be mighty unpleasant for me to stay. So I took a powder. But I ain't touched nothing, honest."

The detectives did not say a word and McGowan became worried. "Listen, I got plenty reason to lam. Suppose I stayed and you bulls pinched me? Swell chance I'd get to be in the clear with the papers screaming bloody murder about me. And citizens read the papers. Citizens're the jury. So they'll be convinced I done it before my mouthpiece gets a chance to prove I ain't done it."

Still the detectives said nothing.

McGowan looked at them with his pale eyes steady. "Anyway, you ain't got nothing on me. You see, I have a date at 11 last night. I called for Ellen Arthur. She's a show girl at the Drew Theatre. I took her to a chop joint. Lin Foo it's called. Then I took her home just before midnight. She's a good girl, not like the molls I usta know."

Wood said accusingly. "How the hell do you know Jackie was murdered at 11 o'clock?"

McGowan looked at them sharply and his

face was white. But he said nothing.

Wood continued slowly. "We didn't tell the press that Jackie was murdered at 11 o'clock. Nobody knows outside the police and the D.A.'s office—except the murderer, of course. And you come forward with an 11 o'clock alibi without our asking you. How come?"

McGowan remained stubbornly silent.

"All right," Wood said. "You've elected yourself number one suspect. You know what time Jackie was murdered. And you've a swell motive. Got any objections?"

"Yes," McGowan said with a calm, almost fatalistic voice. "I ain't killed Jackie. He's my best friend."

"Then how the devil do you know he was murdered at 11?"

McGowan did not answer. Wood rose and said, "Okay. We'll turn you in on suspicion. Don't do anything funny 'cause the D.A. and the boss know we're seeing you. Understand?"

McGowan nodded. He put on his topcoat and went with the detectives to their sedan. Fifteen minutes later, he was booked. Afterwards Wood and O'Connor reported to the inspector. He suggested that they check McGowan's alibi so that if it were weak, he could be arraigned for murder rather than held on suspicion. The two detectives began with the Drew Theatre.

And McGowan's alibi proved to be as tight as Big Bill Cobbett's!

The new confusion started to snowball when the detectives questioned the Drew Theatre watchman. He knew Louis McGowan very well since the gambler was a frequent visitor, coming almost every night for Ellen Arthur and taking her home. The show girl was backstage, preparing for rehearsals and her testimony checked with McGowan's except for one minor detail.



## THE MODERN HOBBO

Even the hoboes are putting their livelihood on a business basis. This was illustrated when David B..., arrested in Albany, New York, was found to have in his possession a typewritten list of names and addresses.

The police thought that first it was a list of homes marked for robbery. But the hobo explained—and several other hoboes in jail backed him up—that they no longer put signs on gates and doors for the guidance of their fellows who may want to bum a meal. Instead, they buy and exchange lists of free-meal prospects, exactly as business men purchase, for solicitation purposes, lists of possible users of their product.

"The show's over at 10:45," Ellen told them. "That's when Louie always comes. It doesn't take me long to change clothes. So we must've left at about eleven."

"What time did you get home?" O'Connor asked.

"Five to seven. We don't eat a big dinner unless we're planning to stay up late. But that's only Saturdays."

The detectives thanked her. Since Lin Foo's was just across the street from backstage of the Drew Theatre, they saw the manager. He said that Louie McGowan always paid a month's bill in advance. In this case, he only had to sign the checks. He looked up the last night's checks and found McGowan's. There was no time on it though, but the manager promised to ask the night waiter.

Wood and O'Connor left Lin Foo's in a daze. The murder case was getting more and more complex. Here they had two suspects, each with a beautiful motive for murder; each man had been in Jackie Foster's apartment on the night of the murder. Big Bill Cobbett confessed that he had killed Foster at midnight. The smashed clock showed that the death struggle had taken place at 11. To top it, Cobbett had an absolutely unbreakable alibi for that time.

Only the police—and the murderer—knew that Jackie Foster had been killed at 11. Louie McGowan knew, too. On the other hand, McGowan had a perfect alibi for that time as well.

As the detectives walked toward headquarters, they continued to debate without getting anywhere. Suddenly Wood stopped. He said slowly: "I have it. The clock. It doesn't lie at all."

"What do you mean?"

"Say, do you remember where it was lying?"

"On the carpet, of course."

"Sure. A thick carpet, but it isn't what I'm thinking of. Here's the point—what was the nearest piece of furniture?"

At first O'Connor shook his head. And

then he nodded. "Got you. The coffee table."

"That's exactly the point. A coffee table's only one to two feet high. And the clock landed on a soft carpet. Does it make any sense?"

O'Connor shook his head.

Wood went on, "We'll check that. There's a telephone booth in that drugstore."

The detectives entered the drugstore and found an empty booth. Wood dialed Spring 7-3100 and gave the homicide squad extension. After he got an answer, Wood explained the latest developments.

He added, "Please look up the photos and cross sketch. I want to know how far the clock was from the coffee table. And, of course, how high is the table?"

In a few minutes, the homicide squad man answered. "You're right. It does look like the clock fell off the coffee table. And it's only one and half feet high. It landed on a thick carpet."

"See what I mean? It couldn't have been broken that way," Wood said earnestly. "Obviously somebody stepped on it."

"Agreed. Here's what we'll do. We'll get Foster's shoes and of course Cobbett's and Mark's. We'll examine them for glass particles."

"Thanks. I'll be down soon."

As the detectives were only a block from headquarters, they reported to the lieutenant.

"Pretty good work," the lieutenant complimented. "Mr. Edwards phoned and says he has an answer from New Orleans. Wants you to follow it up since you know Jacobs Beach."

Wood nodded at O'Connor. "Your job. Tell Edwards what we've found so far. I'll be in his office as soon as the clock angle's cleared up."

O'Connor rose and left. Then the lieutenant said, "Michaels got a hot tip. Fred O'Reilly packed up and lammed out of town. Does it mean anything?"

"Probably not. I guess McGowan's boys found out that he tipped off the D.A., that's all."

After that, Wood drove his car downtown to Centre Street. The Homicide Squad captain had evidently been expecting him, for he left word for him to call at the laboratory.

Laboratory technicians had just taken a photomicrograph and as they had not removed the slides, they invited him to look into the comparison microscope. He did. He saw two fields, side by side, with jagged edges of glass enlarged several times. The crystal structures of the two samples of glass were absolutely identical.

"One set from the clock and the other from a rubber heel," the technician said. "Glass particles imbedded in that heel, I mean."

"Whose?"

"McGowan's."

The captain joined them and Wood talked with him for a long time. Then Wood said: "I'm going to put McGowan on the pan. I'll make him tell the truth."

The captain nodded. "Case almost cleared."

"Right."

The captain escorted Wood to the detention house and obtained an office for him. Then a uniformed policeman led McGowan into the office. The policeman left but he remained on guard outside of the door.

Wood offered McGowan a cigarette, which the gambler accepted. After lighting the gambler's cigarette, Wood said accusingly: "You've been lying. Lying like hell. What's the idea?"

"My alibi?"

"No." Wood studied the gambler for a moment. "Now, why the devil did you set the clock back to 11?"

McGowan sucked a sharp breath with surprise. "How did you find out?"

"What the hell do you think we took your

shoes for? We didn't want them except to see if there was any glass in it. And I know what happened. You found Jackie Foster dead as you told me. You were afraid you'd be suspected because people saw you come in. So you set the clock back to 11. You smashed it to make it look like your pal was killed at that time."

While the detective talked, McGowan lowered his head and nodded wordlessly. And then Wood exploded. "What did you do that fool thing for?"

McGowan bit his lips. "You know how things stack up against me. There're plenty guys who'd railroad me to the pen on suspicion."

"That's what you think," Wood snapped. "Listen pal, you nearly got yourself a first-class reservation with the hot seat. What's more, your damfoolery almost got Big Bill Cobbett free. Do you know he confessed he killed Jackie Foster at midnight? Hell, you guys should never tamper with anything in a murder room."

McGowan looked at Wood quietly and fatalistically. "Well, what're you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do? Nuts to you! You're going back to jail to think things over. It's up to the D.A. Maybe he'll let you go. Maybe he'll hold you for obstruction of justice. In that case, it'll serve you damn well right!"

When Detective Edward Wood arrived at Edwards' office, O'Connor was there, smiling. The assistant prosecutor asked Wood to tell his story, and the older detective did. As soon as Wood finished, Mr. Edwards said:

"Before we make any decision, let's consider what O'Connor found. Mr. Wood, do you remember the complimentary tickets that Foster kept? Well, the New Orleans police sent us a list of fighters who took part in the bouts. In every fight, there was one Blackie Richter, and O'Connor thought it was a good lead. He went to the sporting publications. All right."

O'Connor took a large photograph from



Police Chief E. A. Griffin gathered together his force of ten men in Sarnia, Ontario, and gave them a pep talk about enforcing the parking regulations. From that time on, no offenders were to escape.

The men listened carefully, then were told to do their duty. Results followed quickly. In no time at all, a ticket was issued against car bearing license 25J40. The chief blinked when he saw that one. It was his own car—left within ten feet of a hydrant while his wife did the shopping.



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the prosecutor's desk and passed it to Wood. The picture was of a fighter in the traditional pose. As the older detective studied the picture, he had it. Blackie Richter and Jackie Foster were one and the same man! "It's perfectly clear now," Wood said with a widening grin. "Blackie Richter found that a gambler makes more money in the fight racket. That's why he came to New York. He changed his name. He never let others know he used to be a pug, hence a tool and sucker for gamblers." Then he looked at O'Connor. "What was his class?" "Lightweight. He was a good one and could've made the grade."

Wood nodded thoughtfully. Edwards remarked, "Cobbett confessed the murder of Jackie Foster. He said he did it in self-defense and evidence seems to support him. Now self-defense killing is manslaughter, first or second degree depending on how you look at it. And it carries only a prison sentence. Here's the point. Does the new information change the picture?"

"Of course," Wood said. "The death wound—it's on top of skull. If Foster's reflexes were slow, then Cobbett would have a real case, but—"

"Please explain," Mr. Edwards interrupted.

"All right. Consider the position of the death wound. If Jackie Foster was facing Big Bill in a fight, he'd have ducked and there ought to be a blow on the shoulder or maybe on the side of the face to show in the M.E.'s report. We saw none and I'm sure there's no mention in the M.E.'s report, either."

The prosecutor nodded and Wood went on, "That is, of course, assuming Big Bill hit Foster more than once. Now, the death wound would fit well if Foster's reflexes were slow. But we've evidence that Foster used to be Blackie Richter, a good fighter—

weighter. Think of this—a lightweight is the fastest fighter in the ring. This can mean only one thing. Jackie Foster was attacked from the rear. Here the death wound fits! From rear—on top of skull. In other words, it's a premeditated murder."

Edwards objected, "Cobbett had a nose bleed. The defense will certainly harp on it. Wait a minute, Mr. Wood. I understand what you were going to say, but I want to impress you with an important fact. It's my job to convince the jury."

"Well . . . a bloody nose and a mouse. That's a dead giveaway," Wood grinned, nodding at O'Connor. "You got it once."

Tommy O'Connor grinned sheepishly. "I got socked on the nose. It was in the gym, of course. Nothing happened except it felt a lot uncomfortable. So I blew my nose and got a swell shiner."

"There's a blood vessel running from the nose to the eyes. It's punctured when a guy gets a good sock on the nose," Wood said. "Here's the way it worked. Cobbett socked himself on the nose. Then he blew his nose plenty—not only to raise blood but to grow a shiner or two. He ought to know since he's a fight manager. In other words, Cobbett's story blows up in his face."

"How about proving it to the jury?" Edwards insisted. "Don't forget the average jury doesn't know."

"Oh I can get a lot of pugs on the witness stand," Wood said. "They'll all say they got blinkers that way in the sparring ring."

"All right, here's our case," Edwards said. "Big Bill Cobbett knew Jackie Foster was gunning for him. He was determined to kill Foster first to save his life. In other words, he planned it and that makes it a first-degree murder. He went to Foster's place around midnight. Somehow he got behind Foster and crowned him. He wiped fingerprints off the murder weapon—the

onyx lampstand. He had intended to flee, no doubt, but he remembered that Foster had a gang of strong-arm men. What was more important, Foster was Louie McGowan's best friend. And McGowan was alive to get him. Let me set this straight. Murderers don't think of everything until it's all over. Here's where most of them slip.

"Cobbett was frightened. If he fled, he'd be followed and killed by McGowan's mob. If he gave himself up, he might be executed. That was his problem—which was less dangerous to him? Then he thought of making it look like there was a fight, in other words, murder in self-defense. He isn't an illiterate. He'd have read the papers—murder in self-defense means only jail. That was his cue and he acted. He upset the furniture. He wrecked the place."

"But in his haste, he forgot that he had wiped fingerprints off the onyx lampstand—a suspicious thing. Next he inflicted wounds on himself. He went to the police station to confess he killed Jackie Foster in self-defense. Meantime Louie McGowan came into the apartment and found the body. He was frightened because suspicion of murder was dangerous to him. So he set the clock back to 11 when he had a good alibi and smashed it!"

They on Big Bill Cobbett on trial. They allowed him to repeat his confession and then they proceeded to tear the defense's case to pieces. The defense lawyer fought valiantly. He hauled Louie McGowan on stand, but thanks to Ellen Arthur's truthful answers to Wood's questions, his alibi stood up. The lawyer only proved that McGowan had acted foolishly.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty of first-degree murder. Big Bill Cobbett was sentenced to death in Sing Sing penitentiary. His lawyers appealed, but the Court of Appeals turned them down.

## TIDE OF DESTINY

(Continued from page 41) favorite haunt of Roberts, and for which it was believed he might head.

The land party reached this rendezvous first, and a wait of half an hour was necessary before Sheriff Mortimer brought his men up.

"Nothing doing," said the land party. "Nothing doing," reported the water party.

"Well," said Justice Willey, "I think that the next place he will head for will be McDaniel. He knows that George Taylor's stable is always unlocked, and he may try to get there and steal a horse. Let's go."

"All right," replied Captain Cooper. "That will enable us to drive him up into the marsh and corner him."

The party now united its forces, and throughout the long black night that followed, they trailed Roberts as he turned and twisted, back and forth, over the winding waterways, driving him farther and farther back into the marsh from which there was no escape.

About 3 o'clock they reached a spot within fifty yards of the head of Harris Creek and pulled off the landing place back of the Thompson house.

Here they stopped and held a second parley. They realized that if he were farther up, the stream, ahead of them, he could not escape without being seen, as it was now almost dawn. But if he had been passed in the darkness, he had been too far to see in the rear, the party by advancing might give him a chance at a running escape.

Suddenly there came the faint splash of oars from an approaching boat.

Roberts had the reputation of being a dead shot, and the posse was certain that he must be armed. Quickly they abandoned their skiff and dropped to the scanty protection of the few bushes growing on the shore.

In order to get a better view of the creek, Constable Mortimer and a single companion wormed their way along the ground to a position ten yards farther up the creek.

As the boat drew closer, Justice Willey suddenly remembered the many other fishing parties that might be out that night. He shouted: "Is that one of my boys?"

The faint splash-splash of the oars ceased. The critical moment had now come.

It was the darkest hour of the night, this hour just before the dawn. And now the faint streak of light began to fall. They showed to the crouching posse a dim outline of a skiff and the form of a man in it.

"Throw up your hands, or I'll shoot," thundered Justice Willey. The Magistrate and Constable Mortimer were the only two men in the entire party who were armed—Mr. Willey with a single-barreled shotgun, and the Constable with a .32-caliber revolver.

When there came no answer, Willey again cried: "Throw up your hands or I'll shoot!"

The answer was the thunderous report of a gun. Roberts had been brought to bay and had determined to shoot it out.

Without a second's hesitation, Willey and Mortimer blazed away in the direction of the flash of light. They could scarcely make out the figure of Roberts, who was dressed in dark trousers and a blue shirt.

Mortimer fired a second time, but Willey, in the darkness, was unable to get the shell out of his shotgun, and was powerless. But he continued to cover the object in the water and again shouted: "Throw up your hands, I tell you. I have you covered and you cannot get away!"

There was no answer except the empty echo of his words.

The members of the posse looked at one

another. Was it possible that one of their shots had brought down the quarry, or was he playing possum, hoping to entice them nearer before he again opened fire?

It was at this point that Charles Payne offered to investigate. "I'll see what's up, boss," he volunteered, and before he could be restrained or cautioned, alone and unarmed he stepped into the water and waded toward Roberts' boat.

The rest of the party, oblivious of their danger, rose to their feet. They all wore white shirts, and one man had on white duck trousers. They made splendid targets for Roberts, a few feet away.

But Roberts would never fire another gun in this world. He lay across the prow of the skiff.

"We've hit him," Payne called to the others. "Come on up."

Quickly they approached and seized Roberts' arms and hands; even now they would take no chances. They raised him to his feet, but only their supporting arms kept him from falling inert.

Someone lit a match, and by its flicker they saw the gaping wound in his breast.

The man was over. The man, wanted for the most brutal and mysterious murder in the state, was dead—44-caliber revolver still clutched in his hand.

The boat was dragged to shore and Roberts was laid on the ground. Justice Willey bent over him and felt his heart. There was no doubt he was quite dead.

Now finding Roberts spread like a wedge before the water, the party saw the remains had reached St. Michaels, crowds of men and boys on horses and bicycles met it. Scores of women, buggies and automobiles joined this singular procession. Roberts lay on the rickety wagon stretched out on the ladder, the ends of the boat caught in the water. Gannon and I met this procession just outside of Bozman.

"Well, Sheriff," Willey greeted me. "We've got your man, but we're sorry to say he's dead!"

Roberts was carried to the undertaking place where the undertaker, Mr. Radcliffe, the place was soon surrounded by a curious mob. Women stopped preparing breakfasts and hastened into St. Michaels, and from the surrounding countryside folks continued to pour in.

Drs. Joseph B. Seth and J. H. Hope made a hurried examination. They discovered a single fact. The fact that when he rushed Roberts into eternity had been fired from a .44-caliber pistol. There were powder marks on the chest, showing that the shot had been fired at close range.

A jury was hastily impelled by Justice E. B. Sparks, and they brought in this verdict. Roberts had committed suicide.

But there remained many questions to be answered, and State's Attorney Turner gave the order to begin a complete investigation which would answer them. Roberts, alias Robert Emmett Eastman, had been known as a broker on the Consolidated Stock Exchange until about December, 1907. He was a member of the firm of Gannon and Company, on Wall Street. The office was shared with some mining-stock sellers.

When the firm failed, Eastman's liabilities were enormous, and he was indicted for grand larceny. His middle name was Emmett, and it is believed that he found it convenient to use this name as his Christian name instead of the one under which he was indicted. "Robert Emmett Eastman" is nothing more than a transposition of the name "Emmett Eastman Roberts."

After his indictment, Eastman dropped out of sight. On August 4th, 1908, Detec-

tives Flood and Fitzgerald of the District Attorney's office were in Chicago on their way to the Coast, and got wind that Eastman was on his way to that city. They tipped off the Chicago police and Eastman was arrested that same day.

The Mechanics' National Bank of New York, meantime, was interested in the payment of certain checks of Eastman's, and had employed the Pinkertons to locate him. In his possession was found something like \$55,000 in certified checks and money.

At that time, when he was taken up in the Harrison Street Police Station in Chicago with two traps, he is reported to have said: "There was never a more complete failure than myself. Wall Street never witnessed a more complete ruin."

In August 5th, the broker was suspended from the Consolidated Stock Exchange for failure to meet his obligations. The Chicago magistrate released him on \$80,000 bail, and then came reports that he had jumped his bond and disappeared again.

He was rearrested on August 28th by Detective Walsh of the New York Detective Bureau, who had extradition papers, and Walsh left Chicago that night with his prisoner, bound for New York.

In September, Eastman was again released on \$50,000 bail, and dropped from sight, picking the secluded town of St. Michaels, Maryland, as his hiding place. In New York City, Eastman had left a wife and a little baby, but the man who was taken to the place had given affection and trust!

What was very much more to the point, was the subsequent information regarding Edith Woodill's murder, sent down to us on that same Saturday by the Baltimore detectives—information which has satisfactorily explained the man who was taken to the place, and has branded all of Roberts' claims against the girl as lies.

Sergeant Lancaster of the Baltimore Police Force, while making his rounds the preceding Tuesday, noticed some jewels in the pawnshop of Benjamin and Company. He questioned the dealer, who gave him a description of the man who had pawned them. "He was lame," he said, "and of a striking appearance."

One of the rings was a marquise, with a large brown diamond as the central stone. Another ring was a diamond cluster, and there was a brooch made of Orient pearls in the form of a bunch of grapes. Only \$200 had been raised on them, although their actual value was far more.

When the murder by Lame Bob Eastman was reported to Baltimore Headquarters, an officer remembered seeing valuable jewels in the shop of Benjamin and Company, and wondered if these might possibly have been pawned by a lame man.

And so it was! It was established that the murderer had disposed of them on the trip he had made to Baltimore the preceding Monday—the day upon which he is believed to have mailed the fictitious letter to the Thompson family, and the day he is believed to have disposed of Mrs. Woodill's body.

To clear up all possible doubt, Colonel Thompson made a hurried trip to the city and, shaking throughout his feeble frame, he picked out the gems, one by one and identified each in turn as having been worn by Lame Bob Thompson the last time she had been seen alive.

In the eyes of the police, this cleared up the whole mystery. Eastman was known to have been short of money, since he had been borrowing from George Taylor. Mrs. Woodill's pocketbook, at the time of her disappearance, was known to have contained a large sum of money, and so robbery provided a clear motive. Apparently he figured that his victim would never be found and his crime never discovered.

He failed to calculate on the tides—and destiny!



## MASTER DETECTIVE

# LINE-UP

*Watch for these Fugitives*

As we go to press, the persons listed below are wanted by the police. Official charges appear with each photo



**CHESTER SMITH.** Murder and Escape. Reward: MASTER DETECTIVE, \$100. Age, 37; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; weight, 156 pounds; eyes, pale blue; hair, dark chestnut; complexion, medium dark; build, medium. If located, notify Superintendent W. F. Amrine, London Prison Farm, London, Ohio.

**DURING** the early part of 1933, a series of barn burnings plagued Tuscarawas County, Ohio. The frequency and intensity of these conflagrations convinced the farmers that an arsonist was responsible.

Elijah Cramlett, a farmer, and his wife, Myrtle, lived on a farm which they

rented from David Miller, wealthy land owner who was known in the neighborhood as "King David." Cramlett had evidence that Miller had started the fires.

The arsonist, discovering that his tenant was aware of his activities, decided that he would kill the Cramletts. He spoke of the matter to his hired hands, Chester Smith and Clyde Bourne.

On the evening of May 24th, 1933, Bourne and Smith visited Cramlett at his home and told the farmer that someone wanted to see him down in a lower field. As Cramlett left the house, Chester Smith followed him. When they approached the edge of the field, Smith suddenly produced a revolver and fired at the farmer, killing him. At the same time, a gun roared within

the house. Clyde Bourne had murdered Mrs. Cramlett. Miller rewarded his hired hands with twenty-five dollars each for their services.

An investigation disclosed the roles that Miller, Bourne and Smith had played in the double slaying. The three men were sentenced to life imprisonment in the Ohio Penitentiary.

Chester Smith was later transferred to the London Prison Farm, at London, Ohio, and escaped from that institution on July 16th, 1945. He is still at large and is considered dangerous.



**ARLIS WAGNER.** Alias: Jimmie Wilson. Murder and Escape. Reward: MASTER DETECTIVE, \$100. Age, 43; height, 5 feet, 8½ inches; weight, 166 pounds; eyes, gray; hair, dark blond; complexion, fair. Marks of identification: small cut scar on right side of upper lip; small cut scar on point of chin; small tattoo of heart pierced by dagger on upper left arm; small dim tattoo on inner right forearm. If located, notify Superintendent T. C. Cogbill, Arkansas State Penitentiary, Gould, Arkansas.

**SEVERAL** years ago, Arlis Wagner and his partner in crime, Virgil Williams, were arrested in Little Rock, Arkansas, for

## \$400 REWARDS JULY 1947 • 141 CAPTURES TO DATE • \$14,100 REWARDS PAID

**THE LINE-UP IS A FREE PUBLIC SERVICE.** All law-enforcement agencies are invited to make use of it. We pay five dollars for each photograph used. None will be accepted except those authenticated from official sources. Write Line-Up Editor, MASTER DETECTIVE, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., for instructions before submitting.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE—**Readers of MASTER DETECTIVE possessing authentic information concerning any fugitive pictured in our LINE-UP are urgently requested to FIRST—Communicate with their local police or the police in the city where the fugitive may be located. SECOND—Advise us IMMEDIATELY upon identification of fugitive through the LINE-UP. Where authorities are notified by letter or wire, send copy of same to LINE-UP EDITOR. Application for reward must be postmarked within 24 hours after the hour the fugitive has been positively identified through the LINE-UP. (Police officers who effect the capture of fugitives wanted by their own departments are not eligible for LINE-UP rewards.)

MASTER DETECTIVE reward offers are effective up to six months after the publication of photo and the reward is payable to the person who first identifies the fugitive, prior to his arrest, from the photograph of the wanted subject appearing in the LINE-UP and gives the tip which leads to his capture.

MASTER DETECTIVE reserves the right of final decision in determining whether or not the evidence submitted by the claimant to the reward is sufficiently clear and conclusive.

Identity of Readers Who Furnish Information Leading to Captures Will Be Held Confidential • More Than 500,000 Persons Will Read This Issue



## OFF THE RECORD

**A**SSOCIATE Judge Robert W. Hill, in Massachusetts General Court, decided on a case in 1945 that no longer made any difference to the defendant, Ann Greenslade. She was dead. Dead a long time—two hundred and fifty-three years, actually. It was important only to her descendants whom it rankled that an ancestor of theirs should have been condemned as a witch.

We know now that superstition and ignorance were the cause of the Salem witch hunts. Often, vindictive neighbors found they could easily get even with those they disliked by accusing them of dealing with the devil. In 1692, twenty-two persons were declared guilty of practicing witchcraft, of whom nineteen were hanged, one tortured to death, and two allowed to die in prison. Ann Greenslade was one of those hanged.

About twenty years later, in 1711, Massachusetts was sorry about the whole thing and tried to make up for it. The Legislature declared "null and void . . . the several indictments, convictions, and attainders of witchcraft . . . as if no such indictments, convictions, judgments and attainders had ever been made, had, returned, and entered." Cash benefits were voted to some individuals and heirs, jurors signed a confession of error, and a fast day of repentance was ordered.

Through an error, the names of some of the condemned were omitted from exoneration. H. Vance Greenslit, of New Orleans, a descendant of the Greenslade family, petitioned the court to clear his ancestor's name. Judge Hill went a step farther and cleared all the names.

On the record, therefore, witches were never condemned to death in Salem; or, if condemned, were not witches—or which?

—FITZ FARRELL



## MASTER DETECTIVE

## LINE-UP

robbery. They were confined in jail to await trial.

Wagner obtained some saw blades from an outside accomplice, and, working stealthily at night, the two prisoners cut the bars of their cell. Then, at an opportune moment, Wagner and Williams climbed through the aperture. Overpowering the jailer, they took his gun and fled.

Shortly after escaping from the jail, Wagner and his companion came upon a couple, spooning in a car. Approaching the vehicle, the fugitive brandished the revolver and threatened the occupants with death unless they turned over their money and valuables.

At this moment, a police car containing Detective McDermott and several other officers passed by. Realizing that a robbery was occurring, the officers braked their vehicle and jumped out with drawn pistols. In the gun battle which ensued, McDermott was hit in the shoulder. He died later as a result. Wagner and Williams escaped but were apprehended on the highway between Little Rock and Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

For his part in the slaying of Detective McDermott, Wagner was given a life term. Williams was sentenced to death, but this was later commuted to life imprisonment. However, in an attempted jail break in 1933, he was killed.

Arlis Wagner bided his time until October 7th, 1944, when he broke away from an Arkansas prison camp. He has thus far managed to elude the authorities.



**RALPH ROE.** Aliases: Paul Sullivan, Raymond Rowe, J. H. Reynolds, Jack McCarthy. Escaped Federal Prisoner. Reward: MASTER DETECTIVE, \$100. Age, 42; height, six feet; weight, 170 pounds; eyes, gray; hair, dark brown; complexion, medium; build, tall. Marks of identification: small blue star tattooed on first joint of left index finger; two

more stars tattooed on back of left hand; faint blue tattoo four inches above left wrist; ragged oblique scar two inches long on left forearm; cut scar 2½ inches above right eyebrow. If located, notify Director J. Edgar Hoover, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D. C.

**RALPH ROE** was twenty-one years old in 1927 when he entered Oklahoma State Prison for committing an armed robbery in Okfuskee County, Oklahoma. His sentence was completed on June 10th, 1933, and Roe was released.

Shortly after he was given his freedom, Roe joined Wilbur Underhill, a notorious Oklahoma killer, and together they staged a series of bank holdups. During one of these robberies, Underhill was killed, and Roe was wounded and captured. He was sentenced to ninety-nine years and sent to Leavenworth for further transfer to Alcatraz. At Leavenworth he met Theodore Cole, a vicious kidnapper who was also destined for "The Rock." On October 3rd, 1935, the two prisoners among other dangerous criminals were transported to Alcatraz.

On December 16th, 1937, a dense fog settled over San Francisco Bay. From his office in a high tower of the prison, Warden James A. Johnston, veteran penologist, surveyed the weather, remarking to himself that it was the worst fog he had seen in a long time.

At 1:30 p.m., the Warden answered his telephone. "Warden Johnston speaking," he said.

"Warden, two men are missing!" shouted an excited guard.

"What? Are you sure? Which two?" the Warden tensely demanded.

"Cole, number 258 and Roe, number 260. They disappeared from the machine shop."

Warden Johnston immediately sent out an alarm and rushed down to the machine shop. Roe and Cole had got out of the building through a small window, from which they had removed two panes of glass. They had sawed through two of the bars, bent them back, and climbed through. Further investigation disclosed that the gate on the western side of the high wire fence surrounding the prison was swinging open. It had been jimmied. Beyond the gate was a sheer cliff, and forty feet below were pounding waves. It did not seem possible for the missing men to swim in the turbulent water even if they avoided dashing themselves against the rocks at the base of the cliff. The Coast Guard was notified, and patrol boats toured the water surrounding the island.

The search for the two men lasted for days, but they were not found. They still have not been located. Ralph Roe and Theodore Cole are the only men who ever succeeded in breaking away from Alcatraz.





**WILLIAM McALLISTER.** Aliases: Thomas McAllister, McCallester. *Murder.* Reward: MASTER DETECTIVE, \$100. Age, 40; height, 5 feet, 11½ inches; weight, 154 pounds; eyes, maroon; hair, black; complexion, medium dark brown; build, slender. Mark of identification: scar on left side of forehead at edge of hair. If located, notify Inspector George F. Richardson, Bureau of Police, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

ON the evening of June 6th, 1946, George E. Thomas was drinking with some friends in a Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, tavern. The bar, located in a residential section, was a popular meeting place for people living in the area. Thomas, a frequent visitor to the establishment, was well-liked by the other habitués.

William McAllister entered the tavern. He was an acquaintance of Thomas, but was disliked and avoided because of his evil disposition.

Quickly taking in the scene, McAllister spotted Thomas and sauntered over to him. Obviously disturbed, Thomas excused himself to his companions and moved with the newcomer to a more isolated section of the bar. Immediately a loud discussion began between the two men.

McAllister insinuated that the other man owed him a considerable amount of money. He claimed that Thomas had incurred the debt in a card game in which the two men were supposed to have engaged a few nights previously. In addition, he accused him of cheating in the alleged game, and threatened to expose him unless immediate payment of the debt was made.

Thomas scoffed at these statements, replying that he had never played cards with McAllister and did not owe him anything. Enraged, McAllister pushed Thomas, knocking him down. In loud tones, he again demanded payment, and threatened to injure the other man unless he received the money.

Thomas rose to his feet, and the two men suddenly began swinging at each other. Attempts by friends of Thomas to interfere were useless. The fight lasted a few minutes and then ended as rapidly as it had started. McAllister ran to the door and left the tavern, and Thomas returned to his friends and resumed drinking.

A few minutes later, at 8:45 P.M., McAllister reappeared at the establishment. Without warning, he drew a revolver and fired two shots at Thomas, causing the latter's death.

William McAllister then fled, and his whereabouts have since been unknown. He may be armed, and should be approached with caution.

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## MURDER ON KING'S ROAD

(Continued from page 31) The Surrency car remained. This, because it was metal clad, carried the lands and grooves of rolling sufficiently marked to identify the automatic that had fired it, if and when it was found.

The telephones and telephones were busy, calling in aid from surrounding areas, and as the news of the killing spread, tips began to come into headquarters from citizens who fancied they had seen the black sedan in various points about the city. These were all investigators without bringing any worthwhile information to the officers.

Acosta, and the sheriff's office as well as the highway patrol, pushed the investigation into high gear and called upon every peace officer within a hundred miles to be on the alert. It was Acosta's plan to spot and pick up the fugitives by identifying the clothes they wore before they could go into hiding and make a change. The facial characteristics of the wanted men were not too minutely known—nor had they been described well by witnesses—but the clothes they wore were distinctive enough for a sharp-eyed officer to recognize. The detective chief had spread the alarm fast and far and wide; and it seemingly bore fruit that same afternoon when Constable Buddy Weeks called the sheriff's office from Marietta, a small town nine miles west of Jacksonville.

Chief Deputy Griffin answered the phone to learn that Weeks had instigated a search at once upon receipt of the alert. Two young men, answering the description as to clothes, one short and the other tall, had been seen at a lunch stand on the highway near Marietta. An attendant had applied the information to the highway patrol, and the two men had hitchhiked a ride on a lumber truck going toward Jacksonville. That had happened not more than a few minutes ago.

Griffin at once ordered men to cover the designated road and stop any trucks or cars for search. While the chances were slim that the two killers had come out of the woods that far away and were brazenly heading for Jacksonville, the tip could not be overlooked. However, another phone call added weight to the Weeks tip. It was from the lumberman himself, and he was within the city limits.

He had just driven in from Marietta. He told Griffin and had picked up two young men who had given him seventy-five cents to drive them into Jacksonville. He had consented and the boys had volunteered the information that they had just come in from the north on a freight. From the afternoon papers he had learned of the murder and had read descriptions of the wanted men and he was reasonably sure that his passengers were those men.

"What makes me think so," he continued, "is that they acted queer. First they said they wanted to go to Jacksonville; then, when we got into town, they both jumped out and ran down under the Beaver Street viaduct."

"Where are you now?" asked Griffin. "I'm near the viaduct," answered the lumberman.

"Get back there and wait for me—I'm coming out."

A few minutes later the Chief Deputy drove up at the viaduct, and with him were Acosta, Hurlbert and Deputy Barker, whom he had picked up on the way. The viaduct spanned a multiplicity of tracks, since it was quite near the Terminal Station at the edge of town. The lumberman was waiting and he gave the officers his

story of the two fares he had picked up in Marietta. From his descriptions of the men and their clothing, it seemed certain that these were the gunmen sought.

A detailed search of the tracks, however, failed to flush the fugitives or show any footprints in the hard-packed earth. Then a railroad worker informed them that a freight had pulled out going south, just before their arrival. Its next stop was Green Cove Springs, some 30 miles away. Griffin and Barker decided to beat the slow-moving freight to the town while Acosta and Hurlbert carried on at the scene. Other officers had augmented the party by now and a thorough search was instigated in and around the railroad yards. Nothing came of it. The two suspects had disappeared.

Griffin and several men to continue the investigation in the hope of finding some clue, Acosta returned to headquarters where he was shortly joined by Griffin and Barker. They, too, reported failure. They had taken a short cut through Orange Park and had reached Green Cove Springs five minutes before the freight. It had been halted and searched but the two



His alibi failed for the first—and last—time

hunted men were not aboard the train.

In an effort to track-track on the suspects, Acosta and Hurlbert decided to check with Constable Weeks at Marietta. Here they were informed that Weeks had already been active in tracing down the fugitives and the puzzle of their advent in his vicinity. Questioning patrons of the roadside stand, he found that instead of emerging from the woods on foot, the two men had been brought in a truck to the main road by a wood dealer.

Weeks had found the man. His story was that he had been hauling a load of wood out of Cracker Swamp when, on his way to the main road, he had been accosted by the two men who were walking on the backwoods road. They had stopped him and tried to make a deal for him to drive them into Jacksonville; but he had refused since he had the load of wood to deliver. He had offered to drive them to the main road where they could catch a lift into town. The men had accepted.

His offer to show the officers what spot where he had picked up the men was accepted. This led them into a heavily wooded area on a road that soon became a mere trail, used mainly by woodsmen and hunters who had reason to visit the vast, almost impenetrable marsh known as Cracker Swamp. Indicating the spot, the officers stopped their car and looked around. As the foliage became thicker overhead, the ground became more moist, since the sun did not readily penetrate here; and soon Acosta made out the imprints of a pair of pointed shoes that had traveled the virgin hammock. The distinctive footprints led the officers straight into the swamp by a barely discernible game trail.

Picking their way through the morass the footprints finally led them to a small, park-like clearing surrounded by huge trees and tangled swamps. Here, beside a fallen tree, Acosta paused and pointed to several cigarette stubs. The footprints

here indicated that the men had sat upon the tree. Jammed down under one part of the bole was a pair of overalls.

Acosta picked them up, straightened them out and searched the pockets. He found a crumpled transfer issued by a Jacksonville bus line; also two bolita tickets numbered 37 and 73. Searching further, Weeks found a fired .45-caliber automatic shell. That was all. Selecting one of the best footprints, Hurlbert sketched it for shape and exact size. Then the officers returned to their car.

An attempt to connect the two men in Cracker Swamp with the Surrency holdup led the officers to a dead-end puzzle: If the third man, who had been waiting with the get-away car, had driven the two gunmen to this swamp to escape the police cordon thrown around the city, and left them there, there seemed no logical answer as to why they had stayed for a short time—as evidenced by the cigarette butts—and then made their way back to Jacksonville. Selecting a wooded place had been selected as a sanctuary in which to stay until the heat cooled in the city, why had the killers rushed back within hours right into the midst of it?

The motor bus transfer indicated the man had at least been in Jacksonville. The bolita tickets, too, signified patrons of the bus line. The rumbling heard in the two petty numbers racket was indulged in by those who had little to venture on games of chance. Surrency had been killed by .45 bullets, if the stray found in his running board meant anything. These might all be related pieces in the murder puzzle, but the officers still did not have the key to it.

Hurlbert reasoned that the third man might have left the two trigger men in Cracker Swamp until he could return under cover of night and spirit them away to some other hideout; whereupon Weeks suggested that he keep a twenty-four-hour vigil in the swamp and that the third man appeared. But Acosta pointed out that if this was the case, there was no reason why the two suspects should leave and make for Jacksonville. The plan, however, was carried out.

With the swamp covered, Acosta and Hurlbert returned to Jacksonville with their clues. The lumberman and the lumberman who had given the suspects a ride were asked to examine the rogues' gallery photographs, but this failed since they recognized none of the criminals on file. Detectives were sent throughout the underworld to see what they could pick up in the petty gambling houses where bolita games were known to flourish under cover. And since the holdup attempt had been carefully staged with what was undoubtedly foreknowledge of Surrency's habits and route of his bi-monthly trip to the bank, another squad began an investigation of the Surrency restaurant patrons, his friends, acquaintances and relatives.

In the meanwhile, word reached Acosta that Mrs. Surrency had died without revealing anything further, and the case became a double murder. The bullet lodged in her spine proved to be a .45-caliber automatic slug, and this was the first shot said that it had been fired from the same weapon as had the bullet that Nelson had dug out of the running board of the victim's car.

After three days of intensive investigation, the officers in the field had nothing to report but failure. Tips had been pouring in to headquarters and one that came from Ocala, over a hundred miles from Jacksonville, ended with the police arresting a petty bootlegger who was found to be carrying a load of liquor between the two cities. Someone had noticed him and thought he answered the

distribution of one of the Surrency killers. Other seemingly authentic tips led the police to Richmond, Virginia, and Savannah, Georgia, but in each case they proved fruitless. With Mrs. Surrency's death, a \$100 reward was offered for any information that might lead to the arrest and conviction of the killers, but either the underworld wasn't talking or the reward wasn't large enough to tempt a double-cross.

After a week had passed, the officers were forced to admit that they faced a complete stalemate. Everyone who had had a glimpse of the two unknown hold-ups had examined the "freaky" gallery photos without identifying any known crook. Since no murder gun had been found, the empty shell in Cracker Swamp and the two slugs held by the policeman were worthless.

Detective Meads had selected the two bolita tickets as offerings for the approach and had haunted the underworld night and day. While some of the officers held the view that the killers were strangers who had long since slipped out of town, it was Meads' conviction that the job had been pulled—or at least planned—by local toughs who knew all about the Surrencys. He kept at his endless tireless task day after day, ceaselessly asking his questions over and over. Late on the night of December 10th, fifteen days after the brutal double murder, he came into Acosta's office and slumped into a chair.

"I just learned," he told his chief, "that a man named James Baker was running a bolita game on Broad Street some time ago. No one's seen him around lately—which interested me. He seems to check with one of the descriptions. I checked around a bit and found that he now lives on West Duval Street. I think we ought to talk to him. Maybe we'd better check the files."

Acosta looked silently at the exhausted officer and nodded. "Anything specific?" he asked, after a moment.

"He's described as having a small scar over his left eye."

The records revealed no known criminal named James Baker, but there was a Dunell Baker recorded who had been convicted on the charge of receiving stolen goods in March, 1929. Subsequently, he had been fined \$100 for carrying concealed weapons in August, 1931, and had been arrested several times after that for vagrancy and on bolita charges. His physical description checked well enough with that of one of the wanted killers, but there was no scar listed in police files. That, however, could have been a recent acquisition since his last arrest. Acosta flipped the file door shut.

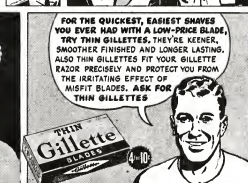
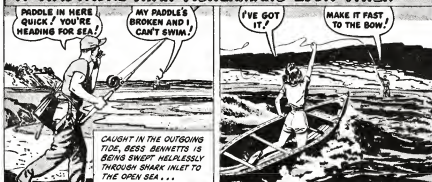
"We'll talk to this boy, if we can find him," he decided.

To-ther with Captain Sherman Cannon, the Chief visited the West Duval Street house and found the suspect asleep. He was hustled into his clothes and taken to headquarters for questioning. But preliminary interrogation found Baker sullen and defiant and denying any knowledge of the killings. He had never been in Mar-ett's, he insisted.

Acosta, studying the man as detectives questioned him, decided that a direct attack would serve best. He took over and soon elicited the information that the suspect's real name was James Baker. He then told the sullen prisoner that there were men "w'atress who had seen b- men who had staged the holdup and asked if Baker wanted to face them for identification; and there were also the wood dealer and the lumberman who could identify him.

Baker suddenly looked cornered. Hesitatingly, he admitted that he had been in

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Marietta but he had gone there, he insisted, to sell bolita tickets.

"In Cracker Swamp?" asked Acosta dryly, "where you left your overalls and an empty 45 cartridge?"

Baker was visibly startled. He said: "Those belong to my partner, Willie Jones. He went with me to Marietta. We were selling bolita tickets."

But he firmly refused to explain the empty 45 shot or what he and the unknown Jones had been doing in the swamp, and he merely shrugged when asked who the third member of the holdup trio had been.

"Put him away," Acosta directed. "Let him think it over."

Meanwhile, the intensive manhunt had reached into every cranny of the city in search of information. One of the detectives on the pawnshop detail had unearthed a 45-caliber automatic that had recently been pawned in a Davis Street shop. The pawnbroker's description of the man who had obtained a \$4 loan on the gun did not tally with the two suspects who had been seen, but the man very well have been the unknown and heretofore unseen third member of the holdup trio—the man who had been waiting in the getaway car. Taking no chances, the officer brought the gun in for checking.

It was a wise move. Ballistics experts fired test shots and announced that this was the gun that had killed Mrs. Surrency and fired the bullet that had lodged in the running board of the victim's car.

A flurry of excitement filled headquarters when this was announced. The address given on the pawn ticket was surrounded and, with the pawnbroker's aid, the man was identified when he was taken into custody. But the suspect proved an ironclad alibi for the morning on which the shooting had taken place. He had been at work and proved it beyond a doubt. The gun, he insisted, was one he had bought from a cheap pawnbroker named Alvin Taylor. He had paid \$2 for it on November 25th, and later had pawned it for \$4. Convinced that he was telling the truth, the police concentrated on the acquaintance, Alvin Taylor.

But here they met discouragement again. The witness knew little about the man; he had bought the gun from; he hadn't seen him since he'd bought the gun; he didn't know where Taylor lived. He was released and asked to remain available for further questioning.

Checking the files on Alvin Taylor revealed that he was an old-time floater, who had been arrested, had served time or been fined for larceny, disorderly conduct, vagrancy and bolita. He had been mugged and fingerprinted.

Acosta called in all the witnesses and showed them the photographs of both Baker and Taylor. They were unanimous in identifying them both as the men in the blue coupe. Baker had been driving the car—Taylor had wielded the automatic.

Confronted with this evidence, Baker wilted. He confessed that the man he had named as Willie Jones was, in reality, Alvin Taylor. It was Taylor who had had the gun and done the shooting. Asked who had been the third man in the holdup plot, Baker tossed a verbal bombshell into the lap of the police.

"Clyde Hysler," he declared. "He told us all about the job and how easy it would be, and he got Taylor the gun."

The officers exchanged significant glances. Clyde Hysler had been arrested a dozen times on various charges ranging from bootlegging to racketeering, and was known as a tough guy although he was only twenty-three years old. He had no known means of support, but he dressed

flashily and drove an expensive car. It had been difficult to make any charge stick against him since he always had an unassailable alibi.

According to Baker's story, Hysler had first told him about the proposed holdup several days before the attempt was made, and had asked Baker to help him to do the job. He had been broke, and Hysler had given him \$5. Later, he had explained that he and his car might be recognized, so he had asked Baker to contact someone he knew who might like to do the job for a third cut in the pay roll. He had talked this over with Taylor, who had consented to assist.

The three hoodlums had met to talk over the plot and to go over the territory, planning the spot where the stickup was to take place and to plan the route of escape. When Baker had demurred at taking all the risk while Hysler waited blocks away in the getaway car, Hysler had threatened to kill both of them if they didn't go through with it.

On the morning of the holdup, Hysler had met him at around 8 a.m. and asked him to buy some whisky. He had briefed them on the car the Surrencys would be driving and what they looked like. They had concocted the plan to stop Surrency by feigning car trouble and asking for a push to start the motor. The blue coupe had been stolen at around 4 a.m., and the trio was ready to go to work.

As instructed, Baker had waited on Edgewood Avenue with Taylor, who had been given the gun. Hysler drove away to take his place at the getaway spot across the tracks. The holdup came off as planned, but they hadn't gotten the money. Something had gone wrong and Taylor had started shooting. Surrency had pulled his own gun, Taylor had told him later, and he had become frightened and pulled the trigger as fast as he could.

They had escaped in the blue Ford and Hysler had taken them to Cracker Swamp. He had become wild with rage when he learned that they had not obtained the money and threatened to kill them both. Telling them to lay low, he had promised to call for them that same night and to take them out of the danger zone until the heat of the manhunt was over.

But they were both afraid of him and had talked it over, deciding that Hysler might kill them. So they had not waited but started back to Jacksonville. Baker acknowledged that he and Taylor had ridden with the wood dealer and the lumberman; but he persisted that they had separated when they were under the viaduct. He had not seen Taylor since and had no idea where he might be.

Acosta sat in a thoughtful silence after Baker had given his confession. With him was Meads. The detective chief finally opened his desk and drew out the bus transfer found in the abandoned overalls in Cracker Swamp.

"Suppose," he suggested, "you try the water front. This was issued somewhere around West Bay Street. Check with the bus company. Taylor may live or work in that area."

Meads nodded and departed. A checkup with the bus company told him that the transfer had been issued in the morning; therefore Meads concluded that Taylor had either been on his way to work from that area, or had come into the section for the same purpose. Many of the warehouses in the vicinity employed large numbers of dock workers, and so he began checking them. After several hours of failure, he struck a lead.

A steamship company employment manager, cooperating with the detective, looked over his books and nodded. Alvin Taylor, he said, worked as a deck hand on the freighter *Providence*. But, he added, the ship had sailed the day before for Philadelphia.

"When will it get in?" asked Meads.

He was informed that if it stuck to schedule, it would dock the following day. Meads immediately gave orders that the master of the ship be radioed to keep Taylor aboard at all costs after making port. Returning to headquarters, he told Acosta of the situation. Philadelphia police were at once notified and promised to be at the docks when the freighter arrived. Then Deputy Gene Griffin and Captain Cannon left for Philadelphia to bring Taylor back to Jacksonville.

In Jacksonville, officers had gone to Clyde Hysler's home and readily found the young racketeer. Taken into custody, he denied knowing anything about the holdup or the killings and declared that Baker was trying to frame him. Luckily, he told the officers, he had an alibi. He had visited a friend at 9 o'clock on the morning of the day the crime took place and both men had then taken his car to a garage to be serviced. He had spent the rest of the day playing cards with this same friend. Since he couldn't be in two places at the same time, his friend would tell them that he couldn't possibly have taken any part in the Surrency holdup.

"Who is this friend?" asked Acosta. Hysler gave the name.

"We'll check," agreed Acosta, and detailed an officer to the task.

The following night Taylor was taken from the *Providence* without trouble and when Griffin and Cannon arrived in the

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## THE THIRTEENTH KEY

(Continued from page 53) student at the university would be most unlikely to meet acquaintances.

I talked to the doctor after Mrs. Smalley had left. He readily admitted his relations with Miss Hix, relations that extended over a three-year period. He even volunteered more detailed information than I had requested.

It was then, combining his freedom of speech about the girl with the fact that the keys had been turned in too soon at the apartment, that I had my first definite suspicion that Snook was the murderer. My experience with criminals has been that the most debased of them, when entangled with the law, will lie loyally and fanatically to shield the honor, or assumed honor, of "his woman." Yet here was a professor and supposedly a gentleman, baring the secret life of a co-ed who had commanded respect, and an occasional deep friendship, on the university campus!

That attitude, together with the fact that he was unable immediately to explain the coincidence of what later we were to find was the enormously important "thirteenth key," upon second thought made me certain that we were on the right track.

The following morning Chief of Detectives Shellenbarger, Reverend McCall and myself took the doctor to the rifle range, the scene of the crime. As we reached the spot where the body had been found, I commanded: "Doctor, look down here!"

For a fraction of a second his facial muscles tightened. Knowing of his daily experiences with blood in operating upon dogs and horses, I wondered at the slight of emotion in a sphinxlike personality. But, on the other hand, its association with a person who, at one time, at least, had been dear to him, might readily explain the slight display of emotion. Upon a second request he failed again to look down.

We next took the doctor to the university campus, where he showed us the place at which he had parked his car before the veterinary clinic on the night of the murder. After that we went to the Hubbard Avenue love nest. Dr. Snook readily identified it.

I summed up the results of the investigation. The total was not encouraging. Snook still maintained the calm that he had exhibited upon his arrest. He still denied the murder. And, as nearly as we could determine, he had told the truth in everything.

County officials and members of the police force had searched his coupe. In it they found little of startling importance, for the car had been cleaned the day after the murder. In the rear deck was a can of trichloride and a bloodstained glove and cap. But the glove might have been used in an animal operation, and the stains on the cap might have come from the glove.

For every point we had against the doctor he had a thorough and logical explanation. On Sunday night he had been out with the reporters from local papers and representatives of the United and Associated Press. I was interrupted by a telephone call and a voice informed me:

"Friday morning Dr. Snook took a gray suit to the Brown Dry House, 1100 North High Street. The suit is now at his home. If you get it, you will find it lying inside the sleeves, and on the trousers at the knees, traces of blood."

There was a clicking sound as the connection was broken. Unable to trace the call, I was able to verify the report after City Detectives Oscar C. Loos and Albert A. Knappenberger brought the suit to police headquarters.

Here was valuable information! The cap and glove might have become bloodstained during an operation, but a man accustomed

to cutting animals scarcely, in a quiet moment, would remove a coat from over his work-soiled hands, leaving stains!

The theory that I explained to reporters, who demurred at certain points, or suggested new angles, was this: Dr. Snook had met the girl Thursday night and had driven with her to the rifle range. Here, a quarrel ensued, probably over another woman. This would explain Theora Hix's drive with a cabman in search of a "man in a coupe."

Heated words, scathing remarks. An infuriated man grabs a hammer from in back of the seat and the girl tries to get out of the car. She opens the car door—he slams it shut. It catches her hand, breaking the third joint of the little, fourth and index fingers. Thus the peculiar wound on Miss Hix's hand is explained. More angry talk, and possibly threats by the girl as she wraps a handkerchief about her wound.

Then Snook kills the girl, and cuts her throat with the knife.

"But," remonstrated a reporter, "how can we know that the injury which you say preceded the murder, was inflicted on the girl's hand in Snook's automobile?"



Trying to place blame on others, he philosophized

"Because," I answered, "although the car had been gone over thoroughly a score of times with negligible results—tonight, in company with desk Sergeants Robert Cline and Robert Jones, McCall, and I found stains on the right door jamb of Dr. Snook's coupe exactly where blood would have dripped had Miss Hix's hand been injured as I have explained!"

Three days after the body of Theora Hix had been found on the rifle range northwest of Columbus, a middle-aged, grief-stricken couple arrived in the city from Bradenton, Florida. They were Mr. and Mrs. Melvin T. Hix, parents of the murdered girl.

Refined and quiet, these persons who were unable to find solace in tears gained sympathy the nation over. Theora, to them, was a bashful, athletic girl with a brilliant goal in life. They had helped her in the selection of a college—Picking Ohio State University because they believed Columbus to be the safest city in the world for her. Each year, by diligent saving, they had managed to send her \$600 for her medical education.

Cultured and courteous, his face made suddenly grim by the crime that had spread its tentacles into the quiet life of Bradenton, Florida home, Theora's gray-haired father haunted the corridors of police headquarters in the days that followed. He insisted upon attending the investigations and, with this in mind, obtained the services of Attorney Boyd Haddox.

Friday morning saw the murder taken over in its entirety by the county, with Prosecutor Jack Chester, Jr., in charge.

Thousands of curious, upon some pretext, had wedged their way into the Glenn L. Myers funeral home, where Miss Hix lay. Other thousands drove gaily by the rifle range; the home of Dr. Snook, and the Hubbard Avenue love nest. Upon request of the girl's parents, the doors of the morgue were guarded against unofficial visitors.

In the furnace of the Snook home were

found the charred remnants of rubbish, clothing and a vanity case. These, Mrs. Snook explained, had been burned by her Saturday morning when she cleaned the house.

She further told police that she had seen her husband come home about 9 o'clock on the night of the murder, had found him eating in the kitchen, and then had retired. She said she was able to account for all of his subsequent actions until the day of the arrest.

The told me that she did not know the Hix girl of the affair, but that her husband had mentioned knowing the girl while reading a newspaper account of Theora's death.

The most significant discovery of the day was made by City Detective Larry Van Skalk, who was detailed to superintend the mowing of the tall grass and weeds on the rifle range, and to inspect the grounds thoroughly.

In his search he came upon a bunch of twelve keys. All but three had been taken from a broken key ring that was found nearby, and had been scattered about the murder scene by some person. They were found in a semicircle, upon the range, five to eight feet apart at more or less regular intervals.

The twelve keys always had been carried on the key ring in Miss Hix's pocketbook. The latter invariably had been in her possession and had been zealously guarded. There were keys for rooms, luggage and safety deposit boxes.

The thirteenth key, that had been kept by her for admission to the love nest, was not among those found.

As these problems demanded an answer, and these bits of evidence tended to involve the doctor more closely in the girl's death, Snook's attorneys, E. O. Ricketts and John F. Seidel, the day after the arrest petitioned the judge, prepared a petition to be filed in Common Pleas Court should they be prevented from having a private interview with their client. The petition, which was granted, sought a mandatory writ requiring Chief of Police Harry E. French, Sheriff Harry C. Paul and Prosecutor Chester to permit them to hold French and Seidel in contempt should they refuse to grant an interview.

Pointing out that no formal charge had been placed against the doctor, Seidel and Ricketts said that upon expiration of the "reasonable length of time" during which it was considered legal to hold him (four days), they would not seek his freedom. Rather, they said, they would let innocence be established by subsequent events.

More than twenty witnesses were questioned in the office of Chief French by county officials while city detectives were assigned to run down every new tip, valuable or worthless, that appeared.

Snook's keys and glove, and a shirt which had been found in the home in which blood stained, were turned over to Chemist C. F. Long by the county. Long told officials that it would take several days to make an examination, including an analysis of the substance scraped off the door jamb of Snook's car, to determine whether or not it was human blood. He said it would be so, to make further tests to learn whether it was of the type possessed by Miss Hix.

In the meanwhile Marion T. Meyers, instructor at the university, was put on the carpet. For three hours various members of the county and city detective departments fired questions at him.

As the inquiry progressed, the investigators were confronted by scores of Meyers' fraternity brothers and friends who voluntarily appeared at headquarters to substantiate the horticultural instructor's alibi.

Meyers, who, until the girl's exposure by Snook, had been a popular man who had protected her reputation, endeavored to lighten the odium of her guilt with the statement:

"I wanted to marry her—and I'd marry

her yet!"

And so, as the investigation continued, I still found support for my theory that Meyers was the "fall guy." He seemed tremendously afraid of the doctor, was evasive and insufficient in his responses to questions shot at him and, as one detective admirably put it, "seemed the kind of a man, who, if pressed for an answer as to why he had gone into a drugstore for a malted milk, would be at a loss for a reply." The shock of Theora's death, to be sure, might explain these aspects of his behavior. It had completely unnerved him.

A weird attempt now was made to get some admission from Meyers. At midnight, Prosecutor Chester and County Detective Howard Lavelle escorted him to the morgue.

Hesitating at the doorway of the room in which the slain girl lay, Meyers was brought forward to meet the primitive ordeal. Standing beside the body of the girl he loved, he was made a target for a barrage of questions. Cajolery, demands and threats all failed to bring out any knowledge he held of the latest phase of the case. The Dr. Snook had been furnishing Miss Hix with cocaine and other drugs, obtained from his laboratory in the university clinic.

THE report, upon the heels of which followed an investigation at the university by U. S. Assistant District Attorney William Bartels, originated from our knowledge that Snook had been implicated in one other drug case, and that on Miss Hix's arm was found a bruise, at first mistaken for marks left by a hypodermic needle. Following a second post-mortem by Coroner Murphy, Chemist Long was asked to conduct a stomach analysis to determine the truth in the matter.

Such was the status of the case when a new development, starting in its implications, came to light.

The city editor of a Columbus newspaper obtained information that Mrs. Snook had been seen a few hours before the body of Miss Hix had been identified, purchasing a new dress in an exclusive downtown store. Linking this finding with the statement of Mrs. Snook that she had started the fire in her home "to burn accumulated rubbish," suspicion naturally was diverted to a third chance.

Here was a triangle converting itself into a quadrangle and, from the theoretical standpoint, offering a possible solution to the crime.

Having talked to Snook's wife, I had sized her up fairly well and had placed her outside the realm of persons capable of the crime. Nevertheless, innocent as she might be, it was my duty to work on this angle of the case. In view of the favorable opinion I had formed of her and the theory I had constructed, the task was distasteful. But Mrs. Snook completely exonerated herself and proved that she had inspected, but had not purchased, a new dress.

One important fact was brought out during her questioning, however. Mrs. Snook now admitted that she could not say definitely what her husband's moves might have been the night of the murder, as they occurred separate sleeping quarters. Too, she admitted, she could not say positively that her husband had come home about 9 o'clock on the night mentioned, since she merely had heard a door slam at that time and had assumed that it was he.

She had gone downstairs at 11 p.m., she said, and had found him eating a late lunch, a statement in contradiction to that issued by the doctor, to the effect that he had been sorting vacation clothes.

When Attorney Edwin J. Schanfarber took Mrs. Snook from the investigation room at the end of the questioning, the pair was followed by Mr. Hix, who stared angrily at them, a procedure to that he had employed whenever he happened to come

into contact with Dr. Snook or his wife.

While investigation of the stains in the couple was being undertaken by Chemist Long, whose disclosures Snook expressed anxiety to learn, Snook was informed of his dismissal from the university faculty by President George W. Rightmire of Ohio State University.

Still more incriminating evidence was piled up against the doctor when Charles Lang, former night watchman at a residence exclusively for women in Columbus, told officials that Miss Hix early in the year had maintained a room at the hostelry and that Snook and the girl frequently had returned there between midnight and 2 o'clock in the morning.

Lang said that the girl would caution him to say nothing of her late returns, and that Dr. Snook would tip him, with the understanding that he was to keep quiet. He later identified the body of Miss Hix at the morgue, and picked Snook from a group of men at the county jail.

It was with a huge amount of interest that I waited outside the investigation room at Police Headquarters, Wednesday morning, June 19th, while county officials questioned Meyers. That probe was to be Meyers' last.

At the end of ten minutes, one of the questioners opened the door, mopped his brow and came out of the room. "He'll talk in a few minutes!" he announced.

The breaking of Meyers would be the breaking of me, I pondered. A sweet theory would be knocked into a cocked hat while I sat on a bench assigned for the use of those chasing down any tips turned in, and while I longed to ask explanations—countless explanations—from Dr. Snook.

Twenty minutes passed. An hour; two hours. Just before the third hour elapsed, a county man came out of the investigation room. No third-degree, strong-arm methods were being employed, yet he perspired as though he had just finished whirling Meyers around the chandeliers.

"THAT man can take more time to say nothing than anyone I have ever questioned!" he said with a sigh.

I suppressed a smile.

A minute later, both questioners and suspect left the room. But Meyers did not return to his cell at the county jail, to the nightmare of an uncertain fate with the ever hideous possibility of the electric chair lurking in the future. His release had been ordered by Prosecutor Chester.

I felt a tremendous exultation upon the Prosecutor's latest move—not out because my theory had been vindicated as because an innocent man had escaped the grinding of legal machinery that might have slipped a cog and destroyed him.

Simultaneously with his release, President Rightmire of Ohio State University wrote Meyers, advising him that he had been dismissed from the teaching staff because of his connection with the probe of the murder of Theora Hix.

Unfortunately, indeed, that a man who had made only human errors, none of them malicious, had been the victim of an investigation into one of the most brutal murders in recent history! It is only now that Dr. J. J. Coons, pathologist pressed into service by the county, announced that a deep wound in Miss Hix's ear was caused by a knife and not by the hammer. It evidently had been an attempt to puncture the brain, done in a way which did not indicate a lay criminal's process.

Coroner Murphy's final report listed a

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broken neck as one of the causes of the girl's death.

I considered carefully the action of Snook's counsel. Although they might free their client by means of a writ, they cheerfully had announced: "We feel that the inquiry will serve to establish his innocence," a statement that might enlist sympathy which had hitherto not existed for the doctor.

At 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon began the final act, and a calm man, with ready answers for questions, faced the barrage of the Investigators, grimly intent on a showdown.

It was decided to grill the doctor in re-lays. The opportunity that I had prayed for had come. For days, for nearly a week, I had worked with little sleep, and I felt that I could question the doctor on various suspicious points for hours, without repeating myself once.

I decided, before ever stepping into that tiny room, upon the method that I would employ to penetrate, if possible, Dr. Snook's hitherto undisturbed shell. My eloquence may not be flowery, but when I am full to the mouth of a subject, I can find the words for it. I planned to make Snook see every fault he possessed—and to make him feel some of the hostility that various persons held for him.

I did not immediately begin to deride him, to lay bare his faults to him. Instead, I had him recount for me the story of his whereabouts on the night of the murder—the hour at which he had worked in his office at the university on an article for a hunter's magazine, the hour at which he had left for the Scioto Country Club, and how he had seen the locker boy as he was getting his shooting glasses. I had him tell how he had purchased a paper, had looked over some clothing for his trip, and how he had seen his wife at home.

All of this he recounted firmly, sticking to his story in a general way. Dr. Snook was far from being a broken man—as far as he had been upon first entering the room. In fact, several of his questioners were of the opinion that he was a testing time, that Snook never would "kick in." However, I felt quite content with the preliminary interview, and turned the quizzing back to Chester. He had promised me several more sessions with the doctor.

It was some time later that I again entered Chief French's office, where the grueling ordeal was continuing. I made Snook retell the entire story told me at first. I required details, however. I asked him the exact route he had taken home from the golf course, the exact time at which he purchased the newspaper, and just what he did when he gave up the love nest and delivered the apartment keys to the landlady.

"You took out all of your belongings?" I asked.

"Yes," the doctor replied, teetering gently in his straight-backed chair—a positive sign that he was thinking deeply, anticipating the questions and framing the answers before I spoke.

"Did you take out Theora's personal articles?" I shot at him.

"She had none," he replied suavely.

"All right, doctor," I answered, "have it your way. She had no belongings. Is that correct?"

He repeated his assertion. "Then how, in heaven's name, do you explain the fact that two pairs of her pajamas and two pairs of her mules were found, partially destroyed, in your furnace?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You burned them!" I accused him.

For a moment he became too tense to find outlet for his emotions in the teetering of the chair. Then he answered quietly:

"Yes, I burned them."

"And last Sunday, doctor, you told me

that only a few of your own personal articles were burned by you. You said one of these was your razor strop. How do you explain the fact that we found it, not in the furnace, but intact in your office at the university?"

There was no answer—only a mild stare. On the desk was an ash tray, overflowing with cigarette butts left there by the men who had worked in relays attempting to break down his professional calm. It was after midnight. I veered sharply in my questioning.

"Do you believe in a Supreme Being, in justice?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And do you want to see justice done in this case?"

He refused to answer.

"Doctor," I pursued, "do you want to see the guilty person punished?"

I was rewarded with a weak, "Yes."

"There never was a murderer," I told him, "who did not possess at least a few loyal friends. No one is in sympathy with you, except your wife!"

I let loose, to the best of my ability, a torrent of invective, of burning scorn.

"You're overbearing, conceited. Even the man on the street hates you! If you want to know how you stand with the press, I'll call in some reporters and let you hear what they think of you!"

"Doctor, even waiters and waitresses avoid serving you. You know that to be true, and you appreciate the reason for it. You haven't the feelings of a decent human being! I don't believe you even have a spark of love for your own two-year-old child!"

He made no comment.

Then I roared at him: "And, for the last statement, doctor, if you had a spark of real manhood in your body you'd smash my face!"

"You haven't been a man at any time during this case. You've lied! You've refused to explain things! But, here is what will happen. You'll be found guilty. For a short while you will be in a cell at Ohio Penitentiary, in death row. On the last day they won't have to shave your head, since

the hair is already off. You'll begin your last earthly walk. On one side will be the chaplain. On the other, a guard.

"A small crowd will be waiting to see Dr. Snook go to his death. When that time comes, walk in like a man! Take your medicine like a man! If you do, remember this: I'm going to be in that audience—and I'm going to be close enough to kick you in the face!"

The doctor continued his monotonous teetering as I talked. His features registered distaste, but no stronger emotion.

"If we turned you loose tonight, doctor, you'd be a ruined man! You've told me that it is ridiculous that Theora should have suffered the injury to her hand by having a door slammed on it as we have demonstrated. You'll agree to that yet!"

Chief French took over the investigation. I had obtained contradictions, but little else. The Prosecutor was sprawled in a chair, a circle of newspapermen around him. He was telling them that it was no use, that Snook never would be broken down. They, however, had minds for but one thing—a confession. They implored him to continue the questioning, and as they gesticulated, their argumentative gestures cast shadows from a rising sun. It was 4:30 A.M., fourteen and a half hours since Snook first had entered the room.

I entered the room for the third time at 5:15 A.M. I was alone with the doctor. He was pacing a twelve-foot circle. Tears stood in his eyes.

I said nothing, merely leaning on the edge of the table and letting silence have the psychological effect it had had on less shrewd men.

Suddenly he stopped his pacing and turned to me.

"Phillips, will you get angry if I criticize you?" he asked.

"No," I replied.

"For a full minute he pounded himself over his heart."

"It hurts deep down here," he remarked. "You said that I didn't care for my own child. Why should you have to make such a remark?"

"Well, doctor," I assured him, "when I



"Here's a new hammer, Louie—it's guaranteed for ten years!"



talk to a man for hours and he tells me nothing but lies, I become damnably disgusted!"

Just then, the Prosecutor entered the room. On the table beside me and Dr. Snook lay twelve keys. They were the ones that had been found at the rifle range, and represented all of the personal keys of Theora Hix except the one that the doctor had turned in at the love nest on the thirteenth key. This, he had told the others, was turned over to him by Theora because they had decided to abandon the apartment for the summer. I decided it was the proper moment to play my last card.

"What about the keys, doctor?" I asked. "I obtained Theora's key to the apartment from her Monday night. I have told you," he answered. "She didn't like to carry it, and we planned to give up the apartment."

That was the stock answer, the persistent answer that I expected, to what was then our only bit of deeply incriminating evidence.

"All right, doctor. You got the key from her Monday, that correct?"

"Correct," he rejoined.

**I** PINNED my last hope of a confession on a deliberate bluff which I let him have in the next sentence.

"Then how did Theora take Peggy Edwards, her girl friend, to the Hubbard Avenue apartment Thursday night, if she didn't have the key? You are telling us lies, doctor." I assured him, praying fervently that he wouldn't see through my little trap.

I was overjoyed at his answer.

"You didn't go far enough, Phillips," he said. "You didn't ask me whether I gave it back to her."

"Did you? When?"

"Thursday noon, at Twelfth and High Streets."

"Then she had the key Thursday noon, and that night she was seen with you in your coupe at the country club just before the murder?"

"That's right," said Snook with a smile, "but you are only guessing."

"We are not guessing. She had the key on Thursday night. She was seen with you on Thursday night, and she was murdered on Thursday night!"

The doctor extended his hands.

"There you have everything before you, Phillips!"

"Do you mean you killed her?" I insisted.

"I got the key from her dead body," he answered meekly.

The Prosecutor, during the uttering of the last few staccato sentences, had been leaning on the mantel of a fireplace. For a moment, the admissions seemed to stun him too much for action. Then he came forward, and said, "Let me have him, Phillips!"

I left the office, and conferred with Chief French outside. Two minutes later the door opened, and the Prosecutor motioned to my partner, Bob McCall, and myself.

"Take him back to the county jail," he said, leading the doctor forward.

On the way to the jail, with our haggard and worn prisoner between us, I did the chest-pounding act myself.

"It's in your name and it'll all come out," I told him.

"Will you come over to the penitentiary to see me, Phillips?" Dr. Snook asked.

We had breakfast, during which Snook requested his counsel, saying that when he arrived we would get a complete confession. As we left him at the door of the county jail, in custody of a turnkey, he shook hands with Bob and me, requested us to visit him that afternoon, and paid me what I consider the finest tribute I ever have received. He simply said:

"You're not so dumb, Phillips!"

When I returned to the city prison, I found that despite the fact that Snook had

"kicked in" to me, despite the fact that a court stenographer for eighteen hours had been waiting outside the investigation chamber, there was no written record of the doctor's statements which were the equivalent of a confession. I felt discouraged that, so far as written evidence was concerned, we had no more on the doctor than on the morning of his arrest.

I couldn't quite coincide in my views with the Prosecutor, who, apparently, had arrived at some sort of an agreement with Dr. Snook, whereby the doctor was to give, later, a complete and detailed confession through his attorneys. Consequently, I answered in a disgruntled negative when Chief of Detectives Shellenbarger said to me later that morning:

"We're going over to the county jail to get the confession of Snook, Phillips. Want to go along?"

But the confession was not forthcoming. Snook now had one answer to all confident questions, "Counsel advised me not to talk."

Thus the grilling which lasted from early afternoon Wednesday until early morning Thursday, eighteen hours, was resumed three hours before noon Thursday. About noon, while city and county detectives worked themselves into a frenzy, I sat in the detective bureau. They were getting nowhere, for Snook again was the cool, composed man of unflinching nerve who once had won the rapid- and slow-fire pistol championships of the world.

Suddenly Chief Shellenbarger dashed into the room.

"For God's sake, Phillips," he said to me, "come back here! Snook won't talk!"

I followed him into the Chief's office again, the scene of the hectic verbal battle. Dr. Snook's face was deeply flushed, and he was obviously in a highly nervous condition. They motioned for me to take him over.

"Doctor," I said, "you have told me time after time that if you were charged with the murder, you would not plead insanity. You should. I believe you are crazy."

"There was something that aroused your wrath that night, and made you beat that girl to death. What was it?"

"COUNSEL advised me not to talk," he answered.

"You can tell me that," I said.

"If she had a gun, couldn't I have taken it away from her?" he parried.

"But why did you kill her?" I persisted.

"Miss Hix was after cocaine each day. I wouldn't give it to her. Do you believe me?"

I didn't believe him, and the stomach analysis later was to brand that as a lie; but I believed neither in the affirmative nor negative.

"Didn't you tell me all this stuff about the murder this morning?"

"Yes, sir," Snook replied.

"Well then, doctor, what's the trouble?" I asked. "We want to be your friends—and God knows no one else does!"

"Take him back to the county jail," he said, leading the doctor forward.

On the way to the jail, with our haggard and worn prisoner between us, I did the chest-pounding act myself.

"It's in your name and it'll all come out," I told him.

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If YOU, like Joe, have a body others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll give you a body you'll be proud of! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I built up my own body from a scrawny, weakling to a winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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tions, chiefly along the line of what would happen if he made a confession. Then the court stenographer was called in, and Snook made a rather doubtful confession, which later he signed.

It read as follows:

"I met Theora Hix about three years ago. The friendship continued in a very intimate way ever since, inasmuch as she was a very good companion. I have been living with my wife all through my married life, and regard my wife very highly and respect her very much as a wife, but she lacked some of the companionship afforded by Miss Hix.

"During the three years that I knew Miss Hix, I did assist her in many ways toward an education, but found out it wasn't appreciated as much as I thought it would be. Our association was not a love affair in any sense of the word, but in time Miss Hix developed a more determined attitude in regard to dictating my movements, and the final culmination of this occurred on the 13th of June of this year, when I met Miss Hix at the corner of Twelfth and High Streets in the city of Columbus, Ohio, when we both got into my Ford coupe and proceeded to drive to Lane Avenue and then west out to the Fisher Road and to the Columbus Rifle Range of the New York Central Railroad Company, during which she remonstrated with me against leaving the city with my family for the weekend, as I had previously planned to do.

"She threatened that if I go, she would take the life of my wife and baby. During this quarrel, she grabbed for the pulse in which she sometimes carried a .41-caliber Derringer which I had given her. In the struggle, she was hit on the head with a hammer with the intent to stun her.

"She continued desperately, and an increased number of blows of increasing force was necessary to stop her. Realizing then, no doubt, that her skull was fractured and to relieve her suffering, I severed her jugular with my pocketknife.

"I then proceeded to pick up the things that had been scattered during the struggle, and hurriedly left, leaving her body at that point. The instrument which I used to quiet her was a hammer which was lying on the back of the seat of the Ford.

"After leaving the rifle range, I then proceeded to go home, tossing the purse from the quarry bridge into the Scioto River on my way. After the struggle was over, I discovered the gun was not in the purse."

The confession had its fishy aspects.

There was the motive—a glorious one calculated to bring tears to the jurors' eyes: protection of a home, a wife, a child. Too, the hammer blows, with one exception, were made after the girl's throat was slashed, according to the coroner. Then, too, could not a muscular man of some weight have stopped a girl—even an athletic girl—before she could extricate a revolver from a handbag? Further, the handbag never was found, despite the fact that county officials had the river dragged at the spot indicated.

Of more impressive worth than the confession was the substantiating evidence. Dr. Snook told us where we might find the hammer and knife with which the crime had been committed. They were in a toolbox in the basement of his home, he said.

The home had been searched, but the tools, hastily rushed to the undisputed detection, County Detective Lavelly, now went to the place mentioned by the doctor, and found both a ball-peen hammer and a pocketknife bearing bloodstains.

A still stronger link was forged in the chain of evidence when the same story as that contained in the signed confession was told by Snook to William Howells, Cleveland Plain Dealer correspondent, and

## ROLL DEM BONES

On trial in Centerville, Tennessee, for the murder of J. Edward Sprouse, a motorist who had given them a ride in his automobile, John Keller, twenty, and James Sandusky, nineteen, calmly related on the witness stand how they had robbed Sprouse at the point of a gun and had then taken him off the highway and tied him to a tree, shooting him to death while they sat comfortably on a stump a few yards away.

Deliberating only four minutes, the jury recommended the electric chair for both men. The two youths immediately agreed to roll dice to see which one would walk first to the chair.

James Fusco, of the Columbus Citizen, at the county jail Thursday shortly after midnight.

In rehearsing the story of the murder, the doctor talked to the newspapermen from his jail cot as calmly as if he were lecturing before a class on some phase of veterinary surgery. He said that the girl had died fighting and cursing him.

He added that the injury on Miss Hix's hand was suffered when she had attempted to get out of the automobile, following a quarrel, and he had slammed the door shut, striking her hand.

On June 22nd, Doctor Snook was indicted by a special session of the grand jury and formally charged with first-degree murder. Arraigned in common pleas court, he pleaded not guilty. His trial was set for July 22nd.

In the week to follow, Snook was examined by psychiatrists employed by the state to forestall an insanity plea, and by specialists retained by the defense. A separate hearing on an insanity plea was held, and dropped by Snook's counsel on the day before the trial.

On July 24th, one of the most sensational trials in the history of the country got under way. For six days prospective jurors were examined, three panels being called. On August 1st, the jury was completed. It consisted of eleven men and one woman.

Briefly, the state based its case on premeditation in the slashing of the girl's jugular vein by Dr. Snook, the confirmation of the signed confession in an interview with newspapermen, the finding of the tools used in the killing, and the signed confession itself.

The defense sought to prove that the confession had been obtained under duress, that the cause of the girl's death could not definitely be proved by the slashed throat, that Dr. Snook was the victim of emotional or medical insanity as opposed to legal insanity, and that he acted in defense of himself and his family.

The state rested its case early on the afternoon of August 6th, after having called upon twenty witnesses. Chief among these were William C. Howells, the newspaper reporter, who related how the doctor had told a story similar to that contained in the signed confession; and Chief of Police Harry J. French, who denied that any third-degree methods had been used in the eighteen-hour grilling.

The next morning, the defense brought Dr. Snook's wife and mother to testify. Then followed the big moment when Dr. Snook was called to take the stand.

During the trial, ten hours of direct examination by Defense Attorney Max Seyfert and seven hours of cross-examination

by County Prosecutor Chester caused transcription into an open book of one of the most shocking stories ever told.

Dr. Snook finally stated that, after they had been parked on the rifle range for some time on the night of the murder, he had told the girl that he was leaving town for the weekend with his family. It was in the ensuing quarrel, he said, that Theora had cursed him and his family, and had threatened to kill them. He had tried to push her away. All of these precautions failing, he reached for the hammer and struck her on the head with it.

Continuing his account, the doctor said that he remembered only the first four blows. Very conveniently his mind became a blank to the point where she was so concerned, and he denied having told of this premeditated act in the confession.

Before the recess, Prosecutor Chester lined up two straight-backed chairs, impersonated Theora, and made the doctor reenact the murder as he said it had occurred in the couple that night.

"Handsome Jack" Chester, as the newspapers dubbed him, handled the entire trial in a mastery fashion. His eloquence in the closing argument brought tears to the eyes of his large audience, disturbed the emotions of even hard-boiled reporters, and amazed veteran lawyers who were attending the trial. So successful was his handling of the state's share of the case that his name, immediately following the trial, became mentioned in connection with Congress and other political laurels.

During his plea, which was brief, he reenacted the murder with Detective Lavelly as the jury. The way in which he believed Miss Hix had died, and showed how the various wounds had been inflicted. He even required his assistant to lie face downward so that the jury could see how Miss Hix's nose had been pressed to one side as she lay on her face.

At the end of Chester's plea, the jury filed out of the courtroom and deliberated for only twenty-eight minutes. Imperturbable, iron-nerved, the deposed college professor listened that afternoon, Wednesday, August 14th, to the verdict they brought back with them. That verdict was: "Guilty of murder as charged in the indictment."

Two months and one day after the crime was committed, Snook was sentenced to death in the electric chair at the Ohio State Penitentiary.

At 8:59 on the evening of February 28th, 1930, Snook began his march to his execution. At 7:03, Snook entered the death chamber. He was a sorry sight. Though outwardly calm, his eyes—minus the famous horn-rimmed spectacles—were red as if from weeping. His face showed many a line. Nervously he looked to his left at the grim, black chair, passed his hand once over his eyes, twitched his belt, then swung swiftly to the instrument. Three steps brought him to the platform. One step up and two more forward, and he was at the chair. He turned and seated himself. Quickly he was strapped to the chair.

When he had been there a minute, Deputy Warden Woodard signalled through a partly opened door at the right. A red light on the wall just above the chair flashed on, signifying that all was ready. It was 7:04 p.m.

At 7:06, Dr. George W. Keil, penitentiary physician, stepped forward as the guards loosened the chest strap. Three other physicians who witnessed the execution followed him. At 7:09 they agreed that Dr. Snook was dead.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

A picture of the cold-blooded murderer, Dr. Snook, appears on page 72.

## CASE OF THE CUTAWAY SHOES

(Continued from page 55) rather steep trail.

It must have been about 10:30 in the morning that we heard a yelping from Bob Taylor's little white cur, and soon thereafter a cry from Bob himself. "Here he is!" In a few minutes most of the posse were gathered about the body of the jolly tailor. There, under a log, not more than twenty feet from the trail, he lay.

Many of the members of that posse had been face to face with death in the woods before, but to George Yantis, just out of Wisconsin University, the sight of the man whom he had known from youth, lying murdered, was particularly distressing. It was the young prosecutor's first real murder case, rather a test of his ability in a community which had elected him as a Democrat over his Republican opponent, in a nominally Republican county.

The mystery of the death of Fred Weiss was not solved by any one man but by the determined effort and the great interest of many men, but no prosecutor, though he were wise with years of experience, ever wove together a more complete case than did this young man, who now stood sorrowfully before the body of his slain friend.

No very close examination could be made of the body in the position in which it lay. Many were the conjectures of the manner in which Weiss had been killed. Most of us went to town thinking that a sharp-edged club, which fitted neatly into a crease of the tailor's battered hat, had been the murder weapon, but Yantis had never seen a small round hole in the back of the skull.

A short distance away, shrouded under a log, we found the suitcase, the straps having been hurriedly cut. The watch, the purse usually carried by the murdered man, and all his money were missing. The pockets had been turned wrong-side out. The two suits for the "try-on" were still in the suitcase—they had not been sufficiently completed to be of any use to the murderer. The pint bottle of whisky was gone. On the dead man's feet there were no shoes.

A feeble attempt to obscure the route taken by the murderer was discovered when a few dried twigs, stuck into the ground by the side of the trail, were handed to Yantis by one of the party. A dirty, oily rag, used for cleaning a gun, and a few empty cartridges found in the underbrush a short distance from the scene of the crime, were the only other apparent clues.

After the coroner had arrived to take the body to Olympia, Prosecutor Yantis called a little council of war. "I am going up to Camp 4," he said, "to see if I can find out whether anyone was discharged from camp

on June 1st, or whether any new employees came in that day. But first I want all of you to take a good look along the side of the trail, and see if you can find a pair of old shoes."

It was Bob Taylor who spoke up. "Why, I saw an old shoe lying by the side of the creek about halfway down the hill."

"Let's get it," said Yantis.

Where the trail crossed the little stream that sprang from some hidden spring, ran a foot-log, and there by the side of the log I found a broken pint whisky bottle.

Maxwell, of the fellow who killed Weiss hadn't stopped to drink that pint of whisky he might have thought to hide more carefully the two shoes which we soon found—one shoe up the stream about as far as a man could throw; the other about the same distance down stream.

It was rapid work, the picking up of this important clue, but most of the men of that posse were hunters and woodsmen. Any strange object in the brush was sure to attract their attention.

The shoes were of the old "swing" type, straight on one side of the last, and curved on the other. They were low shoes, well worn. But what seemed to interest Yantis most was the fact that an oblong piece had been cut from the left shoe, in the region of the big toe.

Yantis went on over the hills to the camp, and there interviewed the foreman and timekeeper, only to have the disappointing news that no one of the employees had gone over the trail on June 1st with the exception of W. H. Brown, who was above suspicion.

He asked the foreman a peculiar question: "Do you know if any of the men have been having trouble with a bunions?"

The foreman said there were none. Yantis then talked to Brown, and after satisfying himself that Brown had nothing to do with the crime, came back to Olympia. Olympia had for chief of police Bell Hall, an erstwhile blacksmith, who had ridden into office on the same upheaval that brought young Yantis in. Ben Hall was a very ordinary sort of fellow with a desire to be a great detective. Ambition stirred in the breast of the village blacksmith—he really hadn't any unusual ability, but he had a pair of keen eyes and lots of energy.

The appeal he sent out up and down the Pacific Coast and throughout the West to "find the man with the bunions," was probably the occasion for many a good laugh in the detective departments of the big city forces. But he who laughs last, laughs best.

I saw Ben Hall nearly every day during that search for "the man with the bunions," and every time I saw him, he had a tale to tell.

But all the time he kept repeating over and over to me: "Shoes, shoes, shoes! That fellow has on a pair that have been cut like the old ones we found at the creek—cut to keep his bunions from hurting. And, sooner or later, somebody is bound to notice them." But that somebody—that is, nobody in any of the big detective departments.

Ben Hall talked to Weiss' daughters about the kind of footwear the father wore. He talked to the manufacturer who made Weiss' shoes until he had a mental picture of the kind he sought indelibly fixed in his mind.

He talked shoes, he dreamed shoes, he sent out circulars about shoes, he wrote letters about them, and he had his eyes constantly earthward. He drove over country roads stopping tramps and hoboes, looking at the footwear they wore.

About two weeks after the finding of Weiss, a miner by the name of John Rainey stood

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Send for the Wilton Method of Energy Mastery. This is not a mere treatise, it is a complete, step-by-step, illustrated manual. I do not doubt it will help you measure your tension and double your energies. If you should not agree, the cost is minimal! Return it for a full refund. But, for quick relief for your nerves, ACT NOW!

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( ) I am enclosing \$2.98, saving postage.

### IT'S IN THE BAG!

On leaving a Columbus, Ohio, hotel, Mrs. W. C. D. gave her baggage check to a porter and directed that her bag be sent to the bus station. At the bus station a redcap put the bag aboard a coach. Upon arriving at her destination in Wapakoneta, in the same state, Mrs. D. received a phone call which informed her that she had been given the wrong bag by mistake.

Arrangements were made for an exchange. The wrong bag which Mrs. D. had received contained \$15,000 worth of jewels.

before a mirror in his tent shack at Wilkensen, Washington, shaving. Wilkensen is some seventy miles from Gate, where Weiss was killed.

A slit in the tent, made with a dull knife, a single shot in the back of the head, as in the Weiss case, and Rainey lay dead on the floor of the shack. The thief-murderer rifled the pockets of the dead man, and took his watch. There were no other clues.

Officer Gerry stopped the entrance of a Tacoma pawnshop patiently awaiting the time when the slayer of Rainey would show up to dispose of the watch he had stolen. Three days after the murder his patience was rewarded when the man who ran the shop signaled that the fellow who had just left had pawned a watch.

Gerry overhauled the miscreant, as he thought, and took him to the police station for questioning, and the afternoon papers carried a story that the killer of Rainey had been apprehended through the quick work of the Tacoma Department. However, the Hoppers carried the next day carried another story that the suspect was to be released, as the watch had proved to be not the one taken from Rainey. Nor was it the Weiss watch.

But Ben Hall hadn't seen this fellow's shoes. He hurried to Tacoma, took a quick look at the suspect, mostly at his shoes, and said, "That's the man that killed Fred Weiss," only to be informed by Officer Gerry that he, Hall, was "off his nut."

But Hall insisted, and finally Gerry agreed to hold the suspect, who gave his name as Joe Parrott, until Hall could take the shoes to Olympia in an attempt to have them identified.

The wife of the murdered man, the daughters and the son were positive in their identification, but Max Deimner, the shoemaker, was most positive of all.

"One heel is a little higher than the other," he said. "Like that I always make them for Fred. Also, between the soles you will find a thin loose piece of fine leather, so the shoes won't squeak. Like that I make them for Fred."

The soles were opened and found to be exactly as described.

On this showing Prosecutor Yantis filed an information against Parrott. But the watch was not that of Weiss, and Parrott quit likely had an explanation for his possession of the shoes. Yantis was not at all sure he could give his case.

The case came up for trial at the August term of the Thurston County Court. The courtroom was filled to overflowing to hear the new prosecutor try his mysterious murder case. The newspapers were poking a bit of fun at Ben Hall's finding "the man with the bunion."

C. E. Collier, of Olympia, had been appointed by the court to defend Parrott, who now sat like a stoic in the prisoner's dock, and who answered most of the questions put by the prosecutor with an "I dunno."

To everyone in the courtroom it seemed apparent that Yantis was building his entire case around the fact that Parrott had Weiss' shoes at the time of his arrest, and that they had been cut like the pair found at the creek—to protect a bunion.

About the only evidence Yantis introduced, with the exception of the identification of the shoes, was an old Barlow knife which had been found on Parrott when he was arrested in Tacoma. The prisoner admitted ownership of the knife.

Attorney Collier placed him on the stand,

and step by step built an alibi that seemed sure to clear his client. Parrott told how he had been working for a stevedoring company at Aberdeen, Washington, late in May and recited in detail that he had been paid off at the dock in gold. He said that while in Aberdeen he had stayed at the "Our House Hotel," room 7. He denied that the shoes belonged to Weiss, and said he had had them repaired at a certain shop in Aberdeen, on a date prior to the murder.

He tried to prove his presence at Everett, Washington, by the landlady of a rooming house, on the day following that fixed as the date of the murder—but he gave no plausible explanation of his movements on June 1st, 1915, and in answer to all of the prosecutor's questions relative to that date he repeated, "I dunno."

Yantis' last act, prior to the defense testi-



mony, was to try on Parrott's feet the shoes found at the creek. They were a perfect fit—bunion hole and all.

The great strength of the prosecution lay in the splendid rebuttal to the Parrott alibi, a rebuttal made possible through the quick thinking of a quaint Pierce County Sheriff, Bob Longmire. This man had come out of the mountains to the city of Tacoma to take the sheriff's job without any great experience in catching criminals, but his work in beating Parrott's alibi would stand with the most clever in the land.

Bob Longmire took Joe Parrott to the scene of the murder and from among twenty other men, W. H. Brown, the one man who came out over the trail on June 1st, fixed Parrott as having been at Gate at that date.

Longmire took Joe into his confidence, and told him that unless he had a strong alibi he would go to prison sure. Parrott then unfolded to the sheriff the alibi which he afterward told on the witness stand, and Longmire told the story to Yantis. The prosecutor thus had an opportunity to check the story prior to hearing it at the trial.

In rebuttal, the paymaster of the Aberdeen stevedoring company where Parrott said he had been employed, swore that they never paid in gold, only by check, and that they never paid at the dock.

The manager of the "Our House Hotel" swore that room 7 of his hotel was a store-room and had never been occupied by a

guest.

The shoemaker in Aberdeen swore that he had never repaired the shoes in question because he had never had nails of that kind in his shop.

To the Parrott statement that he had not been at Gate on June 1st, Yantis placed on the stand W. H. Brown, whose information he had carefully guarded through the weeks intervening after the murder, although Brown had told him the story on that afternoon of June 10th, when the body was found.

Brown came out over the trail to Gate on the morning of June 1st in time to catch the 9 o'clock train for Olympia. He had quite a bit of gold on his person and several checks which he was to cash for men at Camp 4. When Brown got to Gate the train was late, and as he sat on an express truck on the platform a short, stocky man came over and sat beside him.

The stranger, who fitted the description of the prisoner, asked many questions, among them the hour when Brown meant to return from Olympia. Brown told his questioner he would be back on the 3 o'clock train that same afternoon—and that was the train that Weiss took. Brown stayed over in Olympia.

As Brown stood at the station window buying his ticket the stranger came up and peered over his shoulder as though he were trying to see what was in Brown's pocketbook. As he and the man sat together on the express truck, swinging their feet to and fro, Brown was attracted by the stranger's feet. He had on a pair of low-cut shoes—slashed down to the ankles so that they would be more comfortable.

Prosecutor Yantis in reconstructing his case argued that Brown was the intended victim of Parrott, but that when Brown stayed in Olympia the murderer followed Weiss up the train and shot him from the rear. Parrott then dragged the murdered man off the trail some twenty feet, cut the straps on the suitcase, robbed the body, took out the pint of whisky, cut some brush and stuck it in the place where the body had been dragged away, took Weiss' shoes, went into the brush and cleaned the gun, then leisurely sauntered down the trail.

At the little stream he paused to change shoes, finished the pint of whisky, threw his old shoes away, put on the Weiss shoes, went down to Gate, took the train to the ration point, and left on a freight for Everett.

The defense laid great stress on the unreliability of circumstantial evidence.

Then Yantis in closing sprung his trump card. He asked the jury to consider carefully the Barlow knife which he introduced rather casually as evidence. To notice the nick in the blade, to examine the slashed suitcase straps, the brush that had been stuck in the ground at the side of the trail, and the cuts in the two pairs of shoes.

Guy C. Winstanley, now dead, of Olympia, was foreman of the jury which brought in a verdict of guilty on the very first ballot. He laid down the law. To notice the conclusive evidence, Parrott acknowledged ownership of the Barlow, and the nick fitted exactly the peculiar abrasions made on the suitcase straps, the brush, and the shoes.

Parrott was sentenced to life imprisonment at Walla Walla State Penitentiary.

Some years after his incarceration he feigned insanity and was transferred to the hospital for criminally insane at Medical Lake, Washington. Later he escaped but was recaptured and returned to Walla Walla.



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were you and your wife with him?"

"I don't know the man."

"He told me he knew both of you and had been in the house before."

Rusho's perplexity seemed genuine. "Why," he insisted, "I don't believe I know the man at all."

Headrick leaned backward and frowned with concentration as he absent-mindedly tilted his gray Stetson hat to a perch far from his head. "In this case," he said, tapping the edge of his desk reflectively, "I believe I had better question him some more about that late cab trip."

He reached for the phone and called the cab company. Golden was not there. Headrick was advised that this was his day off. He obtained the man's address and taking a deputy along, sped toward Golden's house.

He found pretty Mrs. Elaine Golden home and introduced himself. "I've come to see Ralph about this case we are working on," he explained.

She smiled hesitantly and said, "I'm sorry, but he isn't home just now."

"Are you expecting him soon?"

She nodded and paused. "He left for some cigarettes, but that was quite a while ago and he may have gone over to Nampa for a few hours. He has friends there."

Headrick put his hat back on. "It's only twenty miles over there," he remarked, "so maybe we can catch him later in the day. I'd like to talk to him, though. I think he can help me on this Rusho case."

On his way back toward the business district he said to his deputy, "She is worried about him. Maybe Golden's trip for cigarettes will be a long one."

He drove straight to the cab company offices and started to question the other drivers about Golden. He asked if the former M.P. had been known to carry a gun, as a man will who once gets used to it.

This got him nowhere until he sensed a reluctant attitude on the part of one driver. Instantly he took this man out for private questioning in his car. Freed of some restraint by the privacy, the driver said, "Well, it's kind of rattling on the guy, but the day that murder story broke in the papers Golden slipped me a .25 Colt's automatic to keep for him. He just asked me to hold it a few days and keep it a secret."

"This is confidential information," Headrick said, "but a .25 automatic is involved in this case. If you've still got the gun, I want it."

The driver reported that Golden had picked the gun up a day earlier after returning from the sheriff's office.

Headrick frowned. "I need a slug from that gun for a ballistics test. Do any shooting with it on targets."

The driver shook his head. "No, I didn't shoot it." His face brightened. "Golden did, though. One day he fired a shot into a telephone pole out back."

"Show me where it is," the sheriff directed.

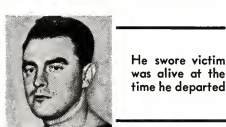
The bullet hole was easily located and the driver was sure it was the same one Golden fired into the wood.

Headrick posted a guard at the pole and called Lt. Brandon and Dr. Beeman at police headquarters. He quickly advised them of this new turn of events.

"I think Golden was carrying a .25 automatic, and by his own admission he was in the house that night. What he apparently lied about first was the time he left there." He asked Beeman to assume the job of retrieving the target bullet for a comparison test and got Brandon's promise to concentrate on the clue of Golden's fingerprints in the house. He knew, of course, that it was retained by Boise law for cab drivers to file a fingerprint card and hence was aware that Brandon would have an excellent set of the suspect's prints.

With Beeman's assurance that the bullet from Mrs. Rusho's head would provide accurate comparison tests, the sheriff then put a pickup order out immediately for Golden's arrest for questioning. A detail was placed to watch his home and the sheriff himself lost no time getting over to Nampa on the chance that the suspect might still be found there.

In Nampa he learned that Golden had been picked up by several police officers with him, including two police officers with whom he chatted. But he had disappeared before Headrick's arrival. Nampa authorities promised to cooperate in seeking the man and Headrick returned to Boise. There



He swore victim was alive at the time he departed

he found out that Golden had not yet returned to his home, nor had he reported to work when it was time for him to go on shift. Without notifying anyone of his intentions, he had left town.

After telling Headrick his straightforward and plausible story, the cab driver had picked up his gun and then, after worrying overnight about his position in the case, had taken French leave without even telling his wife.

Lt. Brandon at police headquarters had some important information that he had been trying to communicate to the sheriff. A fingerprint on the neck of a broken bottle had been found to match a print on Golden's card on file at headquarters.

"I think it is significant," Brandon said, "even though he anticipated our finding it and said he'd handled the bottle, because the print is on the neck in such a way as to indicate that he had gripped the bottle to use as a weapon."

"That means he held the bottle as a club, and not to pour a drink."

"It's a mighty incriminating piece of evidence," the police lieutenant said flatly.

By now, it was late on the second night following the initial investigation. Pending Beeman's report on the ballistics tests, Headrick dropped down to Captain Sherman's office on the corner.

"I seem to recall that Ralph Golden was on night shift, most of the time," he preambled.

"Yes," Captain Sherman replied. "Is he mixed up in your investigation on this Rusho case?"

"He might be. What kind of person did you find him to be?"

Sherman was stern. "I guess you know I took his badge from him right here in my office, for the good of the department?"

The sheriff was surprised. "I hadn't heard that."

The captain nodded. "Yes, he quit by request. He was a woman-chasing troublemaker. I fired him."

Headrick told about the fingerprint on the bottle neck. "If the bullets match," he added, "I'll request a warrant tonight." Dr. Beeman's report caught up with him about the time As Headrick had expected now, the report was favorable. Beeman stated that the bullets compared on enough vital points that he would be willing to take the evidence into court and testify that both the bullet in Mrs. Rusho's head and the bullet from the telephone pole behind the cab stand were fired from the same gun.

The telling effect of the report was intensified by signed statements from wit-

nesses who averred that they saw Golden with the gun and saw him fire the bullet into the pole.

Headrick lost no more time, but telephoned Prosecutor Attorney James M. Blaine at once. He asked Blaine to cooperate with him in getting a warrant signed that very night before the proper authorities. The evidence was taken before the Justice Court of Judge J. M. Lampert, and by morning the inter-mountain police teletypes carried full details of the case, requesting Golden's apprehension on a charge of first-degree murder. That was Friday, October 4th, five days after the murder.

Thousands of police bulletins were circulated throughout the nation. Boise authorities now concentrated on watching for Golden to communicate with friends or relatives as they believed him to be short of funds.

As rumor had it that Golden often talked about San Francisco, and as his Army records showed that he had been raised in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Headrick sent detailed information on the wanted man to officials in each of these cities. Philadelphia, in case Golden ran for home territory; San Francisco, in the event that he sought cover in the closest of the bigger cities.

The best undercover men available in Boise were kept busy on rumors of Golden's whereabouts. A tip that he was in San Francisco looked better than any of the others and it was decided to concentrate on it. It was further heightened in interest when the officers keeping the Golden home under surveillance discovered that Mrs. Golden had bought a bus ticket to that metropolis. They saw her off on the trip without revealing themselves and the time the bus was due to arrive in San Francisco was immediately transmitted to police headquarters.

In that city, this last information and a photo of Golden were assigned to Homicide Inspectors Martin Lee and George Heeg.

On October 17th, Heeg and Lee located Ralph Golden while he was eating lunch in a cafe near the bus station where he was due to meet his wife in a few minutes.

He offered no resistance when arrested and they accompanied him to the station where they took Mrs. Golden into custody also. However, she was not officially under arrest and was never held under any suspicion of having guilty knowledge of the case.

Golden waived extradition and denied any guilt. He insisted that he was the innocent victim of circumstantial evidence and bitterly protested, having been kept in irons on the return trip to Boise with Sheriff Headrick, Lt. Brandon and Prosecutor Blaine.

At his trial he admitted that his fingerprints were in the house and said that the print on the bottle got there when he poured a drink. He reaffirmed his statement that Mrs. Rusho was alive and well when he departed.

Prosecutor Blaine had based the State's case on the ballistics report by Dr. Beeman and on the location of the fingerprint on the bottle neck that indicated its use as a weapon.

On December 20th, 1946, a jury found Ralph Golden guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced the twenty-seven-year-old cab driver to life imprisonment in accordance with Idaho law that requires the jury to set the sentence on a first-degree guilty finding.

"No," they can't do that, he isn't guilty," Golden's wife cried, and she was led from the courtroom protesting that her husband was innocent.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

A picture of the *Werner*, Ralph Golden, appears on this page.

## HAND OF DOOM

(Continued from page 15) Oakland for money to make a trip West. The friend sent her money and on February 22nd Inez arrived in Oakland to visit at that friend's house. While in Oakland she telegraphed for and received a two weeks' extension of her furlough.

She stayed in Oakland and vicinity visiting friends and relatives until March 3rd, when she left to "visit friends in San Mateo County" for a few days. The same evening she had dinner in San Francisco with her sister. And when she left that evening she said she was going down the Peninsula to visit friends. The sister told me of this meeting.

"The last I saw of Inez was a week ago Monday, March 3rd, when she left our apartment after having dinner with us. She said that we would not see her until the end of the week, as she was going to visit friends down the Peninsula, but that she would have dinner with us again Saturday, March 8th.

"Inez came here on furlough almost three weeks ago and whether it was her condition that brought her, I don't know. She never intimated anything to me about it, and the idea never entered my head.

"My husband, however, imagined she was worrying about something. Something seemed to be preying on her mind, he said.

"She planned to return to Fort Riley last Monday, as that was the last day that would get her there before her furlough expired.

"When Saturday came and she didn't show up for dinner, I supposed that she had changed her plans and that I would hear from her again. And I thought no more about it until I saw Monday's Examiner.

"My husband insisted that I must be mistaken as nothing like that would happen to Inez. Each day I was reassured, but on Wednesday I became more certain than ever and I made up my mind to visit the morgue the following day.

"Yesterday morning we discussed it, and my husband promised me that he would go to the morgue and make sure one way or another."

So came the identification.

We had at that time in our police department, and had had during the war, a Neutrality Bureau, to handle crimes involving alien enemies, to cooperate with military police, and to deal with reported and suspected spies.

In the intense activity that followed identification of the woman as a Red Cross nurse, this bureau immediately concentrated every man and effort on the murder.

Army officials also jumped into active cooperation. An Army board of investigation, composed of ranking officers, and headed by Colonel Parker, went into executive session over the associations and activities of Miss Reed while at Letterman General Hospital. They were ordered to make a thorough investigation and turn over a complete report to Major General John F. Morrison, then in command of the Ninth Corps Area.

A similar inquiry at Fort Riley, Kansas, under a separate and comparable corps of officers, enabled the Army to handle its end of the murder hunt and to offer instant competent and secret cooperation. And they could compel answers and reports from officers and enlisted men where we couldn't.

The San Mateo Sheriff's and District Attorney's office, and the police force each had its share in the effort to solve the mystery. Each utilized every available man in uncovering clues.

Chief White of San Francisco gave the

keynote and tenor of our investigations when he announced:

"If it is necessary, we will place every detective on the force on the Reed case. The crime, showing such callousness for human life, is one of the most abhorrent in the history of the state, and I shall personally see to it that every effort is made to avenge the girl's death."

There were two general lines of inquiry open to investigating officers. The more obvious consisted of an attempt to discover who had committed the illegal operation, watched his patient die, and thrown her lifeless body into a wooden ravine. The other, aimed at the same end, involved a search for the girl's betrayer, and through him an attempt to locate the doctor responsible.

Naturally the investigations along the latter lines laid every man who had known Inez Reed open to embarrassing questions and much unwanted publicity.

This was particularly true of those Army doctors and officers who had known or been officially associated with Miss Reed. With the double Army inquiry under way, dozens of officers had their blameless lives reeled in and dissected by relentless investigators.

Now let me show you what I, as head of the San Francisco Detective Bureau, and my assistant, Lieutenant Charles Goff, and the men under us were doing. We started our work with a conference. A few mornings after Miss Reed had been identified, when I had a fairly complete report on her and her activities since arriving from Fort Riley, I sent for Goff.

"Charlie," I began, "I stayed here till almost midnight last night, going into this Reed affair, and from the reports, I don't think these other fellows are getting anywhere. They're off on the wrong track.

"What we've got to do is get right to the heart of this mess or we'll be months flogging around getting nowhere.

"In going over these reports I've been struck by three items. The body was found in San Mateo County, not far from the city of San Mateo; the autopsy showed the body hadn't been moved far; and Miss Reed told her friend and her sister that she was going to 'visit' down the Peninsula. What do you see in those facts when you group them together?"

"I think I see what you see—that we'll have to start in San Mateo," Goff said.

"Exactly! San Mateo's the heart of this case. Whatever evidence we get will be concealed down there. There's a house somewhere there in which Inez Reed was operated on. There'll be evidence in that house. There's a doctor, and probably a nurse."

"Captain, I think you've hit it, but—" "Here's something else. Inez Reed went directly to San Mateo from her sister's home. She went down in the evening. So she had already made arrangements with her doctor. Now, so far as I can find out, she hadn't been down there before during this furlough.

"Which means that she made her arrangements with some San Francisco doctor.

"We've got to look for a doctor with an office in San Francisco, who has another office, home or sanitarium, or some kind of connection in San Mateo. There are many San Francisco doctors associated with San Mateo.

"I want you to pick your own men and go down to San Mateo. Circulate around. Get into the hospitals and sanitariums. Talk to the reputable doctors. And get a list of every doctor who isn't in the clear.

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Goff is a strapping big fellow with a world of personality. He represents the storybook detective in his relentless perseverance, and in his energy and patience once he gets on a case. Two days later he telephoned me from San Mateo.

"I'm coming in, Captain, right away. I think we've had a break!"

I sensed that Goff had uncovered a worthwhile lead, for he is naturally a conservative fellow, hard to excite. And when I saw him my hopes rose, for he came bursting in and started right in talking.

"Captain, I'm going to tell you the story just as it happened and see what you make of it."

"Go ahead," I agreed.

"When we got to San Mateo day before yesterday, we went first to District Attorney Franklin K. Swart as you suggested. He gave me a letter to a doctor in San Mateo, an officer of some kind in their county medical association.

"Before visiting him we got a telephone directory and made a list of all doctors living in or near San Mateo. We took this list to Swart's doctor, and he told us what he could about each man. With his help we drew up a list of those worth looking over. Then he sent us to five other doctors whom we could trust.

"They helped me revise the list of questionable doctors. I told them quite frankly what I wanted. About 3 o'clock I was talking to another doctor, telling him I was looking for a doctor with local connections and a dubious reputation.

"I heard something that may interest you," he suggested. "My wife's sister lives on Highland Avenue here in San Mateo. She was over a few nights ago and I remember hearing her discuss a nurse seen around a place down the block from her. She thought it queer because the house was supposed to have been sold or vacated recently. It might be a new sanitarium."

"I told the doctor that I was greatly in-

terested. He couldn't find out any more particulars about the place, but gave me the house number, 615 Highland Avenue. I drove over this morning.

"I found a large, two-story affair with all window shades on the lower floor drawn. It looked unoccupied all right. I rang and knocked but there was no answer, so I went next door, where a Mrs. L. C. Schweitzer lives.

"She told me that a Mr. Born had been her neighbor until March 1st. On that morning he moved out, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon two women came.

"They tried all the doors and windows, but everything was locked, so they came over to ask her for a ladder. But before she could accommodate them one of the women found a bathroom window unlocked, and crawled in.

"Mrs. Schweitzer saw people around the house occasionally during the following week, but they didn't seem neighborly, and they kept all the shades on the lower floor drawn, and the windows upstairs open. That was all she had noticed.

"But I had found a gas bill under the door mat made out to 'Mrs. F. Frances.' I went to the gas company office where they showed me an application for service, filed on March 3rd by a Mrs. F. Frances, to begin on March 6th.

"H. W. Johnson, lineman for the company, told me he called at 615 Highland Avenue on March 5th and 7th. On the 7th he noticed a strong smell of anesthetics, 'like a hospital,' he said. A woman in nurse's uniform answered the door.

"This lead looked awfully good to me so I borrowed that application blank with the signature on it.

"Then I went to the water company where they told me the water was turned on March 5th. Al Bader, the foreman, went out to the house on March 6th, and his application was signed 'Mrs. F. Davis.'

"Here are the two application blanks. You see for yourself they were written by the same woman."

He shoved the two papers toward me. I compared the two signatures carefully. Sure enough, the writing appeared identical.

"Now what do you think, Captain?" Goff concluded. "The house was taken just before the Reed murder, it was occupied just

about the time of the murder, and vacated just after. I've placed the smell of anesthetics at the house. There's a nurse there, and a woman who uses two names. 'The place looks wrong to me.'

"There's no doubt but that you're on the track," I mused. "It may not be the Reed murder house, though I think it is. Whatever it is, it's worth going into. And I think we'll find some traces of Inez Reed's death in it."

"Come around here early tomorrow morning and I'll go down with you. I'll be there long tonight to find anything."

Next morning Goff and I and Detective Sergeant Adolph Juel, head of our Bureau of Identification, drove down. Goff pried open a window and we climbed in. The first thing that struck us was the fact that the place had been vacated in a hurry.

In the living room fireplace a pile of ashes and a few unburned fragments bore witness that whoever had moved out had evidently burned up a large pile of trash—or evidence. And one unburned fragment told us the story. It was a partly-burned, bloodsoaked pad of cotton.

Scattered about the house, in almost every room, were hundreds of cigarette stubs. They lay in trays, dishes, pails and cups, and scattered about on the floor and in the fireplace. We found where burning cigarettes had scorched and charred the wood on window-sills, furniture, and floors. Someone had been pretty nervous in that house; those cigarette stubs told an eloquent story.

In a hallway leading from the living room to the kitchen lay a woman's shoe, evidently overlooked in the hurry. But it's an old story. When people try to leave a place hurriedly they forget things. We marked the shoe and kept it for evidence.

Detective Sergeant Juel went over the place carefully for fingerprints. He dusted the chairs, tables, woodwork, and door-knobs. He found a few fragments of prints, but couldn't seem to get any complete enough to photograph.

In the bedroom on the first floor we found one of a set of twin beds, but the mate was nowhere. There were no mattresses or bedclothes about. And these were the things we particularly wanted, for if we were to find bloodstains we would find them on bedclothes.

Exhausting the first and second floors, we turned attention to the basement. A casual survey showed nothing of interest. Just the normal accumulation from a house occupied over a period of years.

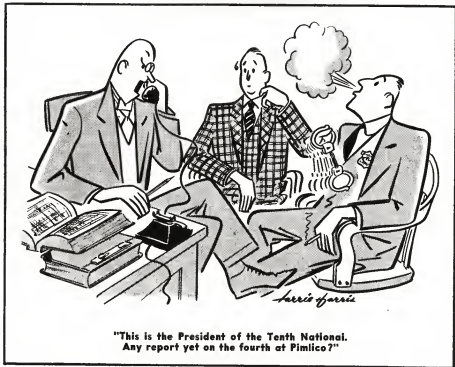
Nosing into the corners we found a bed frame leaning against the wall. It aroused our curiosity because it was in an inaccessible corner—too obviously so. We brought it to the light.

It was clean, free from dust. This in itself was definitely suspicious, for everything else was dust-covered. Then we realized it was twin to the bed upstairs. Sure enough, on the inside of the frame were bloodstains.

This practically clinched our conviction that we were in the murder house. And it helped a little, though not conclusively, in proving it. For we hadn't the least idea, even yet, as to the identity of the doctor. We couldn't connect any doctor with the house, so that even if we found him we would have difficulty convicting him.

But here again I placed my faith in Goff. I had no time to devote to further personal investigation, so I went back with Sergeant Juel, leaving Goff and his men in charge, with instructions to have District Attorney Swart come over.

I went over the legal aspects of the case again that day, and found that the Supreme Court of California has said in several of its decisions, which constitute the law of the state, that if any person performs upon a woman what is known as a criminal



"This is the President of the Tenth National. Any report yet on the fourth at Pimlico?"



abortion, and she dies as a result of that act, he, the person performing the operation, is guilty of murder in the second degree.

Contrasted with what had to be proved, our evidence looked slim. Few outsiders would have granted us a case. A nurse, or a woman in a white dress, who signs two names: a house, taken before and vacated after the date of a murder, with a "hospital" smell; scattered cigarettes, blood-soaked cotton, a forgotten shoe—there, superficially, was our case.

But other factors favored us. A detective develops a sort of instinct about men and places, whether they're "right" or "wrong." Probably it's just common sense, developed through experience. But whatever it is, we felt this Highland Avenue house "wrong."

One thing leads to another. We were just beginning our investigation—much was yet to be brought out. Though we didn't know who the doctor was, or the nurse, though we hadn't placed the victim in the house, still that house was "wrong" and we were going to prove it.

WHILE Goff was continuing his investigations in San Mateo, I thought I'd see what I could make out of those two signatures, "Mrs. F. Frances" and "Mrs. F. Davis." Not much to work with, but still something.

I have noticed that a crook with many aliases frequently uses his own Christian name, as Jim Black, alias Jim Brown, alias Jim Smith. And generally that "Jim" really is his name.

The reason is obvious. If a crook is in a jam, or being questioned, or in half a dozen other circumstances—suppose his real name is Jim, but he's going by Bill, and some acquaintance seeing him talking to a cop yells out, "Hello, Jim," then that cop is going to search him, and hold him for investigation. That's why crooks, and people with something to conceal, change their real names but so often retain their Christian name.

This nurse who had signed two names had in each case signed herself as "Mrs." and used the first initial "F." Then, too, she had chosen "Frances" as one of her surnames.

Nearly all nurses are registered and belong to associations, and have their names in directories. I had a man get me as complete a list of nurses' names as he could, and I went over those names, searching for a "Mrs. Frances" Smith, or Jones, or Brown—it didn't matter which.

We found three, obtained pictures of two of them, and I sent those down to Goff. In the late afternoon I received a phone call from Goff, saying he wanted to see me in the evening. So I arranged to come back to the bureau to meet him at 8 o'clock.

He came in jubilant. "Your hunch was right, Captain. I showed those two pictures to Mrs. Schweitzer, and she picked the one of Mrs. Frances Mason as the woman in nurse's uniform she saw next door.

"And I've placed Inez Reed, the mystery woman, in our mystery house on Highland Avenue. You remember those milk bottles in the kitchen? And those groceries? Well, I looked up the milk boy first. The milk company gave me his name and address.

"I went there and found that he regularly delivered milk to the Borns during their residence at Highland Avenue. One day he found some milk bottles with a pink paper in one—a note. It stated that the Borns were moving and would want no more milk, and suggested that Eddy call on the new tenants who were taking possession immediately. This was just after March 1st.

"Next day he called again at the house, but nobody was there. He tried again

the following day and a young woman answered the door, dressed like a nurse.

"I asked her if she wanted to start milk with me," he said. "She said she would ask the doctor. Then she took one bottle and paid for it."

"Twice she took milk. The third day he left a bottle, and it was never taken from the porch."

"Then I took out a picture of Inez Reed. 'Have you ever seen this young lady?' I asked. 'Sure. That's the lady that bought the milk,' he stated.

"That's about all I got from him. Then I went to the grocery store. A package of spaghetti had the name and address of the grocer stamped on it. He didn't remember delivering anything at Highland Avenue since the Borns left."

"But when Mrs. Schweitzer identified that picture of Mrs. Mason, I went back. He showed it to the clerks. One of them identified it immediately as one of a party of four, two men and two women, who had come to the store to buy the taken groceries with them in an automobile."

Goff's story almost knocked me over.

"We're getting pretty close, all right, Charlie," I agreed. "But we haven't a doctor yet. Of course when we've looked up Frances Mason we ought to find one."

"And how about this landlady, Born?" "I haven't found him, Captain. I've got his address, but he's in and out during the day. But I hope to reach him at 9 o'clock tonight. I'll report in the morning about his story."

Next morning Goff had Born's story. He had made notes of it and read to me from the notes:

"About February 20th a young woman (identified as Mrs. Mason from her picture) came to me to lease the Highland Avenue house in which I was living.

"I told her I couldn't lease it because it was owned by a holding company, but I offered to negotiate with the company and telephoned her the results. She referred me to a Northcott. About a week later I telephoned Northcott that the house couldn't be leased but was for sale.

"DOCTOR NORTHCOTT wanted to see the house. I arranged a meeting and on February 27th I took Northcott to Highland Avenue. He went over the house with me carefully.

"He agreed to purchase the place, and agreed to my price. He paid five hundred dollars down on an option, the balance to be paid in monthly installments. The deal was closed on March 1st.

"The doctor wanted immediate possession. March 1st came on Saturday. He wanted to move in then, but I couldn't move out in time. I promised to be out by Tuesday at the latest. Dr. Northcott seemed in a great rush.

"I moved out my final load at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning, March 4th, but I had to go back the next morning and found that someone had been in the house. The furniture was rearranged.

"The house was being sold partly furnished. This included twin beds and mattresses. One twin bed from the rear bedroom was in the dining room and the chairs and table from the dining room were in the living room.

"I saw a nurse's uniform, some towels, a hypodermic needle and some doctor's thermometers on the table.

"Again on Thursday I went back, this time for a sack of flour and some potatoes. A man's hat and coat were on the table. The odor of an anesthetic pervaded the house. And I heard a woman moaning.

"The woman who came to the door seemed anxious to be rid of me and helped me with the sack of flour.

"I went back five or six days later on another errand, and found to my amazement



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ment that the tenants had vacated. The furniture had been rearranged again; the bed in the dining room was gone; both mattresses were missing.

Like the proverbial snowball rolling downhill, our case seemed gaining momentum in leaps and bounds. Remember, this was the first we'd heard of a doctor. Getting him implicated in buying that murder house seemed almost like having him convicted.

Perhaps we were a trifle optimistic at the moment. At least we were brought up short in a very few hours.

Goff wanted to go back to San Mateo to continue his investigations. He planned to call on all the neighbors and go over the house again. And he had the staff.

Detectives Fred Losey and William Millikan and Policewoman Katherine O'Connor had been working continuously with Goff and he gave them full credit for the results obtained.

Before he left I called District Attorney Swart to arrange a meeting. Mr. Swart said he was coming to San Francisco on business, and could come an hour earlier and go over the case. So I kept Goff at the bureau until Swart came.

WE outlined our results step by step for Mr. Swart, marshaling our evidence for though for a jury. Mr. Swart was the man who actually would prosecute the case, so we wanted his reaction.

"Well, Captain," he commented, turning to me as we concluded, "you and Lieutenant Goff have done exceptional work—real sleuthing with mighty good judgment—and you've convinced me that Northcott is our man. I want to congratulate and thank you both for your untiring cooperation. But we're not through yet."

"On the evidence that we have, even after the minor links are supplied, Northcott would go free. The judge, I believe, would be forced to acquit the doctor, and he'd be not guilty. The law often seems to handicap conscientious officials, prosecuting officers as well as police officials."

"So far as I can determine, you have dug up everyone knowing anything about the case. But not one saw the operation performed; no one knows who the doctor was Northcott, or some other doctor, or some outsider; and in a case of this kind it's almost necessary to have a witness to the operation to insure conviction."

District Attorney Swart is both a well-informed lawyer and an able prosecutor. He had been district attorney for at least ten years. And when he concluded his summary of the evidence, I naturally didn't question his judgment.

After he left, Goff and I looked each other over. I broke the silence:

"Well, Charlie, I thought we'd done better than that. We've got to get Northcott on this. I find he's the right doctor that operated on a Miss Anderson."

"Miss Anderson died about a month ago, and in her dying statement named Northcott as the man who killed her. From what I can learn he is both a careless and callous surgeon. Life apparently means nothing to him. He's out on his right doctor."

"You go down and dig up what you can. I'll put a man on both Northcott and this Mrs. Mason. We'll have them shadowed every minute from now until we spring the trap."

The day didn't bring much cheer. Our rolling snowball must have struck a rock or hit bottom.

Goff reported one addition. He found a Mr. C. S. Jared, who lived on Santa Inez Avenue in San Mateo. Jared worked for the Western Sugar Refinery in San Francisco, each morning passing the Highland Avenue house on his way to the train.

He stated that on March 6th or 7th, while passing the Highland Avenue house,

he smelled carbolic acid or an anesthetic—like a hospital. And one morning he heard the doctor—some a long drawn-out moan as of a woman in intense agony.

The next day likewise proved uneventful. Detectives shadowing the two suspects reported nothing noteworthy. But the third day was different again.

I was sitting at my desk at headquarters, discussing with two of my men a series of petty stickups, when my telephone rang.

"Is this Captain Matheson?" a gentle, disturbed voice asked.

"Yes, this is Matheson," I told her.

"When can I see you?"

"Who is calling?"

"I want to see you about Miss Reed."

I was anxious to see anyone with new anything about Miss Reed and told her so. My caller gave her name and I told her I'd come out to see her at once.

Postponing the stickup discussion, I picked a chauffeur and started for her address.

The woman was a trained nurse. It seems that she got her cases by leaving her name with different doctors, and when one had a patient needing a nurse, he would perhaps call or recommend her.

About February 28th she had called Dr. Northcott and asked to be put on call. The same afternoon the telephone rang. He had a case, she said, but wanted a confidential talk first. So she went at once to his office.

"He told me that he was in trouble about a patient who died from an operation, and his lawyer advised him to take his future patients outside the city. Then if they should die the police could not arrest or prosecute him (which was ridiculous)."

"He told me then that he was looking for a house in the country. Later he told me he had found one and had paid down a deposit."

It was then she learned the doctor



When questioned he said: "I have nothing to say."

wanted her for an illegal operation. He wanted her to help with the operation and take the case afterward. She refused to help with the operation but offered to take the case when it was over. She needed work, and couldn't be "choosy." Northcott agreed and said he would notify her when the time came—within a few days.

She called on him again Wednesday afternoon, March 5th, a week later. He said he was not quite ready, but would telephone her that very evening, as he was going out to make arrangements about the case.

He didn't telephone that evening. So again on Thursday and on Friday she telephoned him. She didn't locate him till Saturday morning, when she went to his office.

"He was extremely nervous. He said he didn't have any sleep all night as he was out of town. He had worked all night long. (This was the Friday night the murder was committed.)"

He told me to call again. I did, on Monday, and he said he wouldn't need me after all. But he offered to pay me for the time I had wasted while waiting for the case. Then we got to talking, and suddenly out of a clear sky he brought up the Reed case.

"He asked me if I had read about the Reed case in the papers. 'Yes, I did,' I told him, and I think it was awful to throw

the body over the cliff."

"Yes, I know it is, but—she died not—she was not thrown over. She jumped over herself." And I said:

"Well, Doctor, it would not be so bad if she had died. I understand she could die from the operation. But to throw her over the cliff, that was awful. I cannot understand it."

"I know it is," he said, "but keep quiet now. I am in trouble now, already. Keep quiet and I won't do any more practicing in my office. That is the reason I got that little sanitarium at the present time. I am not going to perform any more illegal operations."

With the nurse's statement in my hands I was reassured about the conviction. Her statement amounted to a second-hand confession by Northcott. We had connected Inez Reed with the house; we could show pretty clearly that an operation had been performed there with the "hospital" smell of anesthetics, the removal of the two mattresses, the other bed, and the offed cotton; we had Northcott buying the house; and here we had him confessing the operation and discussing the disposition of the body with the nurse.

And she was to furnish additional aid in the case, for she told of a doctor who knew something about it and wanted to tell me his story.

I went to see the doctor. I didn't want either of them showing up at my office yet, or being seen around police headquarters. Up to this time there hadn't been a leak in the case. Dr. Northcott, the newspapers, and the other detectives and officers around the department knew absolutely nothing of any of Goff's or my discoveries. And that was one reason we got such good results.

The doctor told me that Inez Reed—he identified her by her picture—came to him on the week of March 1st, seeking relief for a four-month pregnancy.

He told her he couldn't take the case himself, he wouldn't do that kind of work. But she seemed so desperate he suggested that she see Dr. Northcott, as he understood Northcott took cases of that character.

He gave her Northcott's card with the address, and she looked at it and asked directions as to how to get there. He gave her explicit directions, then wrote them down on a piece of paper in her presence, gave her the paper, and walked down and pointed out the car she should take.

In parting he told her that if she was unable to make satisfactory arrangements with Dr. Northcott, to return to him and he would try to find someone else. She promised to return if unsuccessful. But she never returned.

Again we called in District Attorney Swart for a conference. Again he reviewed our evidence. And again he expressed doubts of a conviction.

"You've done a perfect job," he told us, "and you have all the evidence available. I'm convinced of that. But here is the stickler. We've got to produce someone who saw the operation performed, or prove that Miss Reed came to Dr. Northcott with the intention of having him perform one."

"EITHER bit of evidence would ensure a conviction. We can't get a witness to the operation. That leaves us to prove Miss Reed's intention. And it is a question whether we can do it with the doctor's testimony, even backed by the nurse."

"You see, the hearsay rule provides that conversations not held in the presence of the defendant are inadmissible. And Miss Reed is not here either to testify what her intentions were, or to corroborate the doctor's story."

"Here's our one chance as I see it. Since

Miss Reed is dead and cannot testify, and since the doctor's story is a practical proof of intention, we may get an exception to the hearsay rule. This particular situation has never been presented in a California court to the best of my knowledge. And we may get away with it, even if we make a new law by so doing.

"If you and Goff have completed your investigations, I'd recommend that you bring in Northcott and Mrs. Mason, and then go over Northcott's books. Do you think he's wise as yet to your activity?"

"I don't think he suspects a thing," I answered. "The man I've got trailing him, Detective Wiskotichill, is pretty shrewd. He told me last night that Northcott acts as though nothing is bothering him in the least—carefree, joking, all smiles."

"How he can be that way after his butchery of those two unfortunate women in just a month's time, is beyond me. He must be all that his reputation makes him out to be."

"Anyway, I'll have Miss Reed's brother in this afternoon, and get him to swear out a warrant as complaining witness. Then we'll drag in Northcott and see what he has to say. If he won't talk, we'll shoot him right down to you."

**M. R. SWART** and Lieutenant Goff thought that plan satisfactory, and Swart left.

I telephoned Miss Reed's brother and he reported to my office. I went over our evidence with him carefully. When I had completed our story, he said he hadn't the least doubt about Northcott's guilt and would do whatever we suggested. Swart and Goff then took him to San Mateo County and had a John Doe warrant sworn out for the murder of his sister.

We didn't want Northcott's name on the warrant, as we wanted to keep it out of the newspapers. Not a word of our work had leaked out, and the papers had about dropped the Red case as an unsolved mystery. We wanted it left that way until we had taken Northcott and had gone over his office records, for if we could locate Inez Reed's name anywhere as a patient, our case would be "on ice."

While Goff and the brothers were swearing out the warrant, I had a police sardon then around Northcott's office on Market Street, San Francisco, and another around the Highland Avenue house in San Mateo.

On his return Goff went directly to Northcott's office, arrested him, got his keys, and brought him to my office. Goff then went back to look over the records. But Northcott had been so careful that half the records remained, and those but partially filled out. The book containing records of the time of Miss Reed's visit was missing. Northcott's hotel room likewise proved barren. Not a trace of Miss Reed's name could Goff find. This proved a blow to our hopes and our case, though even yet we counted on conviction of the wily doctor.

When Goff reported his failure at the office, I felt the time had come to give out our story.

So I called in the reporters and sketched most of the incriminating points. I told of finding the Highland Avenue house, of placing Miss Reed in that house, of connecting Northcott as owner, and of Northcott's pending charge in which he had been named in the dying statement of that other unfortunate girl.

Reporters, detectives and the public alike were astounded when extra carried word of "Nurse Murderer in Custody!" "Inez Reed Case Solved!" and "Beautiful Red Cross Girl Avenged!"

Northcott, I found, was a dark, heavy-set man, five feet, seven inches tall, about a hundred and seventy pounds, smooth-shaven and alert. He was dressed in an ordinary dark tuxedo suit, in need of press-

ing, with a soft dark hat pulled well down over his forehead to shade his red-rimmed eyes.

He was chewing on a cigar when he came in, and he continued to chew on it more or less nervously. But I hesitate to call it nervousness, because Northcott had no nerves in the popular sense. Except for that chewing, and his tendency to pace up and down the room occasionally, he appeared as unaffected, as unperturbed, as self-confident as a salesman selling life insurance.

"What do you know about a house on Highland Avenue in San Mateo?" a reporter fired at him. "Didn't you buy a house there?"

"Yes, I admit I bought the Highland Avenue house in San Mateo to continue my practice because the police made it too hot for me in San Francisco. As for this murder charge, I refuse to say anything about it."

Then I started in: "What do you all you have to say?"

"I have nothing to say. I am standing on my legal rights. I'll have a lawyer do the talking."

"If you don't want to make a statement, it's entirely up to you."

"I have no statement to make."

After that, he ended our conversation, our "third degree."

I found that Dr. Northcott was graduated from the Michigan College of Medicine and Surgery in 1894 (at least his credentials so specified).

He had opened an office in Oakland, California, the same year, and practised there until 1918, when he opened a private sanitarium in Colfax, California. He abandoned this in a short time, secured one in Placer County, then came to San Francisco.

He had been married twice, his first wife dying while he was in Oakland. He was living with his second wife at the Whitcomb Hotel in San Francisco at the time of his arrest.

Mr. Swart, who prosecuted the case, told me that it was the hardest case he ever had—and he was District Attorney of San Mateo for more than twenty years.

**NORTHCOTT** hired four of the best criminal lawyers in California to defend him. They tried to establish an alibi. They tried to disprove our testimony; and finally they put Northcott himself on the witness stand.

Northcott admitted that he bought the Highland Avenue house from Mr. Born. But he had nothing about the use to which it was subsequently put, but contended that he loaned it to Mrs. Mason and her friends until he was ready to occupy it.

We put on all our witnesses, established our case, and then sprang the other doctor's testimony.

There was a fight from the first over admitting his testimony in the form of a conversation with Miss Reed. But Mr. Swart finally won out, and by so doing, I believe, won the case.

At least on the strength of it, and our converging lines of evidence, the jury voted "guilty as charged," and the judge sentenced Northcott to San Quentin prison for murder in the second degree—with a penalty of ten years to life.

And so it came to pass that the ghostly apparition seen by Fernandez and Casey "wavin'" at them, served to beckon the avenging hounds of justice on Northcott's trail, and led him to pay for his crimes with his life—when he died while serving his sentence in San Quentin Prison.

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

A picture of the slayer, Dr. Northcott, appears on page 84.



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## MYSTERY OF THE LOVERS' TRYST

(Continued from page 27) window cord, gave me half and kept half. Mills had his gun with him and told me to bring along the flashlight I always carry in the car.

"We waited in the ditch about two hours and then a car drove up from the west and stopped at the side of the road near the ditch in which we were hiding and about two hundred feet west of my car.

"When Mills saw this car he said to me, 'That's it now.' I do not know whether he knew the occupants of the car.

"Mills told me that he would hold the gun on the man and that I should tie him with the rope.

"We stooped low on our hands and feet and crawled from the ditch to the parked car. When we got to the car I went up on the right side and Mills came up from the right rear. I flashed a light in the car and saw a man and girl in the rear seat. They were in an embrace. I asked them what they were doing. Mills then was at the back of the car. I ordered the man to get out of the machine, saying, 'Buddy, come out of that car.'

"The man did get out of the car on the same side I was on and next to the ditch and stood near me.

"I ordered him to put his hands behind him so I could tie him. Instead of putting his arms around behind him he started arguing with me. Mills came around from behind the car and the man turned around and faced Mills, who had him covered with a revolver. The man started arguing with Mills and Mills ordered him to face away from him so he, Mills, could tie his hands. The man started to turn around and just then it looked like he fell partly into the front door of the automobile. I think it was then that the man with the girl got his gun.

"Mills dragged the man out of the car and they both fell in the ditch. The man landed in the ditch on his back and right side. Mills landed on his feet, standing almost over him.

"Mills shot the man with his revolver while in this position and the man in the ditch shot twice at Mills and once at me. I jumped in the ditch and ran east. I heard Mills fall. I ran about ten feet in the ditch and lay down on the ground and the shot passed over me as I did so.

"I looked around to see if the man got out of the ditch and get in the car and drive away east. The car passed on the road near where I was hiding in the ditch.

"As soon as the car passed, I went back to where Mills was on the ground in the ditch on his left side. I called to him, but he did not answer.

"I picked up Mills' gun and started back to my car, walking along the ditch. The man with the girl had given Mills his pocketbook while he was arguing before the fight. He wanted to buy off Mills so he would not touch the girl. Mills gave this pocketbook to me. As I was walking down the ditch to my car I passed a culvert and threw the pocketbook and flashlight under it to get rid of them.

"Mills told the man that he wasn't after money but wanted the girl. He had told me that he pulled these tricks before. He said it was safe because most of the time these people caught along country roads at night wouldn't raise a yell about it for fear of publicity."

Paisley said that he then drove to his home where he put the gun in a dresser drawer without removing the shells.

The confession was signed in the presence of Coroner Lowe, Ira C. Wiltshire, now Chief of Detectives, Philip C. Gould,

an attorney and friend of Bohannon, and myself. It was obtained a little after 7 o'clock, Saturday night.

At 8:55 o'clock word came from the hospital that Bohannon had died.

With Mills and Bohannon dead and the identity of the woman still unknown, we had only the words of Paisley for the story of the tragedy enacted along the Lynch Road on that fatal Friday night. Paisley disclaimed knowledge of the identity of the woman.

But within the next twenty-four hours the city was to be rocked by another sensation. What happened to Bohannon and his girl companion after the shooting we pieced together in the light of evidence gathered.

Badly wounded, but with a sense of honor that probably saved the girl from



While attempting a robbery, this man was killed

shameful violence at the hands of Paisley and Mills, Bohannon drove from the scene at a furious rate of speed. He started down the road toward the Oak Hill Road. Then as he saw the Paisley automobile parked on the highway, he veered desperately to the left and cut through the cornfield belonging to Schwartz.

Schwartz, who had heard the shots, had come to the field. He said Bohannon's car cut a swath through a quarter of a mile of high corn. Then, entering a hayfield, it stopped. Here Bohannon got out and removed the cornstalks that had gathered on the fenders and bumper.

Thinking the car contained corn thieves, Schwartz called to the driver. The motor roared again and the car shot out at a breakneck pace. Schwartz fired twice with a shotgun over the car, he said.

Bohannon turned to the right and continued through the hayfield until he struck the private road leading to the Schwartz home. He drove along this road until he emerged on the Lynch Road again,

some distance ahead of the bandits' car, then, turning to the left, sped on to the Oak Hill Road, then home.

The city was filled with excitement Sunday. On the lips of all were whispers of conjecture as to who the woman might be. There were many names mentioned. On the theory that Mills may have been in contact with Bohannon at some previous time, we brought Miss Norma Feuger, Bohannon's stenographer, to the morgue to look at Mills. She had never seen him in the lawyer's office, she said.

We were inclined to believe Paisley's story—that Mills had gone out for the purpose he had stated, with robbery as a secondary motive, and that Bohannon had merely been a victim of chance.

Late Sunday afternoon, Felker hammered away at Captain of Police August Hennessee for permission to talk to the prisoner.

"He hasn't told all," Felker argued. "We can get a new confession out of him."

So persistent was he that finally Captain Hennessee and Felker went to the prisoner's cell. Felker had studied the case and had convinced himself that Paisley's confession had not been the truth.

Felker is a smooth worker. He started in on Paisley, quietly, with an assumed air of hero worship. He wanted an interview for his paper, he told Paisley, from his own lips. Paisley listened. For the first time since his arrest he heard sympathetic words. He fell quickly into the confidential tenor of the conversation. Felker's questions were penetrating. Carefully he noted the answers.

"But how," Felker asked, "did it happen the Mills did the shooting when he had the rope in his hands? How could he handle a gun with both hands occupied?"

"Well, he did it," Paisley said, hesitantly.

Felker continued, with Captain Hennessee nodding and then interspersing questions. Paisley was weakening.

"Paisley, come clean," Captain Hennessee spoke softly, but imperatively.

The prisoner hung his head. "I killed Bohannon."

The words were quietly spoken, but neither Captain Hennessee nor Felker doubted for a moment but that the truth was on its way out.

"I couldn't sleep last night," Paisley started. "I won't be able to sleep until I get this off my chest. They might hang me, but I guess I've got it coming to me."

Then his confession came, freely and without effort at concealment. He was un-

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# DEATH RIDES THE TURNPIKE

(Continued from page 45) but a search there revealed nothing.

Officials of the school admitted the description of the victim and of Marguerite Stewart tallied in every particular.

A telegram was dispatched to one of her brothers, S. Wallace Stewart, of Worcester, asking him to come and make a positive identification.

On Saturday morning, Detectives Sherlock and Neil, with Sergeant Curtin, began the slow but necessary process of getting together all available information concerning the victim.

Positive identification of the body had been made by the girl's brother, who had come to Concord upon receipt of the police telegram. The photographs found in the pocket of the fur coat by Chief Ryan were said by the brother to be likenesses of their dead mother, Mrs. Isabel Montrose Stewart and of Miss Stewart's ten-year-old sister.

Marguerite Stewart of Worcester, Massachusetts, supervisor of small boys at the Beverly School for the Deaf, had at last been found.

IT WAS brought out by Ryan that the body had been lying there hardly an hour before it was discovered. A well-known Concord attorney had passed that way at 6:30 and had not seen the body lying upon the road. Forty-five minutes later John and Leonard Smith had seen something lying by the road which they took to be a heap of rubbish. They also noticed, so it was said, that a large black car stopped near by, and then started off again at high speed.

Doctor George Caldwell, a Concord optometrist connected with a Boston concern, told the police that while driving along the W. Walden Road to Boston on Friday morning he had noticed a parked car headed in the opposite direction. A man was trying to lift a woman into the car.

It was about 7:15 and the doctor, being on an emergency call, did not stop. He assumed that perhaps the woman had been injured and was being taken to the hospital. He had the vague recollection of seeing another man in the car, but the entire incident seemed of trivial importance to him until he read the happenings of the night before in the newspapers.

"Did you notice what sort of an automobile it was?" Ryan asked.

"It looked like a Dodge sedan," the doctor replied.

More information was given Chief Ryan by Dennis Horne, a foreman for the municipal electric light plant. About 7:15 that same Friday morning, twelve hours before the body was found, Horne said he saw the woman and a young woman in an automobile at Hobson's Filling Station on the Lake Walden Road. The station had been closed sometime in the fall, but the car was parked on the drive. The woman seemed to be slumped down upon the shoulder of the driver, a man perhaps thirty years old. In the rear of the car was another man. The woman was wearing a soft felt hat answering the description broadcast by the Beverly police.

"Did you notice what kind of an automobile it was?" asked Chief Ryan, as he began his thorough search.

"Some sort of an open touring car," Horne replied.

Leonard Smith, who claimed that he saw a machine slow up near the culvert where the body was later found, was not sure but thought it was an old Hudson touring car. He did not notice whether or not the car had side curtains and he did not take down the license number. Two other witnesses, Lawrence Murray and James Christianson, claimed that they had seen a car near the

culvert on the Cambridge Turnpike, but were equally sure that the machine was an old Packard touring car.

Public interest was centered on the fate of this attractive girl. Two police officers were kept busy at the police station answering the hundreds of calls that came in. Many concerned the movements of certain old-time Hudsons and Packards, which each communicant felt equally sure was the "dead" car.

All of this information was preserved by the police and later checked over. Other telephone callers, mere curiosity seekers, wanted to know the quickest route to the scene of the tragedy.

District Attorney Robert T. Bushnell requested Medical Examiner George B. Magrath of Suffolk County, lecturer at the Harvard Medical School and probably one of the best known pathologists in the United States, to assist Middlesex County officials by performing a further autopsy.

State Detectives Sherlock, O'Neill and William F. Murray, at District Attorney Bushnell's request, began a quiet investigation. Accompanied by Sergeant Curtin, the officers went to Beverly where they were joined by Chief of Police John S. Welch and Lieutenant William J. Tobin. They learned from a taxi driver that the missing girl had been seen at the Beverly railroad station Thursday night and that she was said to have taken the 7 o'clock train for Boston.

Later, at the Beverly School for the Deaf, they learned from Miss Nettie McDaniels and several of her assistants what Miss Stewart's position was, and that she had been in her present situation since the previous November. She had done her work well, impressed as being of high moral character and was considered to be a thoroughly capable and efficient teacher.

THE girl had one day off during every month and one night off a week usually on Thursdays. From Miss Jessie E. Dallas, the telephone operator, the detectives discovered that she usually telephoned the girl before noon on the day of her night off. This call had been received at the usual time on Thursday.

"Marguerite was crying all the morning," one of the school assistants told Detective Sherlock. "Something must have been very wrong."

After supper that eventful Thursday, it was said that the teacher had called her little sister over to her side.

"Be a good girl until sister comes back home," she said, kissing the child good night. But Marguerite never returned.

In the room of the girl the body had been found less than twenty hours before, the police officers found little or nothing which would aid them in their search.

They searched carefully through the drawers and among the possessions of Marguerite Stewart in the hope that some clue to her associates might be obtained. There were several letters from members of her family, and some business correspondence, but none written by anyone who seemingly possessed a lover's interest. They looked through the wastebasket and in the girl's trunk and baggage.

Sherlock and Curtin left the group to search further through the waste paper and rubbish in the use habit.

"What's this?" one of the detectives asked, pausing before the simple dresser still bedecked with feminine trinkets.

There on the dresser was a studio photograph of a boy in his teens. The picture had been taken in Marlboro, Massachusetts. On one side was an autographed inscription "John Smith."

Just as the detectives were ready to leave





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made a little group gathered expectantly in the directors' room at the Beverly National Bank. Included among them were Charles E. Stewart, State Detectives Sherlock, O'Neill and Murray, Chief Welch and Lieutenant Tobin, and Sergeant Curtin.

Inside the box was found mute evidence of the love Marguerite Stewart bore the ten-year-old girl she called her sister. There were six life insurance policies. Three of these were on Marguerite's own life, and named her child as the beneficiary. In addition to these policies there was a will containing several wishes concerning her personal property.

Meanwhile, attempts have been made by the police to trace telephone calls sent and received by Marguerite Stewart from the Beverly School for the Deaf and pay stations adjacent to the school. No information concerning telephone calls made by Miss Stewart just previous to her death could be obtained.

However, a call sent out several months before from a Beverly telephone pay station was brought to mind by telephone officials.

It was to the Knowlton Electric Company. The exchange was Framingham, Massachusetts.

Detectives Sherlock and O'Neill, together with Sergeant Curtin got in touch with Wallace Stewart and requested more names.

"I've given you the names of all the men she knew," he replied.

"There must be others," Sherlock replied, and O'Neill nodded emphatic approval.

"Think it over," advised O'Neill. "Didn't she ever go to school?"

"Perhaps to college?" added Sergeant Curtin.

"She did go to a business college," Stewart said, "but that was eight or nine years ago."

"Why was it?" O'Neill asked.

"Out in Framingham," the brother replied. "As I remember, it was run by a man named Knowlton."

The curiosity of the detectives concerning this New England town was first aroused that day at the school when Lieutenant Sherlock had picked up the brown paper wrapper with the postmark of Framingham; it was still further stimulated when it was learned that a telephone call had been made from a Beverly pay station to the Knowlton Electric Company in Framingham, and events seemed about to reveal themselves in dramatic fashion when it became known that the girl had once attended the Framingham Business College—run by a man named Knowlton.

Detectives Sherlock, and O'Neill and Sergeant Curtin held a confidential conference with Police Chief William W. Holbrook of Framingham, a very efficient officer. Chief Holbrook knew the Knowlton family well.

Frederick Hinman Knowlton, Jr., married, living with his wife and a six-year-old child, proprietor of the Knowlton Electric Company, was the son of Selectman Frederick H. Knowlton, chairman of the Republican Town Committee and was for several years in charge of the Framingham Business College.

The son, called Hinman to distinguish him from his father, was born in Worcester, thirty-four years before. Here the family lived for two or twelve years and here the boy attended school.

In July, 1908, the boy plunged into Lund's Pond at considerable risk to himself and rescued two nurses just as they were sinking. For this, the sixteen-year-old boy was awarded a medal. In the December of that year a mysterious shooting occurred in the Knowlton household. As Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton lay asleep, three revolver shots were suddenly fired across their bed. One of the shots grazed Mrs. Knowlton's forehead while another struck the father in the upper lip, causing a serious wound which dislodged two teeth. These shots were fired from a revolver belonging to the son Hin-

man, who kept it in his room.

The boy was taken into custody, and although admitting somnambulist tendencies, denied that he did the shooting. Judge Willis A. Kingsbury and the boy not guilty and the mystery remained unsolved.

A few years passed and the family moved to Framingham where the boy continued his education. He entered high school and then enrolled as a student in the Framingham Business College. During the summer of 1917, a year after his marriage to an attractive blond girl, Hinman Knowlton disappeared.

Some days later his clothes were found on the shore of Worcester Pond. Sometime afterward he was found in a military training camp in New Jersey. The armistice came before he was sent overseas.

Previous to his disappearance, Knowlton, an expert wireless telegrapher, had taught this subject in the Framingham Business College which his father conducted at that time. After the war, he returned again to the business college as a teacher. It was at this time that he met Miss Stewart, then a student at the college, living with her family, including her "sister," in Northboro.

In 1918, assisted by the father, Knowlton started a battery and tire supply business in Irving Street. The business grew. Soon a filling station was established in connection with the other business. Knowlton continued to prosper.

This much the detectives learned from their visit to Framingham. They began to pry deeper into the past of Hinman Knowlton. Small details which up to now had seemed trivial began to assume a sinister importance.

For several days previous to the tragedy, Knowlton had been doing considerable traveling in his Chrysler roadster. It became known that he had been absent from his home for several days, and on the period both on Thursday, the day of Miss Stewart's night off, and on Friday, the day on which the body was discovered. On this day he had left previously to his usual time of departure.

Late that same evening, the detectives held a conference with Clarence E. Rhodes, the helper at the Knowlton Electric Company. More facts followed; others were substantiated. The conference lasted until midnight. From this witness the detectives learned enough to make Knowlton's arrest certain; in fact, the arrest would have been made at once except that an arrest occurring at 2 o'clock would have been extremely too much comment and create too much interest in a man who might be innocent.

Two facts loomed with striking significance. On Saturday, the day after the murder was discovered, Knowlton painted the rumble seat of his auto black, and was seen washing the car with a strong solution of chlorox. This was the evening when which will effectively remove blood stains.

Only a short time had elapsed after Marguerite Stewart's body had been laid to rest in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where Hinman Knowlton stood face to face with District Attorney Robert T. Bushnell in his private office at East Cambridge.

In conference with the district attorney for the entire grilling were Detectives Sherlock and O'Neill, Captain Thomas E. Bligh in Charge of the Detective Bureau for the Massachusetts State Police, Sergeant Curtin of Concord and Chief Holbrook of the Framingham Police Department.

Clad in a brand-new pair of tweed trousers, the boy did not match. Knowlton calmly answered the questions of the officials as they were asked. For a time the man denied knowing a girl by the name of Marguerite Stewart.

Finally the grilling became effective and the Framingham man changed his story. Marguerite Stewart was known to him, he admitted, but he had not seen her for some



time. Again the police officers pressed for details; again Knowlton parried and twisted in verbal repartee.

Then Knowlton began to talk. He said he had met Marguerite Stewart in August of 1918, when she was a student at Framingham Business School. He was a teacher there at that time. According to his statement, they became intimate friends in 1920. This continued at intervals for eight years.

"Didn't you have any affection for her?" the district attorney asked.

"Some," Knowlton replied, and went on to qualify his previous statement by admitting that she had expressed affection for him "to some extent." However, he denied that he had ever told anyone that he cared more for Marguerite than he did for his own wife.

On the day before the body was discovered, Knowlton told the police he had telephoned the girl saying that he could not meet her in Boston for an appointment as she had suggested. The girl said that she would meet him in Framingham; that she must see him because "something important" had happened.

According to Knowlton, the two met at the Framingham station at 8:15. She had taken the 7:30 train from Boston. As soon as she arrived, the girl stepped into the car and they started back for Beverly as the girl had to be in school by 10:30. On the way back the girl spoke of a matter that Knowlton had heard before. She wanted his advice.

"What did you tell her?" the district attorney asked.

"I wouldn't advise her," Knowlton answered, and then said that the girl "cheered up" very much during their trip to Beverly, and when she got out of the car at a corner not far from the school, she parted from him with a laugh.

However, the police did not believe Knowlton was telling the truth. According to facts in their possession the girl had taken the 7 o'clock train at Beverly. This reached the North Station in Boston at 7:36 P.M. The first train for Framingham the girl could get left the South Station, also in Boston, at 8:20 and got into Framingham at 9:08 P.M. If Knowlton met her at the station, as he said he did, and started for Beverly immediately, it was a physical impossibility to return Miss Stewart to the school by 10:30. By railroad and elevated trains the distance was approximately forty-five miles; by road it was considerably more.

Knowlton, questioned at some length upon this, for the time element was very important, refused to change his story.

The clerk at the gas station insisted that Knowlton had left Friday, the day the body was found, at 4 o'clock. Knowlton denied this and asserted he was at the station after 5 o'clock. He said he was sure why he had washed his car and painted the rumble seat. Washing his car, he claimed, was an almost daily occurrence. He washed it on Saturday, the day after the murder, because he had driven through considerable mud on country roads the day before. He did not wash the rear compartment. Early in April he had painted the rumble seat because it had been stained with battery acid. Saturday, he had repainted the seat with the left-over paint in order to further obliterate these stains.

For more than twelve hours Knowlton was questioned by police officers and the district attorney. Not once during this time

did he lose his composure. According to Captain Bligh, the man was one of the coolest he had ever seen brought for interrogation on a capital charge.

While Knowlton was being held in the district attorney's office, Detectives Sherlock and O'Neil examined the Chrysler roadster belonging to Knowlton which had been impounded after his arrest.

They knew, from a previous examination, that the car had been freshly cleaned and repainted. They were not satisfied with Knowlton's explanation, but admitted they were not experts and could not tell whether stains on the seat were oil or human blood.

The detectives asked that the car be carefully looked over before any attempts were made to refute or confirm Knowlton's statement. Medical Examiner Magrath and William A. Hinton of Canton, chief of the Wassermann Laboratory, Massachusetts Department of Public Health, instructor in several subjects at Harvard University and Director of Research at the Boston Dispensary, were delegated by District Attorney Bushnell to carry out this task.

Meanwhile, Chief Holbrook, of Framingham, upon further search in Knowlton's shop, found a pair of bloodstained rubbers.

In the court at Concord on the morning of April 5th, 1928, Frederick Hinman Knowlton appeared before Judge Prescott Keyes.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," Knowlton replied in a clear, loud voice.

Medical Examiner Magrath and Dr. Hinton conducted a very careful examination of the automobile in which the government alleged Marguerite Stewart took her last ride. The rear of this car was taken carefully apart.

The physicians discovered that this portion of the car had been very thoroughly cleaned as far as the seat and the floor boards were concerned. But a portion of the foot-rest, or trough, had escaped attention. Here, tucked out of sight, they came upon the burned stubs of two paper matches.

These matches were stained with a dark discoloration. Sweeping from the trough were also found to contain this dark stain. It looked as though blood had dripped through the boards of the back compartment leaving traces that had not been removed from the operating gear below.

Microscopic examination unquestionably identified these discolorations as the blood of a human being.

The state detectives continued to be confident that Knowlton was guilty. They felt that he was not telling a straightforward story of everything that had taken place.

Although able to produce evidence to show that Miss Stewart traveled by train from Framingham to Framingham on Thursday, March 29th, meeting Knowlton at Framingham and remaining with him Thursday night and Friday, District Attorney Bushnell admitted that so far as the State could show, Knowlton was the only living person who could solve the mystery of just how and where the schoolteacher met her death.

An interesting phase of the case concerned the new tweed trousers Knowlton was wearing on the afternoon of his arrest. Investigation revealed the fact that three or four weeks before the murder Knowlton had purchased a similar pair of trousers made of the same kind of cloth. The day after the murder Knowlton tried to buy another pair

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of these trousers, but his size had been exaggerated. He tried to get them in several stores, but was unsuccessful and finally had a pair made to order, which were identical in all respects with the first.

What had happened to that pair of trousers?

Meanwhile Knowlton was indicted by the Middlesex County Grand Jury.

Detectors sought to trace every movement of the accused from the time he left his garage in Framingham at 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon until he returned late at night.

They drove over various routes which might have been taken on the alleged return to Beverly; they explored country lanes, roads and even long, winding drives. They sought other routes which might have been taken. Checking up on all of Knowlton's movements, they came to the conclusion that he took the old Connecticut road, avoiding Framingham Center, circling through Weston to the Cambridge Turnpike at Concord.

A NEW development in the case was reached. Knowlton had been seen at 4 o'clock on the day of the murder in company with a weeping girl. The name of the "mystery witness" was not disclosed at that time.

The trial opened on June 4th, 1928, in the Middlesex Superior Court at East Cambridge before Judge Wilford Drury. District Attorney Bushnell prosecuted, assisted by Assistant District Attorney Craft. Attorneys John T. Driscoll and Michael C. Kelleher provided the defense.

It was one of the most unusual cases ever to be tried in Massachusetts, for District Attorney Bushnell, taking advantage of an obscure, forgotten statute, moved for permission to try Knowlton in Middlesex County in spite of the fact that the Commonwealth was unable to prove that the crime was committed within the county borders.

District Attorney Bushnell told the jury that he would try to prove that Knowlton killed Miss Stewart, placed her body in the rear compartment of his roadster and kept it there while he showed himself at the shop and elsewhere to establish an alibi. He told that the body was in a constrained position when found and that although it was raining hard, the girl's stockings were merely damp and the shoes were free from either mud or water. He spoke of the bloodstains in the car and on Knowlton's rubbers; he spoke of the missing two trousers.

"In other words," he concluded dramatically, "Knowlton brutally and atrociously murdered Marguerite Stewart to cover up his own misdeeds."

On the second day of the trial, Floyd J. Rand, Arlington realtor and the government "mystery witness," told of seeing a man in a parked Chrysler seated beside a weeping girl on a back road in Weston three hours before the body of Marguerite Stewart was found.

He told the court he had left Arlington on March 30th, intending to go to Framingham on business. With him was another man who formerly been a barber in Framingham. On the way and the two lost their way and they finally drove upon the little-used country thoroughfare.

Here he came upon the parked roadster in which the couple was seated.

He drove as close as he could and then asked the shortest way to Framingham.

"I don't know this road," Bushy, said the stranger, "and take the first turn on your right."

Daylight was fading fast, but Rand got a good glimpse of the stranger's face although his companion's face was shielded by a handkerchief.

"Do you see in this courtroom, the man

you saw on the Weston road?" asked District Attorney Bushnell.

The court was silent as Rand's gaze swept the room and finally came to rest, eyes full upon the prisoner inside the caged dock.

"Yes, I do," Rand replied without hesitation. "It was Mr. Knowlton, the prisoner at the bar."

Clarence E. Rhodes, Knowlton's assistant, told of all that had taken place at the gas station. He remembered that Knowlton had left at 3 o'clock, saying he was going to "collect a bill from a man named Johnson" in Sherborn, a man whom Rhodes said he knew. At 4 o'clock Knowlton was back at the shop again, car and shoes both coated with mud. He wore no rubbers.

From 4 to 4:45, Rhodes was away from the shop himself. Knowlton was back at the shop at 5:20. He remembered being told at least ten days before the murder to get some black paint for the counter. He remembered seeing Knowlton start for the rubbish heap on Saturday with the almost empty can and then pause. He remembered seeing Knowlton washing his hands, but he didn't think it strange for he heard Knowlton say that the car was covered with battery acid and would have to be fixed.

Later the State put Johnson, the alleged creditor of Knowlton on the stand. He denied owing any such bill and satisfied the court that Knowlton had not been able to collect any bill from him in Sherborn as he was a resident of Natick and had not been in Sherborn for the past three years.

Knowlton was then called, but left the stand with his story still unshaken. He had added a feeble claim that he suspected a certain Worcester man of doing the killing. On Wednesday morning, June 13th, at 12:15, after deliberating for six hours and fifteen minutes, the jury announced they had reached a verdict. Knowlton, reclining fully dressed upon the cot in his cell, was brought back into court.

As the jury rose, Knowlton caught the eye of Deputy Sheriff Allen C. Everett, who had brought him to court, and motioned for him to come closer.

"KEEP an eye on my father," he pleaded, "in case it is bad news. He has a very bad heart."

A deputy sheriff moved to the back of the room where Mr. Knowlton, Sr., was seated as Foreman Silas B. Fairbanks announced the jury's verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

On March 9th, 1929, after several motions had been made and refused for a new trial, Frederick Hinman Knowlton, Jr., was brought back again into the prisoner's pen at the Middlesex Superior Court.

He heard District Attorney Bushnell move for sentence; he listened to Judge Gray review the case and then finally turn to the prisoner, who stood quietly there in the cage.

"Has the defendant anything to say as to why the sentence of death should not be imposed?" the judge asked.

"Only that I am not guilty of the crime of which I am convicted," Knowlton replied.

Sentence was placed far ahead to allow the jury to have a full day in court to answer all questions that might be presented.

Knowlton was condemned to die during the week beginning May 12th, 1929.

A few minutes before midnight on the morning of May 14th, 1929, the door of his cell opened. As Deputy Warden Herman Goddard entered, Knowlton looked up.

"Is it time?" he asked. The warden nodded.

Knowlton was still calm as he seated himself in the death chair and the straps were adjusted.

The warden raised his hand—and the case of Massachusetts vs. Knowlton had reached its legal conclusion.









I moved it very slowly, or very quickly, it certainly made plenty of racket.

Foster had perked up. At my request he took me up to his room. It was neat and tidy. "Mind if I take a look around?" I asked.

He had no objection. He had three suits and two overcoats in his closet. I searched them carefully but found nothing. When I had gone through all of his possessions I said, "I want you to come with me to see Chief Giles."

He agreed. He repeated to Giles what he had told me. But then I let him have it. "The door squeaks, Chief," I said. "And his landlady might have heard him if he had opened the front door. But there's a shed room outside his bedroom window that's nearly as handy as a stairway. And he's got a good motive."

"He admits he had been stealing from Mrs. Shipstead. He knew all about Ingles' study. He could have gotten the wire anytime since the secretary went on his vacation. I think I'd hold him as a material witness."

Foster didn't like it, but we booked him. When we searched him, I found three pencils in his vest pocket. All three were chewed on the end. And there were two skeleton keys on his keychain.

"They would come in handy to open Ingles' study," I told him. But he explained that Mrs. Shipstead owned several apartment houses that he managed and that he needed those sometimes, when the keys belonging to the tenants were lost.

GILES asked him to give an account of himself on Wednesday, the day of the murder.

"I left the office at 5," Foster said. "Then I left my car at the gas station on First Avenue for a grease job and had my dinner. After that I drove home, but I didn't go in. I parked my car in the garage and walked to the State Theatre. I came out at 10 and went to bed. The next morning, when I heard of the murder over the radio, I got scared. I walked the streets and first thing I knew, I was in Santa Clara. So I got a room there and that's where you found me."

Santa Clara is only about two miles from San Jose. It's hard to tell where one town leaves off and the other begins. So that part of Foster's story sounded reasonable. I intended checking on the rest of it a bit later.

After he had been locked up, I suggested that we'd send the three pencils and the one found on Mrs. Shipstead to Sacramento. "That Bureau may be able to check on the teeth-marks," I said. "And even test the saliva."

"I'll send one of the boys with them," Giles replied. "Maybe we've got something."

"Nothing on Ingles yet?" I asked. Giles shook his head. "Those two must have a bad conscience," he replied. "They surely have heard of the murder. If they're in the clear, they would have come forward by this time."

"How about Neyman?" "We've got everything covered. He left the Cadillac right here in town. So he must have either caught the night bus to San Jose or the one to San Francisco, or hitchhiked. I questioned both bus drivers and neither remembered a man of Neyman's description."

The desk sergeant came into the chief's office. "There's a bird outside, who says he's got something important to tell about this case."

"Send him in." I recognized Joe, the counterman of a small all-night cafe on the highway just outside of town. "I've been reading about the murder of the old lady up on The Point,"

he began. "And I've just remembered something."

That night, around 9 or 9:30, a couple came into my place and got a cup of java and a hamburger apiece. He was that Ingles guy who was the old dame's secretary. He's been in our joint many times. I don't know the dame. But I heard her say, 'Well, Fred, let's go and spring the bad news on Mamma.' And then they left."

I questioned the man at some length, but he was quite sure of himself. After he had gone, I said, "It's about time we had a talk with Fred Ingles. I'll try to get a picture of him. We'll broadcast that and maybe get some results."

I found a snapshot of Ingles in his study and several good ones of Mrs. Opal Quincy among a bunch of pictures in the dead woman's bedroom. We gave them to the papers and asked for as much publicity as they could give us.

When I got back to the office, Mrs. Shipstead's maid, Helen, was waiting for me. "I don't know, Lieutenant," she said, "whether I'm doing right or not. Mrs. Carter scolded me something awful when I told her that I was going to tell you what happened. But I think I ought to."

I told her it was her duty to help the law all she could.

"Well," she said, "Miss Opal and the mistress had a terrible row about her marrying Fred Ingles. Mrs. Shipstead threatened to cut her out of her will. They had a lot of words and finally Miss Opal stormed out, mad as a hatter. And that night the mistress fired Fred Ingles, told him to get out of her sight and never to come on the place again. That's what Mrs. Carter calls his 'vacation.' He's fired, that's the fact, is it, no matter what he says!"

"Did Fred ever make love to Mrs. Shipstead?"

The maid grinned. "That's what the chauffeur claims, but he's wrong. Ingles never made love to her, but she wanted him to."

"How about Foster? Was she friendly with him, too?"

The girl shook her head. "Not Mrs. Shipstead. He is Mrs. Carter's boy friend, or at least she wishes he were."

I thanked the maid and told her that she had helped a lot. But as I went over the case after she had gone, I felt more uncertain than ever. If Neyman killed her, there'd be no sense in his carrying the books off.

Now, if Ingles and Opal did the killing, why would they stick the books into the garbage can and drive off on a honeymoon? It didn't make sense.

FOSTER was a little different. Those books were dynamite for him. But why take the time to hide them at Opal's house? I didn't know the answer to that one.

And just how much evidence had we to take before a jury? About an even toss-between all three parties. "What a tangle," I thought. And what had happened to the \$20,000? Another thing, if Neyman had driven the Cadillac to town, when had he hidden the books?"

And then I had a hunch. I drove to San Jose and parked by the County Building. At the tax collector's office I asked the clerk whether he could find out if Robert Neyman owned any property in the county. It took him only a few minutes. He surely did. Lot 7, Block 2, Park Rest Subdivision. Taxes all paid up to date.

"That's up near your end of the county, Lieutenant," he said. "I'll show it to you on the map."

I know the location, just west of the Skyline Boulevard. I went back to headquarters, but Chief Giles had received a hot tip that Neyman had been seen in the Mexican section of Gilroy. He had taken Zachs, Waters and Beasley with him, so I decided to follow my hunch on my own.

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The country on the Skyline is brushy and then some. Neyman's place was all but hidden. I parked the car some distance off and eased up to the cabin carefully, trying not to make any noise.

There was no sign of life. It wasn't much of a cabin. The roof had fallen in and the front porch had parted from the rest of the building. Only the rock chimney had survived unharmed.

As dusk became deeper, I eased up closer. Two thoughts I had vague noises somewhere inside the cabin. It might have been rats. To my right a frog croaked.

And then I saw it. It was only a shadow. A little deeper, darker than the gaping doorway. I strained my eyes. I was too far away to be sure.

But suddenly I was sure. I saw a man moving away from the building. The frog noises stopped. I heard tiny splashes of water. And then he came back, went into the house.

Softly I followed him. I eased my gun. If it was Neyman, he had already killed at least once and wouldn't hesitate to do so again. Keeping my flashlight handy, I inched forward.

THEN the man inside struck a match, holding it well-sheltered in his cupped hands, lighting a cigarette. I jumped. My flash bathed him in light.

"Don't move," I snapped. "We've got you surrounded."

The match dropped from his fingers. The cigarette dribbled from his quaking lips. Slowly his hands crawled upspashes. "Don't shoot," he begged. "I'll give up."

I had the handcuffs on him before he got over his surprise. Keeping my light on him, I marched him to my car and took him to town. Chief Giles had come back only a few moments before.

My prisoner admitted that he was Robert Neyman. "Why did you kill Mrs. Shipstead?" Giles snapped at him.

For a long moment Neyman didn't reply. Finally he said, "I knew you'd want to rap the rap on me the moment I heard she'd been murdered. But I swear to you I didn't do it."

He slowly rose to his feet. He was very thin. His new coat hung too loosely on his bony shoulders. His dark brown eyes were too big for his narrow, bloodless face.

He held up his fragile hands and looked at us. "Gentlemen," he said softly, "they aren't strong enough to choke anyone to death, even if I tried to. The last four years in San Quentin I've spent in the infirmary. Inside my body, my blood is dying more every day. I'm telling you this to make you understand that there is nothing you can condemn me to, that nature has not already done. If I had killed her, I certainly wouldn't deny it."

He slowly sank back in his chair. "The \$20,000 is in my cabin, on the top shelf in the kitchen."

"Tell us about you and Ethel," I prompted him.

"When I was discharged," he replied slowly, "I phoned her and she said she'd meet me in San Jose. She took me to her home and we talked over the old times. She showed me the picture of our baby in his pocket and then she gave me the money. When we were divorced, she'd planned to take care of my half of our holdings and she did it well, according to the record on the books."

"She wanted me to stay overnight at least, but I was afraid that my presence might bring more scandal to her. So I asked if I could let her car to drive back to town. I parked near the station and slept on the back seat. Next morning I sat for hours in the sun in the park. Around noon I heard two men talking about the murder. I knew then that as an ex-con I'd be suspected right away."

He grinned at us. "I knew it was foolish to try to get away. But I wanted a few hours up in my old cabin, among the birds and the trees and the ferns. I bought some food and hiked all day and most of the night. But I knew it was just too good to last."

If what he said was true, I felt pretty foolish about having sneaked up on him the way I had, gun in hand. But it was still "it." Maybe he was giving it to us straight and maybe not. The man seemed intelligent and could be a well thought-out player for sympathy, an act aimed at diminishing our suspicions.

"What did you do with the account books?"

He looked surprised. "Why nothing," he exclaimed. "I didn't do anything with them. They were on the table when I left."

Giles said, "Lock him up, Lieutenant. But give him a few extra blankets, order a good meal for him and have Dr. Young look him over."

When I came back from my supper, the doctor said, "I can't quite see Neyman as the killer. The man's in a bad way. His heart is giving him a fight. The excitement of committing a murder would probably kill him too."

Next morning, when I entered my office, the night sergeant reported, "I've got bad news for you, Lieutenant. Your prisoner went to sleep last night and never woke up again. He's dead."

Then he handed me a teletype sheet. "This came for you from Sacramento."

It was a report on the pencils and it was negative. No identification could be established between the teeth-marks on the stub found near Mrs. Shipstead and those on Foster's pencils.

On the afternoon Chief Giles entered, a big smile on his face. "Just had a phone call from Oregon," he said. "They've located Mr. and Mrs. Ingles at Agate Beach. They've admitted their identities and are hurrying back. They claim they hadn't heard about the murder at all."

"That," I replied, "sounds phony. Even if they're on a honeymoon, they couldn't help hearing or reading about it. You've got them covered in both states!"

GILES nodded. "The C.H.P. is taking them over at the border and bringing them back here."

That morning I drove back to the Shipstead house. I couldn't understand why anyone had taken the account books from the study to the new Mrs. Ingles' cottage. It didn't make sense, whichever way I figured it. If Ingles did the strangling act, why would he want to eliminate his sweetheart? If Foster pulled the killing, why would he lead Neyman's trail to that red-roofed cottage?

And then it hit me hard. Did either Foster or Ingles know that Neyman was coming to see his ex-wife?

How could they? Foster hadn't seen Mrs. Shipstead for three days, according to his say-so, and Ingles had been gone for a week on his vacation. So how could either of them know it?

I decided to have another talk with Karl Tork, the chauffeur. He was sitting in the garage, on the fender of a small Ford. "Whose car is that?" I asked.

"Housecar," the chauffeur answered. "The maid and Mrs. Carter use it for errands."

"How would you go to Mrs. Quincy's cottage, if you didn't want to drive?"

Tork gave me a quick, sharp glance out of his too-small eyes. Then he pointed to the back of the garage. "Through that door. There's a back stairs in the back outside; takes you practically into her backyard."

I followed his directions. Five minutes later I was again in Mrs. Quincy's backyard. I hadn't got used yet to think of her as Mrs. Ingles.

"Five minutes down, five more in the kitchen and ten to go back up," I mused. "Twenty minutes at most. Neyman could have done it easily. But why?"

That's the one thing I couldn't find an answer for.

I drove again to San Jose and spent another two hours, reading over the newspaper reports on Neyman and his troubles. I asked Bert Frey, one of the photographers on the paper, to make me copies of several items, which he agreed to do at once.

Back in Gatesville, I found that periodical reports of the Ingles' trip across Oregon and California were coming in. "They'll be here by 9," Chief Giles said, "the way they're travelling. I let Foster go, but of course he has a tail. Got your plans all ready?"

"Nearly, Chief," I replied. "No one knows that Neyman is dead, nor what we've found. That's our best angle."

For nearly an hour we discussed our plans. We figured we had the killer tagged, but if we could get a confession, that would clinch it for us.

"I'm going out there now, Chief," I said. "I'll phone you and you play up to me. Someone might walk into the trap. It's worth a trial."

The chief agreed and I drove to the house on The Point. Officer Zachs was on duty. I asked him to get Mrs. Carter, the chauffeur and the maid on the front porch. When he had them there, I made a quick search of the house. I found what I was looking for in the room across the study.

I went back on the porch and told the three that the Ingles were to stay the night at the house, but that they were not to leave under any circumstances.

Then I slowly walked over to Ingles' study. There I lifted the phone and called headquarters.

When Chief Gilles answered, I said, "I've got everything arranged. Mrs. Carter will take care of the Ingles when you bring them up."

"Did you find out anything about the button?"

"Not a thing, Chief," I replied. "It's just an ordinary button. They make them by the million. I've got it right here. I've been looking it over again, but I can't tie it in anywhere. Of course if we could find the coat it came from, that would make it a lot easier."

The chief asked me if I could hurry back.

to headquarters.

I said, "Okay." Then I carefully went through Ingles' wardrobe. I cut a small piece out of the hem on his bathrobe. After that I shouted to Zachs to ask Mrs. Carter to come over for a minute.

When she came, I pointed to the key on the desk and requested her to keep Ingles' study locked and not to let either Ingles or his wife have the key.

I gave Zachs several envelopes. "Take these to the Testing Laboratory in San Francisco and get back here as quickly as possible."

After that I drove past Opal's house and received a "nothing doing" sign from the man we had staked out there.

For the next four hours I could only wait and hope that the killer was not too smart to walk into our trap.

I returned to the mansion at 10, and at 10:30 Chief Giles, Sergeant Beasley and Officer Waters arrived at the house with our suspects.

Foster was nervous and ill at ease. He kept his eyes down and said nothing.

Tork stood near the doorway, his tall, lanky body tense even though he tried to look at ease. His too-small eyes flickered restlessly around the room.

Helen Ungaard seemed scared. Her big, powerful hands twisted and untwisted a man's-sized handkerchief. I looked them over. "One of you," I said finally, "killed Mrs. Shipstead. Some of you hated her bitterly. All of you had the opportunity."

I turned to Ingles. "The wire that choked out her life, came from your study. You and your wife were here in the house the night of the murder, weren't you?"

Ingles jumped to his feet. He was a tall, well-built young fellow, with nice, clear features. "That's a lie," he shouted. "My wife and I intended to see Mrs. Shipstead and tell her we had been married, but she drove past us at the foot of the hill in her Cadillac and so we kept going right on up north."

Mrs. Ingles nodded silently. Her face was haggard and her lips trembled. "I knew our happiness was too complete to last," she said softly. "Even in death she had to come between us."

I turned to the bride. "You knew that you would be disinherited, if you married Ingles?"

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## THE KILLER CHECK

(Continued from page 7) once when the messenger didn't show up, I did them the favor of taking it to the bank myself because I swear it would have spilled out on the floor, that's how much business they were doing. I happened to have my account in the same bank as theirs, so it was really no trouble, since I was going there anyway. So any day your register busts out at the seams, Frank, don't hesitate to call on yours truly. I always stop by the Manhattan Trust."

"I might take you up on that suggestion," Frank responded with a grin. "Only the boss banks with the exchange. I don't want to mind going a little out of your way, I suppose?"

"Seeing as how it's you, no. Naturally there'll be a little drink charged for the deluxe service," the customer added, winking slyly.

"Oh, so that's it! Well, we'll see about it," Frank laughed.

He was a regular throughout September. Occasionally there was a telephone call from him which he would answer before anyone else could get to the phone in the pay booth. He was usually the nearest to it, at the end of the bar. On each of those occasions he would finish his conversation, gush down the rest of his drink, and pass some joking remark.

"Be seeing you, Frank."

"Slong."

Thus Frank was well schooled to expect the phone to ring for this good customer at almost any time of the day. The call that came in around noon on November 15th, 1945, was answered by the man the same as at other times. Only, after that, Frank never saw him again.

And a strange thing happened that day; in fact, just before the customer's departure, a fellow came into the Corn Exchange Bank on 231st Street with money and checks to be deposited to his uncle's account, he told the teller. One check was for \$845, the other for \$1,754. The cash consisted of \$15, all in silver, and there was a beery smell from the heap of coins as the teller counted them. The total on the deposit slip was \$2,614—correct. After the amount had been credited to the account of Peter O'Brien, owner of the tavern on East Fordham Road, the man presented a check drawn to cash for \$990, signed with the

tavern owner's name.

The teller saw that the total deposit exceeded the amount of this check and did not consider that the bank could suffer any risk in cashing it, providing it was genuine. He went to the file and compared the signature. It looked all right. However, he hesitated to give the cash to a person other than the depositor himself.

The excuse given by the messenger was that his uncle was busy at the tavern at this hour of the day; if the teller wanted to make sure, he could call up Mr. O'Brien.

It was noon, a rush period at any bank. A long line waited at every window. There was nothing suspicious looking about the man and the teller might have taken a chance. However, he decided to check.

"What's the phone number?" he asked.

Without the least hesitation the man gave it. The teller, glancing at the card, saw that the number was right. It passed through his mind that anyone can copy a phone number from a dial. He played safe, therefore, and made the call.

"Yes, this is O'Brien's place," he heard a man's voice reply to his question. "O'Brien talking."

"Peter O'Brien?" the teller persisted.

"Right. Oh, about my nephew at the bank? Sure, you can cash that check. Not in the least—thanks for calling."

The teller put down the receiver thoughtfully. Mr. O'Brien had come to his window only the previous morning and the two had exchanged a word or two in greeting. There was a difference in the voices and it puzzled the teller. Coming back to his cage, he saw the man fidgeting nervously near the end of the line. He decided on one more test.

"Say, there," he called out sharply. "I just got Mr. O'Brien on the phone. You sure you're his nephew?"

The fellow's face paled and he made a dash for the nearest exit. The teller shouted a warning and a bank clerk snatched the self-styled nephew of O'Brien at the revolving door. The latter punched the guard in the stomach but he was seized by the sleeve, thrown to the floor and held down by two hundred pounds of tenacious bulk. Five minutes later, Lieutenant John Ryan and Detective Edward Moran arrived from the 52nd Precinct and took the man into custody.

He gave his name as Bernard Kelson, age thirty-one, and told the officers where he lived. He had no previous criminal record and played this fact to advantage. He said he hadn't forged the checks, but had been sent to make the transaction by a man he thought was the tavern owner. The detectives accused him of lying, but Kelson had evidently been carefully prepared in case of capture. He stuck to his story, was vague about his description of the man who had sent him on the errand, and finally refused to talk altogether.

Detective Tom Collins heard the news of the arrest at Forestry Squad Headquarters in Centre Street. He hurried over to the Bronx County District Attorney's office to see the evidence. The checks were shown to him by Assistant District Attorney Francis X. O'Brien. Collins gave special attention to what he called the "killer" check—a police term for an instrument designed by the skilled forger to make a teller pay over the money. The method was familiar to him: deposits in excess of the amount to be withdrawn, the heap of silver redolent of the barroom, and the messenger disavowing any part in the crime.

"Let's have a look at Kelson," Collins suggested.

The two went directly to the prisoner's cell. Kelson was frightened at their ad-

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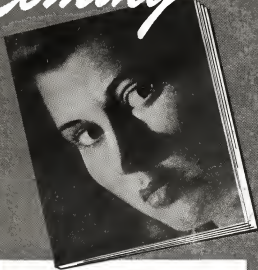
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mittance and he kept his mouth shut. Collins took his time with him.

"We know you didn't forge these checks, son," he said. "But it's going to be tough on you unless you tell us who hired you. You want to be left holding the bag?"

Kelenson kept his eyes averted. "I ain't talking," he said. "Get the rubber hose if you like. I don't know nothin'."

"Rubber hose!" Collins echoed. "Talks like a real experienced jailbird, doesn't he?" He laughed and gave Kelenson a friendly pat on the shoulder. "We don't need rubber hoses, and I think you'll tell us what we want to know when you realize your friend isn't going to stand up for you."

Collins dropped in at O'Brien's tavern and had a talk with the bartender. He learned little in the way of description of the man he wanted, but his attention was caught by the price list on the wall. There was the owner's signature where anyone could see it, an excellent sample for study by the artist at signatures. This explained why other tavern keepers had been victimized in the same way during the past several years—rather, it was the banks which were victimized because they had to take the loss.

Ordinarily, a prisoner of Kelenson's type was arraigned and released on nominal bail furnished by a bondsman who was under no obligation to reveal the name of the interceding party. At the suggestion of the district attorney, however, bail was fixed at \$15,000, a sum no bondsman would risk without good security. Kelenson had to stay in jail; evidently no one liked him \$15,000 worth.

He had visitors, though. Next of kin may see a prisoner if the prisoner wishes it. Several came during the next few weeks. Each had to sign his name in the register. The keeper kept note of these and informed Collins accordingly.

"Just his uncle, today, John Brown," the keeper reported.

"John Brown?"

The keeper didn't understand why Collins should be surprised. John Brown was a common enough name.

"That's exactly it. If his name was Pickled Pigsfeet, I'd be more liable to believe it. I'll be right over for a look at his signature," Collins said.

After a brief comparison, he got permission to detach the page on which John Brown had put his name. It was turned over to Albert D. Osborn, handwriting expert, son of the famous Albert S. Osborn who was figured in many celebrated forgeries. Osborn and penmanship decided the issue. Osborn drew up a comparison chart and soon was able to inform Collins that "John Brown" had also signed the killer check. A plainclothesman was immediately posted in the jail and when "Uncle" John Brown came in to sign the visitor's book he was promptly arrested.

It would seem that this should have ended the case. It didn't. The man's name was Daniel H. Sweeney. He was twenty-seven, a bartender by trade. He denied any part in the forgery, and so long as Kelenson remained firm, a D.A. would have to do talk talking to convince a jury on the basis of a single signature.

Collins didn't waste his time discussing the New York Yankees, the quality of beer in those troubled days, and such other topics as the affable Sweeney digressed upon. Now he had something to show the tactful accomplice, Kelenson.

"I'll give it to you straight," Collins said, "and you can take it or leave it. Sweeney is the man suspected in five other forgery cases exactly like this. He hired an accomplice for one or two jobs and no more, to avoid suspicion at the bank. Sure he came in to see you, and told you to sit tight. Everything was going to be fine and dandy. He was going to get you out. But has he done anything for you except make promises? Now he's under arrest, and from where he sits he won't be able to keep his promise. He's filled you full of blarney. You've got to decide now whether you're going to identify him or get the book thrown at you as a passer. Think it over."

Kelenson thought it over. He decided to wait and see. Meanwhile Sweeney, pen in hand, was scrawling all kinds of signatures at the expert's request. His attempts to disguise his hand failed. The "e" gave him trouble; it seemed to him and the inconsistency in the way he made them left no doubt in Osborn's mind that Sweeney was that man down at the end of the bar who had cheated at least eight banks in New York and the Bronx or \$25,000 in recent years.

Collins brought Sweeney face to face with his suspected accomplice. The forger's expression was wooden. Kelenson, sullen for so many weeks, now grinned.

"Hi, Uncle," he said, and added that Sweeney was the man who had answered to the name of O'Brien when the bank called the tavern proprietor.

On March 8th, 1946, Kelenson was sentenced to one year in the New York City Penitentiary as an accomplice in the forgery. On March 12th, Sweeney, having pleaded guilty to second-degree forgery, appeared before Judge Harry Stackel in Bronx County Court to hear sentence pronounced upon him: two and a half to five years in Sing Sing. He steadfastly denied complicity in previous forgery cases and complained that justice was not being done. However, his art in some of those previous jobs is here to be seen, and anyone can call him a liar—a cheerful one, at that.

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